BOXING - WRESTLING - FIGHT FICTION

15 CENTS

DECEMBER

The RING

NOW 15 CENTS

In This Issue

MAX SCHMELING *THE MAN OF THE HOUR*

The Ring Book Shop

11 West 42nd Street, New York City

Carries a complete stock of all books on Boxing and Wrestling

Books for the Boxer, the Trainer, the Promoter, the Second, the Boxing and the Wrestling Fan. History—Fiction—Biography—and Technical. Books on the above sports for sale.

BIOGRAPHY

Gene Tunney, The Enigma of the Prize Ring—by Nat Fleischer. Cloth bound, many photographs. Price.....$1.00

Jack Dempsey, The Idol of Fistiana—324 pages, 142 photographs—beautiful binding. By Nat Fleischer. Price.....$2.00

Young Griffo, The Will-o'-the-Wisp of The Squared Circle—A story of Griffo's Life and Battles. By Nat Fleischer. Price.....25 cents

"Ruby Robert," The Life of Bob Fitzsimmons. By Bob Davis. Price.....$1.00

William Muldoon—The Iron Man of Sport By Ed. Van Every. Price.....$3.00

John L. Sullivan. By R. L. Dibble. Price.....$1.50

The Life of Battling Nelson—Written by himself. Price.....$1.00

MISCELLANEOUS BOXING BOOKS

Bowery Life—the story of life in New York's Chinatown. By Chuck Connors. Price.....25 cents

Everlast Record Book. Price 45 cents. By mail.

Bound Volumes of the Ring—1922-1923-1925-1926—Price each.....$10.00
1928-1929—Price $9.00. 1930—Price $8.00
1931—$7.00. No other years available.

BOOKS ON WRESTLING

Modern Wrestling—By Jack Curley and Nat Fleischer, Finest book on the sport. 140 illustrations. Price.....$1.00

Complete Science of Wrestling. By George Hackenschmidt. 70 full page illustrations. Price.....$1.50

Scientific Wrestling. By George Bothner. Price.....50 cents

Wrestling. By Frank Gotch. Price. 50 cents

The Science of Wrestling and Jiu Jitsu. By Earle Liederman. Price.....$3.00

Text Book of Wrestling. By Ernest Gruhn. Price.....85 cents

BOOKS ON BODY BUILDING

Muscle Building. By Earle Liederman Price.....$3.00

Secrets of Strength. By Earle Liederman. Price.....$3.00

Endurance. By Earle Liederman. Price.....$2.00

The Way to Live in Health and Physical Fitness—by George Hackenschmidt. Price.....$1.00

BOXING BOOKS

Training for Boxers—With a Foreword by Jack Dempsey. By Nat Fleischer. Price.....$1.00

How to Box—With a Foreword by James J. Corbett. By Nat Fleischer. Price. $1.00

How to Second a Boxer—With a Foreword by William A. Brady. By Nat Fleischer. Price.....$1.00

Favorite Ring Tricks. By Freddy Welsh Bombardier Wells and Jem Driscoll. Price.....85 cents

Ring Strategy and Tactics......85 cents

Boxing Through the Slow Motion Film. By Georges Carpentier. Price.....$1.00

Blocking and Hitting. By George "Elbows" McFadden. Price.....25 cents

Physical Culture Through Muscular Resistance and Breathing. By Prof. Edward Ittman. Price.....15 cents

The Straight Left and How to Cultivate It. By Jem Driscoll. Price.....85 cents

Modern Boxing. A Guide to Present-Day Methods By Bombardier Billy Wells. Price.....85 cents

Hitting and Stopping. By Jimmy Wilde. Price.....85 cents

The Art of In-Fighting. By Frank Klaus. Price.....85 cents

Text Book of Boxing. By Jem Driscoll. Price.....$1.25

Out-Fighting. By Jem Driscoll. Price.....85 cents

Ringcraft. By Jem Driscoll. Price 85 cents

Scientific Bag Punching. By Harry Seeback. Price.....25 cents

My Methods. By Georges Carpentier. Price.....$1.00

Scientific Boxing. By Tommy Burns. Price.....$1.00

No books sent C. O. D.

BOOKS YOU SHOULD HAVE

Every boxer—whether high school, prep school, college, amateur or professional—and every teacher of boxing—should have

The NEWLY REVISED EIGHTH EDITION of

"TRAINING FOR BOXERS"

With a foreword by the greatest of modern fighters, Jack Dempsey

The NEWLY REVISED THIRD EDITION of

"HOW TO BOX"

(With a Foreword by James J. Corbett)

Combining all the features of the old editions with many new additions both in illustrations and in text.

The New "TRAINING FOR BOXERS," with a foreword by that master of modern fighters, Jack Dempsey, has been brought up-to-date and contains many improvements over the old "Training for Boxers" which is now out of print. 42 000 copies of the first seven editions of "TRAINING FOR BOXERS" and 36,400 copies of "HOW TO BOX" were sold in less than two years. A record that speaks for itself.

The Revised "TRAINING FOR BOXERS" contains the following chapters not in the old training book: 1—Your body and how to care for it. 2—Muscle tensing. 3—How to gain weight. 4—What a trainer should know. 5—Sound advice to the beginner. 6—What a boxer should do on the day of a fight. What he should eat before a fight. 7—How to strengthen the skin of the hands and face. 8—How to overcome heart stitches, pains in the groin. 9—How to build up endurance. 10—How to make mixtures for rub downs. **All for only $1.00.**

Third Revised Edition of "HOW TO BOX"

is a book that not only tells you how to learn this great sport, but gives a reason for everything you are asked to do.

The new "HOW TO BOX" contains the features of James J. Corbett's "Scientific Boxing" which is out of print and can no longer be obtained and in addition, contains four new chapters and 20 new illustrations, making it the most complete treatise on boxing ever published. A book that not only gives you reasons, but explains in minute detail the meaning of each blow and illustrates with many photographs, the correct and incorrect way to handle yourself.

In addition, a special section with fourteen full page photographs by Benny Leonard on his "Lessons on Boxing," and specially posed pictures by James J. Corbett. **Price $1.00.**

There are many books on the market on boxing and training, but not one that compares to the masterpieces on the sport published and written by THE RING ***publisher, Nat Fleischer.***

PLEASE USE THIS COUPON:

The Ring Book Shop, No. 11 West 42nd Street, New York, N. Y

Enclosed please find { $3 / $1 } for which send me Nat Fleischer's

"How to Second"
New "How to Box"
Revised "Training for Boxers"

Please mark books desired.
No books sent C. O. D.

Name.....

Street Number.....

City..... State.....

"How to Second a Boxer"

(The American Way) with a foreword by William A. Brady, is making a hit with fight managers and promoters and boxers. Every manager and second should have a copy.

Nothing like it ever published. Contains heaps of valuable information for boxer, trainer and second. The chapter devoted to the medical end, the first aid department of a second's job, is worth ten times the cost of this book. Only $1.00 for a book that teaches you all a handler of a boxer, amateur or professional, need know.

In its pages are instructive illustrations of the correct and incorrect way to handle a fighter. These pictures, gathered at great cost, give you the kind of instruction that is invaluable.

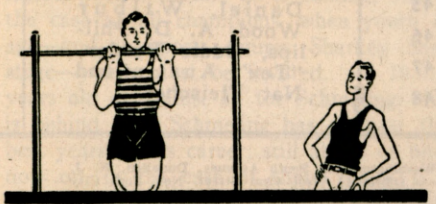
HOW DO YOU "STACK UP" WHEN THE BOYS BEGIN TO ROUGH IT?

Your Employer Wants a Strong, Healthy, Dependable Man

When you apply for a position, assuming that you have the mental requirements for the job, the first thing that enters your employer's mind is, "has this man a strong, healthy body to do the work I am going to ask him to do—will he be on the job every day?"

Can You Protect Your Women-Folk From Annoyers?

When the "drugstore cowboys" pass remarks as you pass by with your sweetheart or sister, what is your reaction? Are you one of the fellows who is sized up quickly as one to whom they do not hesitate to make remarks? Or can you give them a fearless look, making them realize that you are not a man to be trifled with, and that you can defend yourself if necessary?



How Many Times Can You Chin Yourself?

How often have you been in a gym and envied the fellows who could "chin" themselves 20, 30 or even 40 times? How often have you wished that you could do this or that stunt and do it with ease? I will show you how and it won't be long before the best records of your crowd will be held by you!

I will double your strength . . . I will add

3 INCHES TO YOUR CHEST 2 INCHES TO YOUR BICEPS

. . . or it won't cost you one cent! Signed: GEORGE F. JOWETT

YES SIR! Three inches of muscle added to your chest and 2 inches to each bicep . . . or it won't cost you one cent! And I don't mean "cream-puff" muscles either . . . you will have real, genuine, sinewy, weight-lifting muscles that will soon make you the "Champ" of your crowd! You will revel in a new feeling of power . . . you will have greater courage . . . you will have the will and ability to conquer the world . . . a real he-man's physique that will make your men friends respect you, and women admire you!

I'll teach you all the strong man stunts . . . from wrist turning . . . to hand wrestling . . . I will show you how to tear a pack of cards or a telephone book in half with ease . . . I will also teach you the Four "Key" Bar Bell Lifts!

All I ask is for you to give me a chance to prove it! Take my full course . . . If I do not do all I say . . . three inches added to your chest . . . 2 inches to each bicep . . . then it won't cost you a penny, and you will be the sole judge of whether or not I have made good!

MY PUPILS HAVE BECOME NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL WEIGHT-LIFTING CHAMPIONS

Nothing can take the place of WEIGHT RESISTANCE in the development of a strong body! My system does not depend upon the mere "flexing" of muscles . . . I use disc dumbbells that can be graduated in weight for the reason that no other method can give you strong, supple weight-lifting muscles! By graduating the weight of these dumbbells, from time to time, in a scientific manner, I will quickly develop your muscles and broaden your chest so that the heaviest weight will seem almost as light as a feather to you.

Try any one of my test courses NOW . . .

Send for "Moulding a Mighty Arm" A Complete Course for ONLY 25c

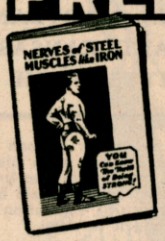
It will be a revelation to you. You can't make a mistake. The guaranty of the strongest armed man in the world stands behind this course. I give you all the secrets of strength illustrated and explained as you like them. In 30 days you can get an unbreakable grip of steel and a Herculean arm. Mail your order now while you can still get this course at my introductory price of only 25c.

I will not limit you to the arm. I can develop any part or all of your body. Try any one of my test courses listed at 25c. Or, try all six of them for only $1.00.

Rush the Coupon Today

Mail your order now and I will include a FREE COPY of "NERVES OF STEEL, MUSCLE LIKE IRON." It is a priceless book to the strength fan and muscle builder. Full of pictures of marvelous bodied men who tell you decisively how you can build symmetry and strength the equal of theirs. Reach Out —Grasp This Special Offer.

FREE BOOK WITH PHOTOS OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN



"Nerves of Steel; Muscles like Iron" SENT FREE!

JOWETT INSTITUTE of PHYSICAL CULTURE
Dept. 57Mb 422 Poplar St.
Scranton, Pa.

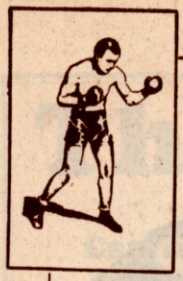
George F. Jowett: Your proposition looks good to me. Send, by return mail, prepaid, the courses checked below for which I am enclosing_____

- ☐ Moulding a Mighty Arm, 25c
- ☐ Moulding a Mighty Back, 25c
- ☐ Moulding a Mighty Grip, 25c
- ☐ Moulding a Mighty Chest, 25c
- ☐ Moulding Mighty Legs, 25c
- ☐ Strong Man Stunt Made Easy, 25c
- ☐ All 6 Books for $1.00.

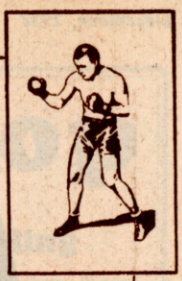
Include FREE Book "Nerves of Steel, Muscles Like Iron"

Name_____ Age_____

Address_____



The RING



World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

(Trade Mark Registered in U. S. Patent Office) *(Copyright, The Ring, Inc., 1932—All Rights Reserved)*

Vol. XI DECEMBER, 1932 No. 11

Published Monthly by The Ring, Inc.

CONTENTS

THE MAN OF THE HOUR.....Nat Fleischer 3
HAYMAKERS.....George Engel 4
THEY NEVER COME BACK!..... 5
SPIKE WEBB'S ALL-TIME OLYMPIC BOXING TEAM
Spike Webb 6
THE JEW IN BOXING.....“Bill” Miller 8
DAN CUPID CLAMPS A HALF-NELSON.....Daniel M. Daniel 10
NAT FLEISCHER SAYS (Editorial Comment)..... 12
MASTER OF FISTICUFFS.....Clarence Gillespie 14
STRANGE, BUT TRUE!.....Dan Morgan 15
FROM MILO TO LONDOS (A History of Wrestling)
A. D. Phillips 16
CURRENT WRESTLING GOSSIP.....“Tex” Austin 18
“IRISH” CHAMPION, A NEBRASKAN.....Alex Sullivan 20
FROM FOOTBALL TO WRESTLING.....Mike Cohn 21
WHEN GRANDPA WAS A KID.....Olin Davis 22
FINE PROSPECTS..... 24
FIRST-RATE FIGHTERS 25
CALIFORNIA'S GOLDEN AGE OF BOXING.....Joe Choynski 26
WHEN TAMMANY LEADERS WERE REAL FIGHTERS
Arthur Lumley 28
CRADLES OF BOXING .....“Doc” Almy 30
THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS.....Herman “Dutch” Eggert 32
GOOD CLUB FIGHTERS..... 34
A FIGHTER'S PLIGHT.....Harvey Bright 35
IN OUR QUESTION BOX..... 39

IN RINGS AROUND THE WORLD

A CORNER IN THE FISTIC MARKET.....Eddie Borden 40
IN AND NEAR CHICAGO.....Frank Maestro 41
ALONG THE GREAT FITE WAY.....Eddie Borden 42
GREATER BOSTON AND NEW ENGLAND.....“Doc” Almy 43
SOUTHERN OHIO AND CLEVELAND..... 44
CANADA, CUBA AND AUSTRALIA..... 45
PHILADELPHIA, MARYLAND, NEW JERSEY..... 46
SIOUX CITY AND KANSAS CITY..... 47
MICHIGAN, PITTSBURGH, GEORGIA, OKLAHOMA..... 48

In Our Next Issue

Now that we have told the story of the Irish and the Jews in boxing, the next chapter in this series brings us to the Fighting Italians. Read of the accomplishments of this race in the field of fisticuffs.

Those who are wrestling enthusiasts will find several interesting articles to hold their attention. One in particular, “The Mat Holds,” by Jack Pfeffer, one of America's greatest importers of pachyderms. And the story of the rise of the sport in America, in the series, “From Milo to Londos,” is one that no wrestling fan should miss. If you want to know how Frank Gotch won his spurs, read this article.

“Makers of Champions,” the story of the late Dan Hickey and the late Jimmy Deforest.

These in addition to timely articles and fiction by Daniel M. Daniel, Wilbur Wood, A. D. Phillips, Eddie Borden, “Tex” Austin and Nat Fleischer.

The Ring is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements, which would be offensive. The publisher of THE RING guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.

The entire contents and photographs of this magazine are copyrighted and must not be used without permission.

Our readers are earnestly requested to forward changes of address at least 30 days before publication of next issue. The price of this magazine in Europe is 20 cents. All subscriptions should be mailed to THE RING, 11 West 42nd Street, New York City.

The Ring, Inc., Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, N. J. Editorial and Business Office—11 West 42nd Street, New York City—Telephone Longacre 5-7244-45.

Nathaniel Fleischer, President and Editor.
A. D. Phillips, Secretary. Advertising Manager, D. P. Riker, 303 Fourth Avenue, New York City. “Tex” Austin R. Gramlich, Make-up and Art Editor.

Price—15 cents per copy in United States and Canada. Subscription Price—$1.50 per year in United States and possessions; also, Cuba, Mexico and Panama. Canada $2.25, and all other countries $2.50 in U. S. currency.

Entered as second-class matter January 9, 1930, at the Post Office at Dunellen, New Jersey. Additional entry at New York, N. Y.

Regular contributors—Frank Graham, Wilbur Wood, John L. (Ike) Dorgan, Jack Curley, “Tex” Austin R. Gramlich, Charles F. Mathison, A. D. Phillips and Joe Humphreys.

Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.

The MAN of the HOUR

By Max Fleischer

William F. Carey, Garden President

THE man of the hour is Max Schmeling. To the German must go the credit for having started the uphill climb of boxing by reviving interest in the heavyweight ranks. Despite his defeat by Sharkey, which cost him the world's heavyweight championship, the German's wonderful exhibition against the game and aggressive Mickey Walker boosted the stock of himself and boxing. With the prospects of a lively session in the heavyweight sock market, has come a renewed interest in the game with Germany's fine sportsman as the center of attraction.

Regardless of the fact that Schmeling dropped his crown to Jack Sharkey, Herr Max, not Sharkey, is the man of the hour in fisticuffs. Through his defeat, the German, as in the case of Jack Dempsey when he lost the title to Tunney, has become boxing's popular boy. His willingness to clear the field of contenders in order that nothing should stand in his way in his quest for a return engagement with Sharkey, is to be commended.

His great victory over Walker makes of him to-day the outstanding heavyweight. There can be no shunting him aside for another opponent when the next world's heavyweight championship match is arranged, even though Herr Max fail to appear in the ring again except against Sharkey.

The German's stock in the sock market has taken a considerable rise. While he is coming, Sharkey is going. As in the case of all champions, when youth is pitted against old age—and in sports figures Sharkey has now reached that stage—youth must be favored. In 1933 Sharkey will be 31 years old as against 27 for Schmeling. While Sharkey's peak is behind him, Schmeling has at least three more years, the best years of his career, still ahead of him. Every year from now on, in the case of these rivals, is a year in favor of Schmeling. That is why, when Max and Jack clash again—a certainty next summer—the German will be the favorite.

* * *

The crowds that witnessed the Schmeling-Sharkey and Schmeling-Walker bouts in the Bowl, followed by the gigantic indoor turnout for the Leonard-McLarnin battle, indicates a good financial indoor season. It stresses the point also that well-arranged cards, with good talent and prices of admission to fit the pocket books of the majority, will draw out the fight fans as in the past. You can't kill the sporting instinct in man, and just so long as the promoters will cater to that instinct by furnishing the fireworks, there will be few vacancies in the leading arenas on fight nights.

Jimmy Johnston, assistant to Mr. Carey and general manager of America's leading sports emporium—the New York Garden—has the chance of a lifetime. He must not let his few successes go to his head. He should keep in mind at all times the public and if he will keep away from "the public be damned" spirit that seemed to prevail at the big clubs the past two seasons and adheres to the policy of serving the freight payers with the best, then Madison Square Garden will lead the way to boxing's great comeback. The New York Garden, the Chicago Stadium and the Boston Garden should set the pace. Those arenas should give the fans nothing but the best and if that is done, boxing's comeback will be assured.

Joe Jacobs, manager of Schmeling, is the third of the triumvirate on whom the eyes of the boxing world are now focused. So far he has guided the destinies of Schmeling ably and conscientiously. In the interests of boxing and Max, he must guide himself with caution to safeguard his charge. There will be many obstacles to overcome before he gets Sharkey to consent to a return engagement with Schmeling, one of which will be the financial arrangements. Granted that Jacobs will be correct in arguing that the Black Uhlan is the big drawing (*Continued on page 37*)

Joe Jacobs, manager of Schmeling

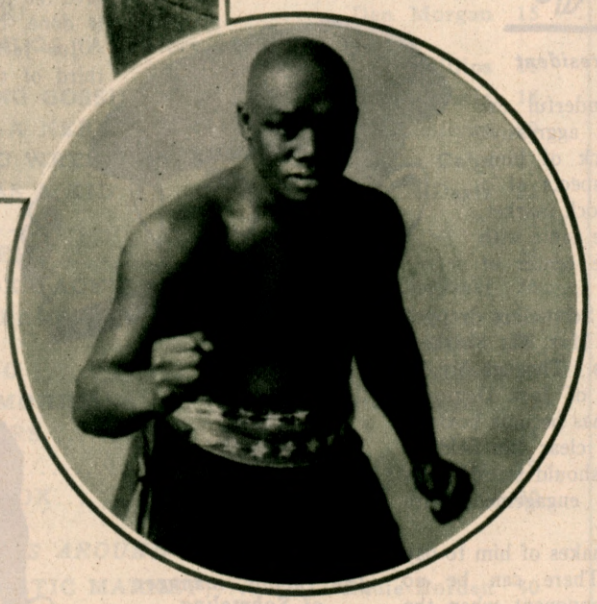
James J. Johnston, general manager of Madison Square Garden

HAYMAKERS

Fighters Possessing Them Are Worth Their Weight in Gold

By GEORGE ENGEL

The Boston Tar Baby as he looks today



Sam Langford when in his heydey

MANY years ago a writer, describing a crushing punch that a fighter had landed on the chin of his opponent to knock him out of time, coined a typical American word, haymaker, and to this day, almost a century later, that term still stands the test of time as the most effective to designate the power behind the blow that has caused a knockout. When a fighter packs a haymaker, he possesses a wallop that carries tremendous force, Figuratively, the fellow who owns such a punch, carries into the ring his own referee. He doesn't have to worry about the third man in the ring or the judges whose eyesight have grown dim.

Show me a fighter who doesn't spend the best part of his career trying to develop a haymaker, and I'll show you a man who lacks ambition. There isn't a boxer worth while who doesn't strive to develop a knockout punch. Victory through a haymaker is the heart's desire of every boxer and furnishes that thrill that makes the possessor of such a wallop a big drawing card. Nothing in boxing carries such a thrill as a haymaker.

It was the haymaker that made Bob Fitzsimmons, Peter Maher, Tom Sharkey, John L. Sullivan and Terry McGovern, among the old timers, and Young Otto, Leach Cross, Jack Dempsey, Benny Leonard, Lew Tendler, Charley White, Ad Wolgast, Battling Nelson, and others, so popular among the modern school. Those who have studied ring history, will remember that it was Fitzsimmons' haymaker that created a new world's heavyweight champion and set the world agog with the story of a new punch, the solar plexus blow.

It was out in Carson City, Nevada, in a pine bowl erected by Dan Stuart on March 17, 1896. The crowd was far from what we of this era regard as worthy of a championship affair, and in that gathering at the ringside were twenty deputies who were on the spot to see that George Siler was amply protected against mob rule in the event the decision were rendered against the Pacific Coast idol, Jim Corbett.

But Fitz didn't need any referee. He made certain that George Siler and the deputies would have little to do by carrying his own referee in his gloves.

Came the fourteenth round. Fitzsimmons, a beaten gladiator up to that time, looked a sight as Corbett came to him. He was mashed to a bloody pulp by the lightning-like jabs of the most scientific heavyweight of modern times. But Fitz had a fighting heart. He felt he was every inch as good a fighter as was his adversary, and he decided to prove it. He came forward to meet the attack of Corbett. Sidling in crabwise, watching for an opening, he poised himself for his celebrated shifts. He started a right to the jaw. Corbett raised his guard and suddenly the shift was made and Fitz buried his left glove deep into Corbett's mid-section.

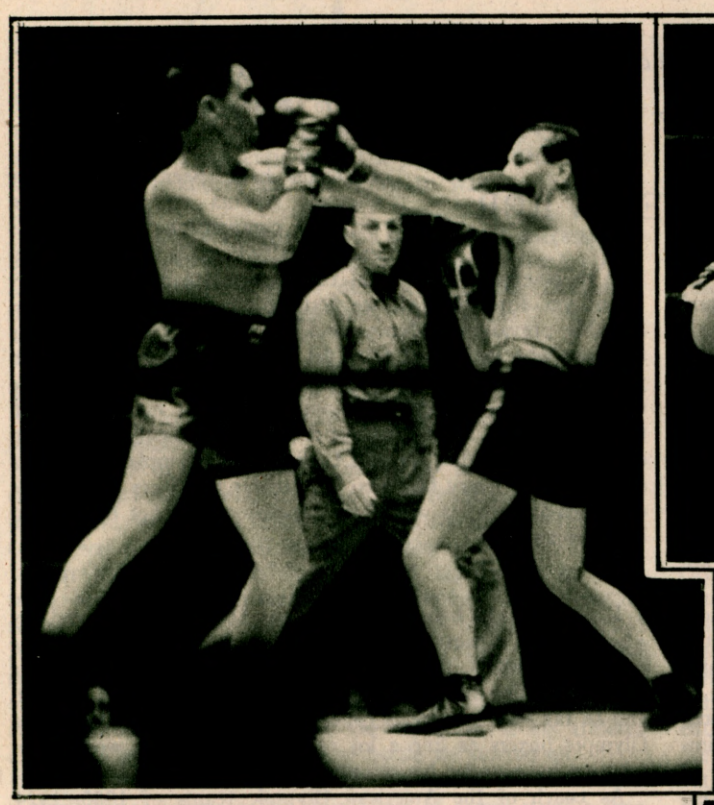
Down sagged Corbett, writhing convulsively. He was conscious, but semi-paralyzed. He had lost partial control of his lower limbs. He struggled hard to rise, but it was useless. Siler dropped his hand for the tenth time and a new champion had been crowned.

It was Fitz's haymaker that turned the trick. The report of that battle stated that Fitz had landed a left to the wind with such force that Corbett doubled up and was counted out. But a physician, discussing the fight with Bob Davis, now editor of Munsey's magazine and special writer for the New York *Sun*, but at that time one of the sports staff of Hearst's papers remarked:

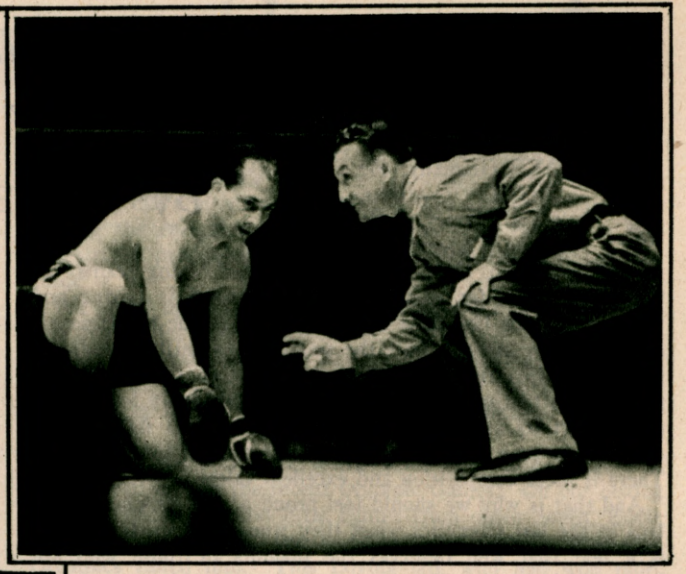
"Yes, it took the wind out of him. It was a punch in the solar-plexus region that had paralyzed the nerve center," and quick as a flash, Bob, a scribe with splendid news sense, wired his paper that it was a "solar-plexus punch that beat Corbett," and thus to this day, Fitz's famous k.o. wallop, is referred to as the "solar-plexus punch." It was new to the American fight fans, but not to the British, for the history of pugilism in England tells us that 150 years ago that same punch was in use by the British warriors who knew the blow as "the punch to Broughton's Mark."

While Fitz's solar-plexus wallop (*Continued on page* 38)

They Never Come Back!

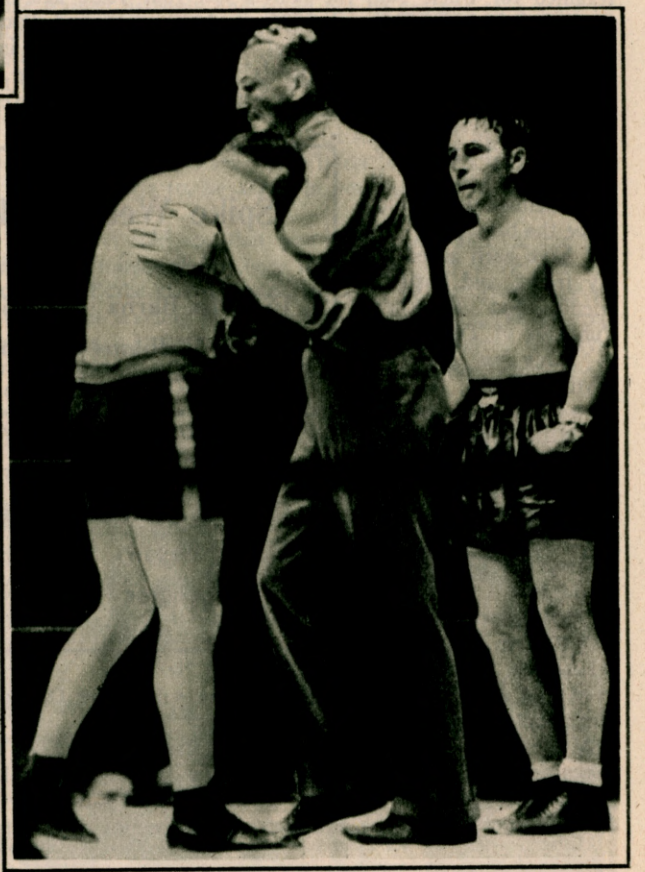


Here's one Benny Leonard didn't block in his bout with Jimmy McLarnin. Jimmy, after being tagged several times in the first round, came back like the Jimmy of old and did an effective job. Here we see McLarnin shooting his left to Benny's mouth



In the second round McLarnin floored Leonard with a terrific left to the jaw that followed a right to the same spot. Benny is seen taking the count from Arthur Donovan

The end is near. The former world's lightweight king is beginning to realize that "they never come back." The willingness was there, but Father Time favored the youthful McLarnin and Referee Donovan is seen rushing forward to halt a further attack on Leonard



And here is the end of Leonard's dream. The referee wisely prevents Baby Face from doing more damage to his opponent by grasping Leonard about the waist and leading him to his corner with only five seconds of the sixth round still to go. Benny was beaten, but not disgraced. He gave a wonderful exhibition of defensive fighting. As for McLarnin, he was at his best, and by his victory earned the right to fight Jackie Fields for the welterweight crown

Spike Webb's All Time

Famous Annapolis Coach Who Has Been in Charge of Americans Since 1920, Gives Uncle Sam's Boys All Places

By SPIKE WEBB

TAKE Germany, the Scandinavian countries, Belgium, Italy, Hungary, Japan, Argentina, Chili, Mexico, Cuba—all have splendid boxing teams. In Central Europe, for example, the chief sport is boxing and while we in this land take a deep interest in the professionals and to a large extent ignore the simon pures until the national Championships are staged, Central Europe on the other hand pays little attention to the dollar chasers and keenly follows the progress of its amateurs. That is why we must fight harder today than ever to win one or two classes in the Olympics. There is more competition and excellent talent in every class.

And that is why we should feel proud of the showing of our lads in the last Olympics when they won the team trophy. It is a feat that well deserves the plaudits of those who are interested in amateur sport.

Italy and Argentina carried off the lion's share of the honors in 1928, but our lads with true American fighting spirit, the kind made famous by the great teams turned out at Annapolis, regained for Uncle Sam the laurels lost four years ago. In the Olympics of 1924 and 1928 at Amsterdam and Paris, respectively, the judges ruled that boxing skill was more important and deserved more points than heavy punching at close range, but this year our lads got proper credit for cleverness, aggressiveness and heavy punching—as it should be—and that is what enabled us to bring home the bacon.

I have been asked by my friend, and boxing's friend, Nat Fleischer, Publisher of THE RING, to name an All-Time Olympic team, and I have accepted the honor. My All-star team is wholly an American team, because I feel that those I've named could stand the test against the best in the world. Our team won the championship in 1920 and 1924 in addition to taking the honors this year, and any nation that can win three out of five Olympic championships, must have the best talent.

My pick includes Fidel La Barba and Jackie Fields, two of the present day world title holders in the professional ranks. Jackie Williams, Sam Mosberg, Eddie Flynn, Carmen Barth, Eddie Eagan and Bill Spengler comprise the rest of the group.

* * *

IT isn't every boxer who has a chance to compete for Uncle Sam in the Olympic championships and those who make the grade have ample reason for being proud. It takes months and months of arduous preparation to meet the requirements of an Olympic athlete in any branch of competition, but more so probably in boxing than in any other. Local competition followed by state championships, then intersectional contests, then a national championship tournament with its preliminaries that oftimes make it necessary for one fighter to compete four or more times before he enters the semi-finals then the final round and yet the goal has not been attained. When the nationals have been decided, the Olympic tryouts are in order and with the competition in those trials exceptionally keen, it takes a real he-man to emerge a member of the Olympic team.

And yet, through it all, we find the finest sportsmanship imaginable prevailing. Money couldn't buy the joy and thrills the boys who make that team get out of it. I have often seen youths sitting in the dressing room crying like babes because they failed, not to win an Olympic title, but membership on the team. Talk about your pride! There's plenty of that in every lad who fights for Old Glory in an Olympic ring. It is an honor that every boy who lives under the Stars and Stripes cherishes and that is why the competition is so hot throughout the tryouts.

* * *

I have had the honor to train many Olympic teams and my job has been a most pleasant one. Why? Because unlike the professional sport, the lads who fight for the glory of the flag put every thing into it both in training and in actual combat, and so far as obedience is concerned, I have always found the Olympic boxers as fine a lot of boys as any one would ever wish to have under his wings.

As coach of the American Olympic teams of 1920, 1924, 1928 and 1932, I have seen the competition grow hotter and hotter with each set of games, because where twelve years ago there were practically only three nations with any outstanding talent, to-day every country in the world that takes an interest in physical culture and the development of its youth, has its amateur boxing teams. And good ones, at that!

I was also asked to relate what experience in my career of boxing coach of the American Olympic teams I found the most exciting. Well, there is one that proved a real thriller, and I'll repeat the story for RING readers as I gave it recently to the sports editor of a Baltimore paper.

* * *

YOU may talk of Paul Revere. You may also talk of Sheridan's Ride.

But on the night of the Olympic Games boxing finals in Amsterdam August 11, 1928, two American boxers, who had managed to survive the atrocious guess work of the European judges, together with Al Lacey, Jack Sharkey's present trainer, who then was trainer of the Olympic team, and I, who was the coach, took a motor ride throughout Holland that bade fair to go down in history with the historic treks of Paul Revere and Phil Sheridan.

On the night of the finals Lacey and I decided to take the two surviving Americans, Steve Halaiko, now a Buffalo professional, and Johnny Daley, for an auto ride. Our idea was to psychoanalyze them into a winning frame of mind.

Spike Webb's All Time Olympic Team

Name	*Class*	*City*	*Year*
Fidel La Barba	Flyweight	Los Angeles	1924
Jackie Williams	Bantamweight	New York	1924
Jackie Fields	Featherweight	Los Angeles	1924
Sam Mosberg	Lightweight	Brooklyn, N. Y.	1920
Eddie Flynn	Welterweight	New Orleans	1932
Carmen Barth	Middleweight	Cleveland	1932
Eddie Eagan	Light-Heavy	New York	1920
Bill Spengler	Heavyweight	New York	1920

Olympic Boxing Team

We hired a decrepit taxicab in Amsterdam and instructed the driver to hit the environs of the Dutch city. About fifteen miles from the city limits, the engine of the aged car gave a weary wheeze and suddenly died. The phlegmatic Dutch driver shrugged his shoulders and sat down to wait—probably for Gabriel's horn.

We urged him to get into action but without success. We begged him to get another cab for us, but he wouldn't budge. Lacey swore and the fighters did both, but the Dutchman shook his head obstinately and said: "No can do."

* * *

WITH the time of the bouts drawing alarmingly near, and not a motorist in sight on the lonely road, Lacey and I became desperate.

Finally, off in the distance, a motor car hove in sight. My cohorts and I gave a wild yell of joy, and immediately deployed in the road, with hands upraised, to stop the driver. The newcomer was frightened half out of his wits.

Four husky foreigners with strained expressions on their faces, boded no good to him, or so he surmised, and he put on steam and whirled along at top speed, followed by lurid American cuss words from the trainer, the fighters and myself.

Apparently there was nothing to do but ride shank's mare, and, with sore misgivings as to the condition of his athletes after a 15 mile hike on the eve of battle we started off.

About ten miles from Amsterdam the weary hikers reached a small Dutch town, on the main street of which stood a lone baker's wagon. A bony spavined nag furnished the motive power.

There was no time for arbitration. The baker had bread and rolls to deliver, but the Americans were in no mood to plead or explain their need. There was no time, anyway. Al and I did some quick thinking.

* * *

I DREW an American $10 bill from my pocket and shook it enticingly under the baker's nose.

"You see him?" I asked. "Look—you take me and my boys to Amsterdam—see?—and I give you the money. Savvy? Then you can buy a new horse and wagon and have enough left over to buy a suit of clothes. Compree? Get me."

The driver was bewildered. I hesitated no longer. We jumped on the wagon, pushed the baker off the seat, gathered up the reins and whirled off to Amsterdam at a killing pace of ten miles per hour to the tune of agonized squeaks from the ancient joints of the baker's steed and the frightened wailing of the baker himself, who thought he was being "taken for a ride" by these crazy Americans.

Yelling like a maniac at the Man o' War in the wagon shafts, turning the corner at dangerous angles with the police and pedestrians protesting and exclaiming, we finally made the grade.

We pulled up in front of the arena and the fighters piled out just in time for their bouts.

The baker was forced to find such consolation as he could get from ten big American bucks and Lacey and I had saved our faces by having our boys appear for the bouts.

* * *

AND here's another worth while recording, because it occurred in the recent Olympic Games. On our boxing team we had a splendid little fighter from down South, Eddie Flynn. Eddie was in the midst of dental study when the Olympics called him. This Loyola lad, who had won more than 200 bouts without a defeat and had won the national championship twice, had no trouble making Uncle Sam's team, but when he got into the Olympic Village, I noticed that he seemed depressed. Something seemed to worry him.

He trained listlessly and could not be aroused to a state of enthusiasm. I soon learned that Eddie was thinking of the pretty young girl, his wife, whom he had left at home. Without saying anything to Flynn, we dispatched a message to Mrs. Flynn, and one morning as the boxers were entering the busses to go into training, a starry-eyed girl stepped up, grabbed Eddie and hugged him, while the young boxer, surprised, was stunned.

When he came to, he asked in amazement, "What brought you here, honey?"

"Something told me that you needed me here, Eddie. I think your mind will be more focused on your work with me around." Eddie grinned, and thereafter he put everything he had into his training and later into his boxing in the international bouts. And success was his. We had solved the mystery. A woman, a pretty little Southern belle, was behind it all

The American Olympic boxing team of 1932, winner of the world team championship. Back row—left to right—Smith, Martin, Perrin, Roach, La Barba, Musarello and Brandis. Third row—Spike Webb, coach; Caserio, McCarron, Hill, Merak, Barth, Cravotta and Denny, trainer. Second row from bottom—Feary, Flynn, Bill Kenny, manager; Miler and Bor. Front row—Salica, Hines and Lang

Al Singer
Lightweight Champion

Benny Leonard
Lightweight Champion

The Jew

Israelites Have Had Seventeen World Champions—Attell and Leonard Ranked Among the World's Greatest

"VELL, vunst me und mine brodder, und mine huncle, und nine uff mine relations, ve nearly licked a Irisher, vunst!"

That was a sure-fire belly-laugh in the good old days when I was a kid. The Hebrew comedian in every burlesque show would pull it on an average of twice an evening. It was his pièce de resistance.

Since 1910, however, that has been a pointless jest, without foundation in fact. For no less than seventeen champions of the world have been of Jewish descent within the past twenty years!

No other race can equal that record.

There have been over 20 Irish champions of the world—that is, champions of Irish descent—but quite a few of them, such as John L. Sullivan, Jim Corbett, George Gardner, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, Nonpareil Jack Dempsey, Jack McAuliffe, Terry McGovern, Young Corbett, Frankie Neil, Jimmy Walsh and others, ruled in their respective divisions before 1910.

Here are the Jewish champions, and you'll have to admit that it is an imposing array, even if none of them is eligible for election as King Kleagle of his local Klan:

Abe Attell, Benny Leonard, Ted Kid Lewis, Jackie Fields, Al McCoy (Al Rudolph), Battling Levinsky, Louis Kid Kaplan, Al Singer, Benny Bass, Mushy Callahan (Morris Scheer), Jack Kid Berg, Jack Bernstein, Dave Rosenberg, Abe Attell Goldstein, Charley Phil Rosenberg, Maxie Rosenbloom and Corporal Izzy Schwartz.

Two of them—Attell and Leonard—have been selected many times as the greatest fighters that ever lived at their respective weights.

The first great scientific boxer, and perhaps the forerunner of them all in cleverness and skill, was Daniel Mendoza, a Spanish Jew, who swept through the heavyweights of his time, many years ago, like a Kansas cyclone. You can read, or probably have read, about Mendoza in the splendid article written by Nat Fleischer, editor of THE RING.

Mendoza's triumphant march was halted by Gentleman John Jackson, the handsomest and most romantic pugilist of his time. But the glory of Jackson's achievement wanes somewhat when it is learned that Jackson weighed over 200 pounds at the time he defeated Mendoza, whereas the Jewish champion tipped the beam at 160 pounds—a middleweight, according to present weight classifications.

There were other great fighting Jews in the ring, over a hundred years ago. There was Dutch Sam (Samuel Elias) and his son, Young Dutch Sam. Dutch Sam was under 10 stone (140 lbs.) but defeated many heavyweights. Then there was Yokel the Jew, and Joe Burks.

In addition, there have been a number of top-notch Jewish battlers who never held titles, but who often defeated champions in no-decision bouts. It was an unfortunate break for both Lew Tendler and Charley White, both Israelites, that they were contemporaneous with Benny Leonard, the greatest lightweight of all time. In another era, either Tendler or White could probably have swept through their opposition with ease and despatch. How would you bet on either Tendler or White against to-day's best lightweights, if it were possible to bring either the Philadelphian or the Englishman into the ring at the peak of his career?

Benny Valger, Parisian Jew, was a marvelous boxer. He was not a great showman, but he was a past master in scientific boxing. He fought bantams, feathers, lightweights and even welterweights, and seldom tipped the beam at more than 130 pounds when in condition. Benny started boxing in 1916, and every now and then you get a flash from Paris, as late as 1932, recording the fact that Benny Valger defeated or drew with Kid So-and-so, of Europe.

And how about Soldier Jake Bartfield? No list of great fighters is complete without Jacob. He whipped the great Mike Gibbons in a no-decision fight. Bartfield fought no less than six world champions; that is, boys who then held or later held world titles. They were: Benny Leonard, Mike O'Dowd, Johnny Wilson, Mickey Walker, Jack Britton and Jimmy Slattery. Just a bunch of suckers, what?

Augie Ratner was a good boy, too; he knocked out Mons. Ovila Chapdelaine, better known as Jack Delaney. Then there was Jack Kid Wolfe, of Cleveland, and Phil and Matt Brock of the same city; Morrie Rauch, an old-timer; Charley Goldman, Sid Terris, Ruby Goldstein, Danny Kramer, Joe Burman, K. O. Phil Kaplan and many more.

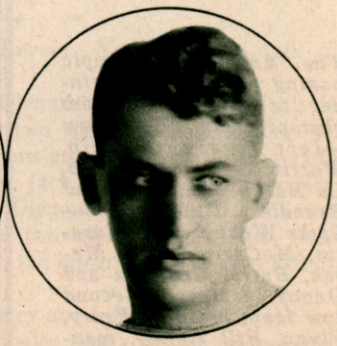
In 1932, two Jewish fighters are champions of the world—Jackie Fields, in the welterweight class, and Maxie Rosenbloom in the light-heavyweight division—and both of them, incidentally, won their titles back after having held it at a previous time.

In the 1932 National Boxing Consensus, conducted by Wilbur Wood of the New York *Sun*, you will find at least

Abe Attell
Featherweight Champ

Abe Goldstein
Bantamweight Champ

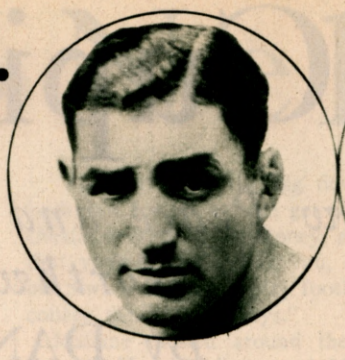
Al McCoy
Middleweight Champ



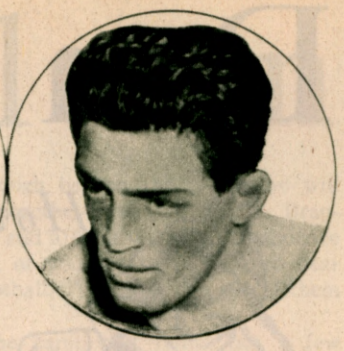
Battling Levinsky
Light-Heavy Champ

in Boxing

By "BILL" MILLER



Lou "Kid" Kaplan
Featherweight Champion



Ted "Kid" Lewis
Welterweight Champion

one Jewish boy listed among the best ten in each division. This consensus may be accepted as standard, since it is based on the opinions of the best boxing writers in the country.

Thus, in the heavyweight division, we find King Levinsky listed as No. 7. In the light-heavyweight class, Maxie Rosenbloom, as champion, rates No. 1, with Abie Bain given honorable mention. Among the middleweights, Ben Jeby is rated No. 4. In the welterweight department, Jackie Fields is champion, with Tommy Herman given honorable mention. Two Jewish boys are listed among the top ten in the junior welterweight class, rosy-cheeked Jack Berg and Joey Goodman. And there are no less than five Jews listed among the best ten lightweights—Al Foreman, Ray Miller, Joey Goodman, Al Singer and Sammy Dorfman, with Denver Mickey Cohen given honorable mention. Al Foreman is rated No. 1 among the junior lightweights, with Benny Bass in No. 3 position. In the 126-lb. class, there is Lew Feldman, who just defeated the N. B. A. champion, Tommy Paul. Hymie Wiseman of Omaha is given honorable mention here. There are two Israelites in the 118-lb. division, Newsboy Brown and Archie Bell, with Lew Farber conceded honorable mention. In the flyweight branch, we find Phil Tobias listed as No. 5, with Marty Gold given honorable mention.

While the list is not as imposing as it has been in former years, it must be given very serious consideration.

In addition to the foregoing, there are a few up-and-coming Jewish youngsters who have flashed across the pugilistic horizon during the current year. Up in Seattle there's a youngster named Abie Israel, who recently boxed a draw with Young Tommy, top-notch Filipino bantamweight who defeated Newsboy Brown. Israel is now a featherweight and is in smart hands. He may go far.

Out in Chicago, the cagy Mr. Sam Pian is directing the affairs of a kid named Barney Ross, a flashy lightweight and a youngster who shows much promise.

And back in little old N'Yawk there's a young Jewish battler named Benny Leonard—oh, yes, I mentioned him, didn't I?

Fighting Jews can trace their genealogy back to a bird named Young Battling Kid David, who kayoed a giant named Goliath in Biblical times. One of Napoleon's marshals was a Jew, but he didn't fight with his hands—he just talked with 'em.

But, regardless of the position of the Jew as a fighter, it is a widely recognized and admitted fact that the best fight fans in any town are Jews. Glance around the ringside, next time you go to a fight, and you'll find that many of the schnozzolas have that unmistakable Durante curve.

And don't forget Jewish managers of fighters, either: the astute Sammy Goldman, the keen-minded Sol Gold, the cigar-juggling Joe Jacobs, Frank Bachman, Harry Alberts, Hymie Caplan, Lew Brown, Roy Feltman, Joe Gould, Pete Stone, Willie Gilzenberg, Frankie Jacobs, Bob Levy, Sam Pian, Charley Rose, Eddie Walker, Eddie Borden.

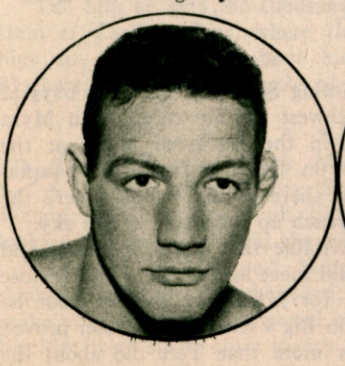
The most successful fight promoter of 1932 is a Jew—Joe Waterman, of Portland, who has had sell-outs in a year when other promoters were lining up at the foot of the bread-line.

Other Jewish promoters and matchmakers of note are Nate Lewis of the Chicago Stadium, Nate Druxman of Seattle, Joe Levy, Jules Aaronson, Al Weill, Morrie Cohan, Jake Abel, Benny Franklin, Al Miller, Jake Isaacson, Herman Katz, Johnny Attell, Joe Lewis, Harry Cohen and Jules Beck, to say nothing of the inimitable Lew Raymond. And Lew Burston, of Paris, France!

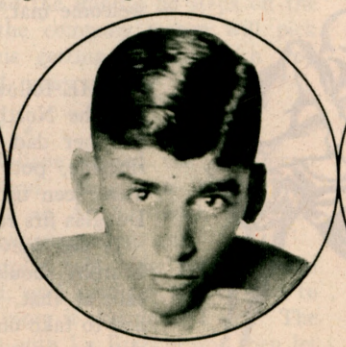
While the heritage of cleverness from Mendoza is strong in modern Jewish boxers, it has in no way barred the way to versatility. There has been a varied and colorful assortment of Hebrew fighters on view in the last two decades. Clever boxers, furious sluggers, knockout hitters, chopping blocks—all are included.

Undoubtedly the three greatest fighters of modern fistiana, so far as Jews are concerned, are Abe Attell, Benny Leonard and Joe Choynski. Attell and Leonard rank among the greatest lightweights of all time, along with such famed fistic characters as Joe Gans, Frank Erne, Kid Lavigne. Both were masters of science and in that respect they take their place with the father of Hebrew fighters—Mendoza.

Among the army of top-notch battlers who hail from the Jewish race, men who came within a rung of the top of the ladder but couldn't quite reach it, are Leach Cross, Lew Tendler, Willie Jackson and Joe Bernstein, among others. Cross was a sample of the Jewish slugger with a knockout wallop. He couldn't box, but he was a tricky fighter and one of the most dangerous lightweights ever developed. Charley White was a great left-handed hitter, who, were he also a quick-thinking fighter, would have landed a championship. Lew Tendler, with his heavy body punching and puzzling southpaw delivery, was another of the sterling Hebrew fighters who almost gained a title. He, Cross, Jackson and White among others, have proved that the Jewish gladiators can give and take. They take their place alongside the Irish and the Italians as first-rate fighting men.



Maxie Rosenbloom
Light-Heavy Champ



Corp. Izzy Schwartz
Flyweight Champion

Charley Phil Rosenberg
Bantamweight Champion

Jackie Fields
Welterweight Champion

Dan Cupid Clamps

How Peace and Quiet Were Restored in a Northwest Lumber Camp

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

THINGS were going from bad to worse in the camp of the Northwest Empire Lumber Company, some two hundred miles this side of Seattle. It was agreed among the lumberjacks that Myra, daughter and housekeeper of John Glanley, the superintendent, was the prettiest witch in the entire state. But the boys could not get together on any one nominee for the hand and favor of the dainty damsel.

As a result, there was continual fighting between Joe La Brancheaux and Pete Murphy. And each had his supporters, who were not averse to taking a fistic hand in the rivalry. Glanley tried to solve the problem by sending Myra to an aunt in Duluth, but the girl was back in six weeks, complaining of the confining effects of the "big city."

On a visit to Seattle, Glanley met a man who specialized in welfare work at factories and camps. John told this stranger—George Straker—of his trouble, and laughed when Straker suggested solving the perplexity by firing La Brancheaux and Murphy.

"You don't seem to know the law of the woods," said Glanley. "I could not hold the others. True enough, there is plenty of labor around loose and I could get a new crew in twenty-four hours. But not a gang like my boys," and he puffed at his cigar with a look of supreme pride.

"No, it cannot be done by firing Joe and Pete. There must be some other way."

Straker agreed to go to Big Bend and look things over. In twenty-four hours he brought the solution to Glanley. "The men have too much time on their hands evenings," he said. "Create interest. Get up motion picture shows—or even a boxing tournament. Offer a couple of medals for two weights, and we'll have no more of this sparking and slugging."

* * *

STRAKER sent to Seattle for equipment to put on some talkies and in a few days announced that he was ready to show "Thine Forever," with the great Garbo in the big rôle.

That evening La Brancheaux and Murphy met in front of the Glanley cottage, where they had gone to invite gay Myra to the movies. Five minutes later La Brancheaux had bitten the dust, and ten minutes later the whole camp was involved in a new fight. Forty-seven eyes looked out of forty-seven bruised and blackened frames as "Thine Forever" traipsed along to its final, kissing fade-out, with Myra watching at the side of her father, and La Brancheaux and Murphy in their cabins licking their wounds.

"I am afraid that movies will only complicate things around here," chuckled Glanley the next morning, at a conference with Straker. "However, I am game to go on with this. Let us try your boxing tournament next."

And so it came about that a week later, in the big mess hall, there was a boxing tournament, with six classes.

Of course, La Brancheaux entered. He was suspicious of the new recreation leader. This, apparently, was a plot to get him into the ring with Murphy and humiliate him before his own supporters. Well, he'd see about this!

And it was only natural that Murphy also should go into the tournament. "It's a trick of some sort," Pete told his adherents. "Not that I suspect Joe, though he would do anything to get me out of the way. I think Glanley is trying to clear the deck of the pair of us."

* * *

THE evening wore on, and in the final of the great Big Bend boxing tournament La Brancheaux met Murphy. Straker was the referee. It lasted five rounds of the scheduled six, with Murphy winning by a clean knockout.

Not that Pete had it all his own way. La Brancheaux, who was about ten pounds heavier, with an advantage of two inches in height and reach, was learning more and more about ring technique. Murphy was faster, more agile, but Joe was stronger.

In the first round Murphy scored a knockdown with a left to the jaw, but Joe was up without a count and mixed it in peppery style for the rest of the session.

The third round saw Murphy put down for a count of five with a terrific rabbit punch. Straker halted the fight. "None of that foul stuff!" he shouted above the din.

"Foul, hell!" roared La Brancheaux. "Let them fight," the lumberjacks yelled. "Get out of that ring, Straker."

"There are no fouls here except if you hit a guy below the belt," Murphy said between rounds to Straker. "Just keep quiet and we'll attend to the rest."

And so it went until the fifth, when Murphy cut loose a left from the floor and La Brancheaux's 196 pounds were stretched over the pine boards of the improvised ring floor.

The Murphy adherents cheered. The La Brancheaux boys hissed. Joe came to Straker the following evening. "It is a well-known fact in the entire State that when it comes to wrestling, I am very good, and do you offer to put on a wrestling tournament? No. You stage the fight last night, and through an accident this bum Murphy sort of trips me up. Not that I can't beat Murphy fighting or anything else, mind you.

"Now, Straker, I think you are on the level with all this stuff. So get busy with a rassling tournament, and I'll show you what this Murphy looks like when he is turned into a welcome mat."

* * *

THE following Saturday night the boys of the Northwest Empire camp, with Myra and her dad in the places of honor at the ringside, put on the first wrestling tournament seen up there in the woods, where the Douglas firs reach up for pieces of the sky.

It was inevitable that La Brancheaux and Murphy should meet again. Pete had a close call, at that, for in his preliminary bout he had to take on Big Frenchy, who soon proved that he knew more than Pete did about the finer points of grappling. However, Big Frenchy was not in physical condition for a

A Half-Nelson

hard struggle, and after twenty-one minutes Murphy put on the old hammer lock and went into the final.

The big bout was held the following Monday night. News of the struggle traveled like wildfire through the woods and men came from camps quite distant to see La Brancheaux and Murphy engage in another tussle in their series of thrilling chapters of strife for the hand and the smile of Myra Glanley.

This was a lot more vigorous than the fight. La Brancheaux was a skilled wrestler. Murphy was as agile and as adroit on the mat as he had been in the ring. But La Brancheaux's superior weight and size proved vital factors.

They tussled and tore at each other for more than an hour, with Murphy coming close to the decision with a flying mare. But La Brancheaux finally clamped a half-Nelson on his very tired opponent and evened the score for the defeat in the boxing match.

* * *

IN Murphy's cabin that night, Pete and his cabinet held an extraordinary session. "I can see through it all now," Murphy insisted. "La Brancheaux has got to that sneaky Straker. I never did trust him, even when he put on the boxing tournament. I knew it was some sort of frame-up."

"La Brancheaux got him to put over the wrestling stunt so he could make me look bad. And I didn't look bad, did I, boys? I would have had him in ten minutes more. He was all in."

The boys nodded in agreement. They knew that had the bout gone ten minutes more they would have had to remove Murphy to a hospital. But they had to humor their hero.

"Now we've got to get this La Brancheaux guy licked in a wrestling bout, and licked plenty. He won't get into a fight ring with me again, and now that he has beaten me grappling, he will insist that all future meetings be on the mat. Now, I can lick that bum any place. But I don't want to take a chance of getting an arm busted or a shoulder torn on the mat; on account of that would put me at his mercy in a fight. I can see through it all. It's a dirty frame-up.

"Well, Chuck, you do this. You go to Seattle and dig up a professional wrestler. We can dig up about a thousand bucks. Once here, he can make himself a lot of dough on bets with that La Brancheaux gang.

"Tell him he gets the thousand the minute he steps off the train at Caribou Pass, where the company wagon will pick him up. I'll arrange about his getting the job with Pop Mathers. We need a couple of men, anyway."

* * *

A WEEK later Hank Mallane joined the Northwest Empire gang at Big Bend. Height, 6 feet 1 inch. Weight, 193 pounds. Built like an Apollo, much too good looking for the woods and the swinging of an axe.

"Listen close, Mallane," Murphy told him, behind closed doors. "You get the thousand, and you get the chance to make yourself about five grand more if you do as I say. The big idea is to steam up a match with La Brancheaux, then let him beat you. That gets the camp all excited and you take him on for a return bout.

"Then, with all the big dough bet on the result, we will back you for all we can get together—you roll this La Brancheaux over, grab the money, and after a week or so announce that your dad is calling you, or you got to go back to dear old Siwash College to play football. You look like one of them college dandies, anyways."

Mallane mosied around the camp and found out a few things. He also discovered Myra Glanley. He had gone to the company store to buy a lumberjack's coat, when Myra came in to make some sort of purchase. Old man Dockerty, in charge of the store—an Irishman of the old school, very formal withal—performed the rites of the introduction.

Mallane spent that evening at the Glanley cottage. La Brancheaux called the following evening, to find Mallane on the job again. Murphy came in the next night, only to discover that Myra was entranced while Mallane played the ancient, metallic upright piano, which hadn't been tuned in a dozen years, and Mallane sang with the voice and the verve of one of those old troubadours.

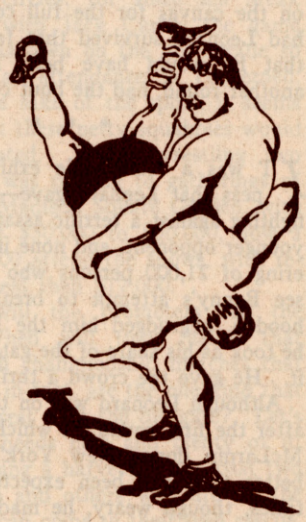
La Brancheaux was furious. Murphy was getting sore. Pete called Mallane into a conference. "I forgot to tell you," he said. "That gal is the big reason why I brought you here. I was going to tell you to stay away from her. But I have changed my mind. I can stand it for another week or two. But that big La Brancheaux—he's burning up, and that is a great build-up for the come-on. We should be ready to spring the trap soon."

Mallane nodded. Mallane smiled. "Yes, the trap should be sprung shortly."

* * *

"LISTEN, Hank, didn't I see you in Minneapolis last Fall, in the Midwest-Minnesota game?" Myra asked Mallane that evening. They were walking in the clearing around the Glanley cottage.

"Good eye," Mallane smiled. "I see I can't fool you. I'm Hank Manners, guard of the Midwest team. Had to quit college and go into business. Changed my name, as it would have been tough on dad, and on sis, who now is a Gratten, of the Chicago Grattens. I couldn't see myself sponging on father while things were so tough for him financially. I was intercollegiate wrestling champion, at Midwest, so I took up the thing that promised me the fastest and the best return.



"It has become quite the custom for college wrestlers to go into the professional game. Sonnenberg, of Dartmouth; Spellman, of Brown; Macaluso, of Colgate; Savoldi, of Notre Dame—why, even Strangler Lewis himself—all are college men. Wrestling no longer is the plug-ugly game it once was. I am rather proud of the record I have made in my short career.

"With all my desire to go ahead and make some money, Myra, I still am the romanticist. When I was approached in Seattle about coming here I scented romance. Something out of the ordinary. I certainly had the right scent."

For the next three hours, as they sat talking in the big living room of the Glanley cottage, Myra assured Hank that he had had the correct surmise.

The following evening Mallane sought out Murphy. "How about taking your thousand and (*Continued on page* 36)

Nat FLEISCHER *says:*

McLarnin has earned the right to a battle with Fields
Marcel Thil is the world's middleweight champion
Open competition in wrestling could revive interest

THE glorious trail of Benny Leonard's fistic career came to an end in Madison Square Garden recently when the lightweight king of a decade ago was stopped by Jimmy McLarnin, youthful Vancouver welterweight, in the sixth round of a scheduled ten-round affair. The superb showman, just one year and a day after he had come out of a seven-year retirement to try for a comeback, bowed to the inevitable. Old age, so far as an athletic career is concerned, took its toll, and Benny was on the verge of being knocked out when Arthur Donovan, the referee, humanely stepped between the wizard of old and his Irish rival and stopped proceedings with only ten seconds left for the wind-up of the sixth round. He stood in mid-ring, a tired old man, bald-headed man, who had given a remarkable demonstration of his old wizardry but had found Father Time against him.

There was considerable booing among the gambling element that had wagered heavily on Benny going the limit, but those who had seen Leonard in his prime, those whose thoughts carried them back to the days when the Master Technician of the ring did to others what McLarnin had done to him, were happy that Arthur Donovan had taken the initiative. It would have been a pity to see the erstwhile Ring General stretched on the canvas for the full count. And even had Leonard survived that fatal sixth, I feel that he would have been knocked out in another round, had the bout continued.

* * *

IT was a remarkable exhibition of gameness that Leonard gave—cool, calculating fighting against a terrific assault of a 12-year-younger opponent, and none in that vast gathering of 21,000 persons who paid $67,000 to see Benny's attempt to break the comeback hoodoo, begrudged him the big purse which he took as his share of the gate. Benny earned it. He gave the crowd a thrill for its money.

Although Leonard was on the receiving end after the first round, in which he almost sent McLarnin down, New York's pride did far better than had been expected. In fact, at times, though weary, he made his rival miss so often that the fans were reminded of the days when the stars of the lightweight class were scarcely able to land a glove on him.

His defensive work was a treat. Had his legs stood the strain and had his arms been able to work as in the past, McLarnin might have gone the way that Benny went. It was a fine showing against McLarnin fighting at his best. Jimmy was primed for the battle of his life, for he knew that a loss to Leonard, or even a close victory, would have meant his exit as a drawing card. He went in determined to end Leonard's menacing comeback and he carried out his plans successfully.

Nel Tarlton, British featherweight king, who will meet Kid Chocolate to decide successor to the featherweight crown

It was not the one-sided battle that most critics had predicted. At times Benny was so cool and agile that it seemed he might not only last the route but slip across a sleep-producing punch. There was plenty of reason for that in Leonard's showing the first two minutes of the opening round when Benny drove a right to the heart that caused McLarnin's knees to sag. Jimmy, infuriated, tried to retaliate, but Leonard spun him half-way around with a left that was most damaging.

* * *

BENNY demonstrated in that round that he was not simply in there for the money. He was in to prove "they can come back." He was after the welterweight title, and he knew that the only way he could gain the chance would be to eliminate McLarnin. And this he went out to do. The crowd was with him, but Nature was against him.

Twice in the first three minutes Leonard almost upset McLarnin, and those who have seen Jimmy in action know that only a good puncher can do that. But it was Leonard's one desperate stab for victory. He had shot his bolt in that round so far as his hitting powers were concerned, but he still retained his cleverness, headwork and a part of his former agility. From that point to the finish, it was a defensive Leonard who was fighting the great little Jimmy McLarnin.

Knocked down in the second round for a count of nine with a terrible right crash to the jaw, Benny survived the session by giving a remarkable exhibition of defensive skill. It was the Benny of old who exhibited his wares for the remainder of that round.

McLarnin swarmed all over the veteran, but Benny, at times elusive, at times blocking beautifully, at times slipping and ducking, made the eager, in fact, over-anxious Jimmy miss attempt after attempt to finish the former champion. It was the greatest exhibition of defensive fighting seen since Tommy Loughran's showing in that same arena four years ago against Leo Lomski.

The way Benny weaved and pulled away from Jimmy's attack was a revelation. It was the Old Master showing youth how he did it when he held the reins over the lightweights.

Now that Leonard has engaged in 22 fights since emerging from retirement and has proved to himself that he cannot combat old age, he should again retire, this time for good. His legion of friends do not want to see the Grand Old Master beaten as he was by McLarnin. They like to remember him as he was in his prime. Benny has accumulated close to $75,000 since his return, has retained his popularity and remains unmarked. He should venture no further, unless he wants to go the way of other former lightweight kings who are now engaged in the pastime of cutting paper dolls.

THE New York Boxing Commission, in sanctioning the Kid Chocolate-Lew Feldman bout as a world championship affair, went beyond its powers. The Commission opens itself to ridicule when it gives to the winner world recognition. The Keed is only the New York champion, and as such he has earned the right to clash with Nel Tarlton, British champion, for the world title. Tommy Paul, the N. B. A. titleholder, has proved himself a fizzle. He lost to La Barba, Arizmendi and Feldman, and now Chocolate's victory over Feldman, whom he stopped in the twelfth round, makes him the outstanding featherweight on this side of the ocean. The National Boxing Association now can find no fault with a bout between Chocolate and Tarlton for the world crown, as Paul has conclusively proved that he is outranked by several boys in this country. The N. B. A. should encourage a Chocolate-Tarlton bout, even though not staged by one of its members. Such a contest would settle international supremacy beyond dispute and would show true sportsmanship on the part of the National Boxing Association officers.

* * *

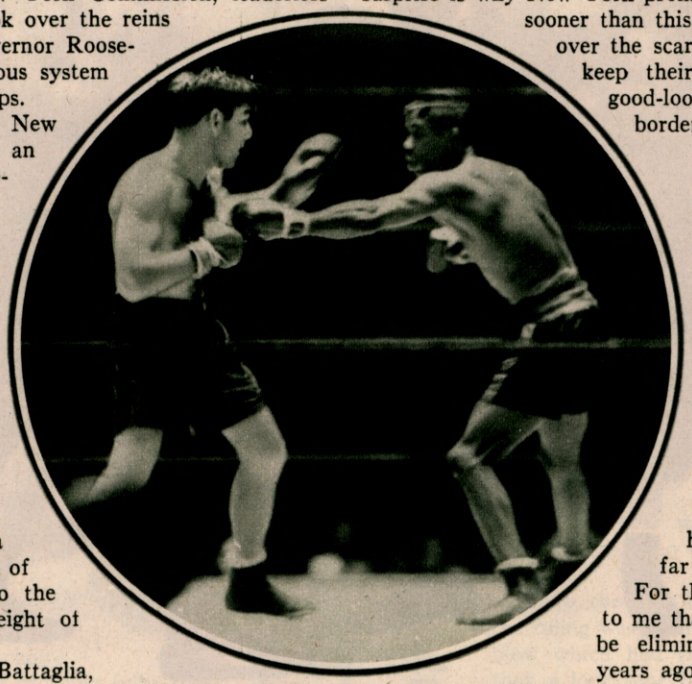
I REGRET to see the New York Commission, leaderless since James A. Farley took over the reins of campaign manager for Governor Roosevelt, revert to its old, obnoxious system of creating world championships.

I also regret to see the New York Commission sanctioning an elimination tournament to decide the successor to Mickey Walker as middleweight king, when such a king already has been crowned. There is no doubt that, according to all precedence, Marcel Thil is the world middleweight champion. To sanction an elimination tournament to locate the outstanding American middleweight to fight Thil for the world crown would be within bounds, but in sanctioning a tournament in which the cream of the talent has been forced to the sidelines, to me seems the height of ridiculousness.

When Chick Devlin, Frank Battaglia, Ben Jeby and Paul Pirrone were nominated as the leading American middleweight contenders, and had it out recently in the Garden in the first round of the elimination tournament, the division's best men, Vince Dundee and the veteran Dave Shade, were left out in the cold. Why?

Ben Jeby knocked out Pirrone in a contest in which the New York Hebrew displayed the best form of his career, and Battaglia carried off seven of the ten rounds by wide margins in his fight with Devlin, only to receive a draw, and now it is proposed that Devlin, Jeby and Battaglia clash to see which will be the opponent of Thil in an international battle. That part of the programme is excellent and would receive the commendation of American boxing followers had Dundee and Shade originally been included in the tournament and properly eliminated. But they were not.

It will be recalled that Shade lost to Len Harvey in England, after Harvey had been beaten twice here by Dundee. Then Dundee was polished off by Thil, who in turn duplicated the feat over Harvey. Thereby, through a process of international elimination, Thil gained the right to the world crown, as Harvey, Dundee, Shade and Jeby were at the time considered the outstanding middleweights. Then when Battaglia stopped Jeby in one round, he was injected into the picture, and finally, along came Devlin, a Coast battler.



A scene in the Kid Chocolate-Lew Feldman fight in Madison Square Garden for the N. Y. State featherweight title, which the Cuban won by stopping his opponent in the twelfth round

Had the verdict in the recent Battaglia-Devlin bout been a just one, Chick now would also be on the sidelines, but since the judges voted a draw, Devlin remains. If now an unbiased international tourney is to be staged, the proper procedure would be to pit Devlin against Shade and Jeby against Battaglia in a return engagement, the winners to clash for the right to face Thil in a world championship match. That would be a real ideal middleweight tournament that would aid the cause of boxing.

* * *

INCIDENTALLY, it is timely at this point to sing the praises of Battaglia. He is one of the finest prospects seen in the Metropolitan area in many moons.

The Canadian is a pleasing fighter—a colorful battler because he can take it and he can give. He is a socker of the type of Harry Ebbetts when he was mowing 'em over. He is in there trying at all times and carries what the fight fan most desires to see—a healthy wallop.

Even if Battaglia should not reach the goal of his ambition—the middleweight championship—he will be in demand. My surprise is why New York promoters failed to bring him East sooner than this. Promoters who are weeping over the scarcity of good talent had better keep their eyes glued on this young, good-looking boy from across the border.

* * *

THE recent Lewis-Sherry wrestling match for the New York State championship indicated that, so far as the Empire State fans are concerned, wrestling will be in for a sad financial season unless the Londos squabble is ended. Apparently Jim Londos was the big drawing attraction in eastern wrestling circles, for since his break with Jack Curley the game has been on the downgrade so far as attendance is concerned.

For the sake of the sport, it seems to me that these petty squabbles would be eliminated. Where wrestling two years ago was playing to gatherings of 20,000 in Madison Square Garden, with receipts of $30,000 to $50,000, now a meagre 6000 attend the shows, with receipts of less than $12,000.

When will the promoters see the light? When will they realize that honest-to-goodness wrestling, with championship matches that are such not only in meaning but in fact, are the one kind that will bring about a revival of interest with the big gate? Let's pull together, boys. The sport needs help and plenty of it, and the men who have been reaping a harvest in the past two years—Londos, McMillen, Steele and others who are on the warpath—are the only ones who can come to their own rescue.

Those wrestlers were made by Jack Curley, who in the past three years has given the fans enjoyable wrestling entertainment that has packed 'em in. Now, with the stars of the old Curley group on the warpath, there will be little financial gain for anyone, with the prospect that wrestling will take a tumble from its high perch and land in the mire where it was before Curley resurrected it.

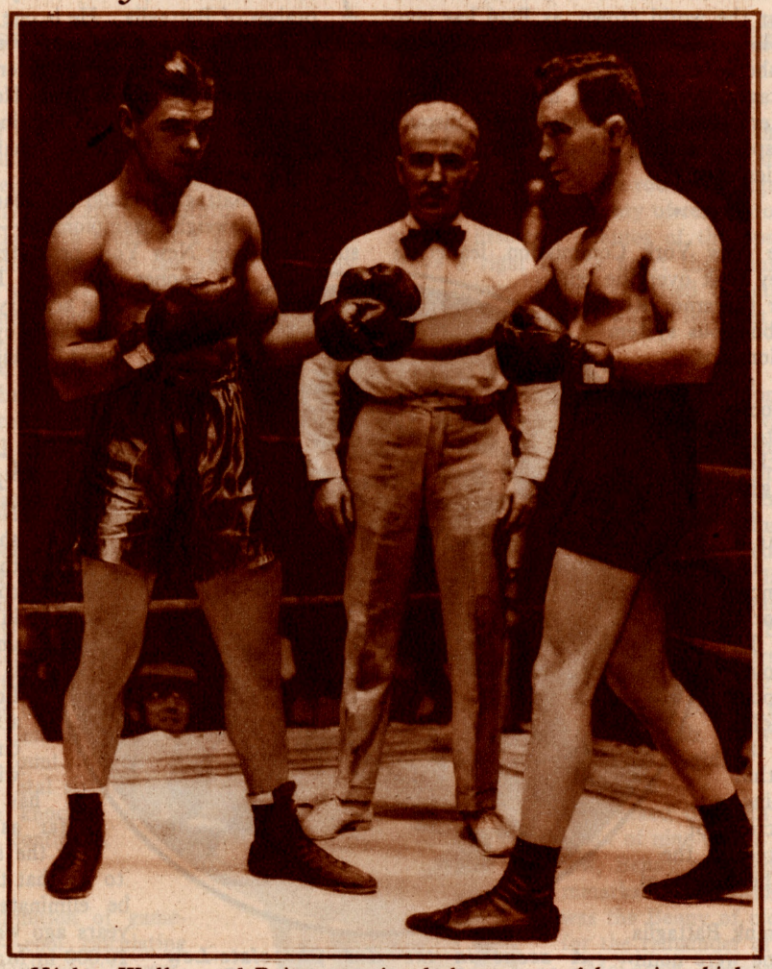
There is no room in America for sports cliques. The wrestlers should understand that, if they understand American minds. The wrestlers should go about their work the same as do the boxers. There should be open competition with open bidding for the services of all. That would be a remedy for the present unsavory wrestling situation. (*Cont'd on page* 36)

Master *of* Fisticuffs

Jack Britton Holds High Rank in History of Modern Ring Generals

By CLARENCE GILLESPIE

IN the history of modern pugilism, few boxers can take their place alongside Jack Britton, for ring generalship. The former world's welterweight champion who lost a fortune in Florida real estate and now acts as physical director and boxing instructor at the Downtown Club of New York City, ranks with Jim Corbett, Gene Tunney, Benny Leonard, Joe Gans, Young Griffo, Frank Erne and other masters, as one of the most finished boxers the ring has ever produced. Few boxers have reflected as much credit on the sport which gave them a livelihood, both as a citizen and a fighter, as William J. Breslin, who battled for many years under the name of Jack Britton. A quiet, gentlemanly fellow, both in and out of the ring, he accepted victory or defeat with a philosophical smile and went along his pathway unruffled and unafraid.



Mickey Walker and Britton posing before start of bout in which the Toy Bulldog won the welterweight title. Patsy Haley was the referee

He was also the hero of one of the longest drawn-out title contentions in the history of pugilism, his rival being Ted Kid Lewis, a very capable boxer from England, who settled in America and captured the welter championship. These two men met in the ring 19 times with varying results, Britton, in 1919, finally taking the title from his rival by a knockout in the ninth round.

In some quarters the lengthy ring dispute between these two able boxers has been the cause of amused comment, it being intimated that the contests were not on their merits. There is not the slightest basis for this accusation, as Britton never went into a battle in his career without trying to do the best possible. It is true that many of their meetings were in decisionless bouts, and they were so evenly matched that they necessarily boxed practically to a draw in many of their encounters. But in the crucial meeting, which took place at Canton, O., March 17, 1919, where decisions were permissible, Britton shattered all talk of connivance between himself and Lewis by knocking out the Briton in the 9th round. The bout was scheduled for 12 rounds, and it was fitting that an Irishman should win the fight on St. Patrick's Day.

Lewis, previous to the contest, suggested that there be no decision by the referee, he evidently not caring to risk the title on a decision on points, Britton insisted on a verdict, and so it was ordered. Subsequent events showed that Britton had taken the question of a decision into his own hands and that Lewis was unable to prevent the ruling. Britton started the bout with a savage attack that took Lewis completely by surprise and soon put the English champion on the defensive. As a matter of fact, Lewis was a poor second from start to finish.

Lewis failed to land half a dozen effective punches throughout the bout, and in the sixth round Britton, with a vicious attack sent Lewis to the canvas three times, and the Briton was so upset that Matt Hinkel, the referee, had to pry the English champion from Britton, the former hugging to escape further punishment.

Britton started the sixth round with a right to Lewis' nose that sent the latter back on his heels. A left to the jaw dropped him for a count of four, Lewis clinging to the ropes, despite the cries of his seconds to take the full count. Lewis then went to the canvas from a left to the jaw, for a count of six. He was slow reaching his feet, and a left hook drove him to hands and knees. He took a count of 8 and was in a clinch at the bell.

Britton staggered Lewis with a left to the jaw at the opening of the ninth round, and then rushing to close quarters, Britton shot over a volley of lefts to the jaw that sent Lewis down in a heap. He was counted out.

The first meeting between Britton and Lewis was also held in Canton, the result being no decision at the end of 10 rounds, on March 27, 1915. Their next bout was in Boston, August 31, 1915, and Lewis got the decision of the referee at the end of 12 rounds. They met again Sept. 28 in Boston, and Lewis again got the referee's decision at the close of the twelfth round.

The next meeting was in Buffalo, Jan. 10, 1916, in a decisionless ten-round bout, each claiming the advantage. They followed up with a 10-round decisionless bout in Brooklyn, with honors easy. Then came a 20-round contest to a decision in New Orleans, April 25, 1916, and (*Continued on page* 38)

Strange, but TRUE!

Fight fans offered $50 to be let out of club house when Jack Johnson fought Sandy Ferguson

By DAN MORGAN

(Veteran Fight Manager and Trainer)

FIGHT fans have often paid as high as $50 to see a pair of mitt wielders slam gloves at each other, but there are few cases on record where those on the inside have offered that amount for the privilege of getting out.

But this was just what happened that hot July night in 1905 when Sandy Ferguson and Jack Johnson met in their melee in the old Pythian Rink, Chelsea, Massachusetts. That structure had held many wild crowds in its hey-day as a boxing arena, but there was never such a tumult as on the occasion mentioned.

There was great rivalry between the men at the time, and whenever they met in the ring, or outside of it for that matter, there was bound to be some rare doings. The fans knew this, so when they went over to Chelsea they were ready for almost anything.

Johnson at the time was not very flush. In fact, it was before the days when high prosperity hit him, so the money he was to get from the clash looked mighty big. Sandy, always low in funds, also regarded the affair as a godsend, especially as it came in midsummer when there was little doing in the way of boxing.

And was the place crowded! Every inch of space was packed with sweltering humanity. The rafters were choice advantage spots. The shoulders of some folks often were brought into play to help one get a glimpse at what was going on in the ring. Outside were thousands clamoring to get in.

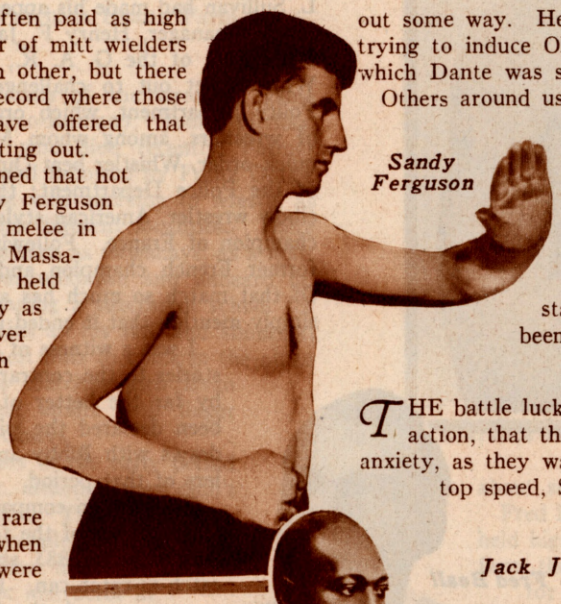
* * *

THE night was terrifically hot and in that arena the temperature appeared to be near the melting point. Add to that the fact that many of the fans began to get nervous over the crowded condition, and you can easily figure the frame of mind of the average person.

Figure, then, if you can, the feelings of a man who had never before attended a boxing show and who had never been in a crowd of such proportions before. Such a chap was my guest, and though I had warned him what to expect, he felt that the experience would be educational and insisted on accompanying me, only to regret it within ten minutes after he reached the hall.

To get him to his seat, we had to pass him over the heads of many of the fans who crowded the aisles. At first he seemed to enjoy the experience, but after a few minutes he began to fidget, then to try to get a glimpse of the way out. He grew more and more nervous and finally demanded that we get him out some way. He might just as well have been a lost soul trying to induce Old Nick to release him from the place of which Dante was such a fine press agent.

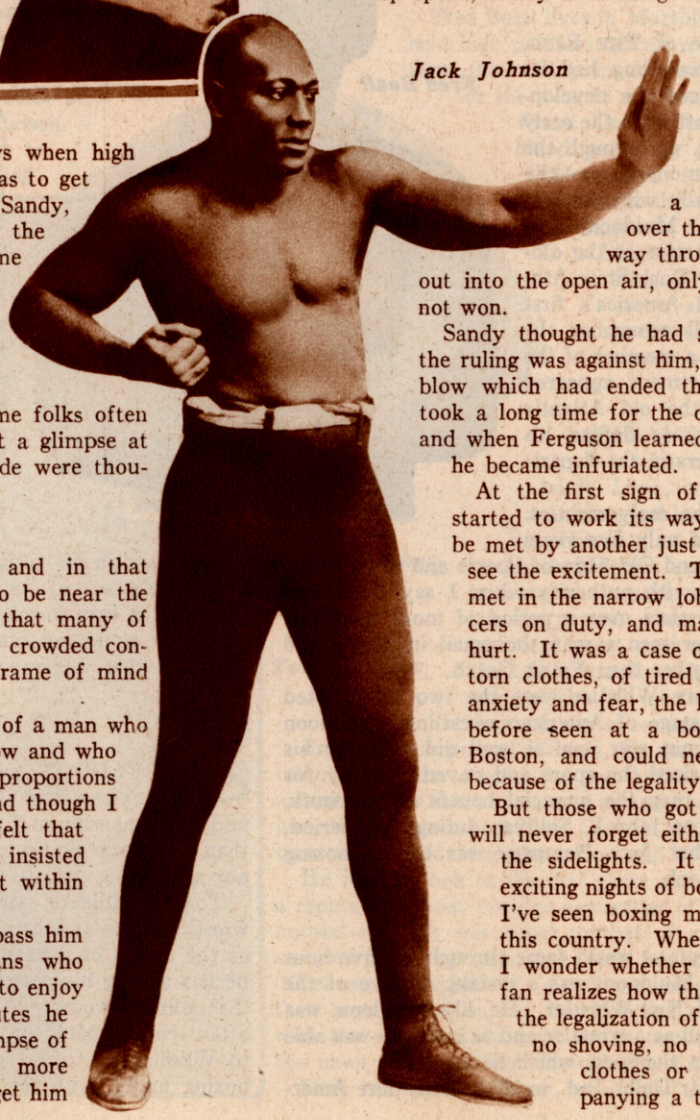
Others around us began to get nervous and finally one fan on the verge of prostration offered $50 to anybody who could help him to battle his way to the street. It was lucky, in a way, that the fans were so closely packed in, for if there had been elbow room at all and somebody had started to get out there would have been a stampede the results of which might have been serious.



Sandy Ferguson

* * *

THE battle luckily got under way and it was so filled with action, that the fans forgot for the time being their own anxiety, as they watched the two giant gladiators fighting at top speed, Sandy as usual getting in about everything that he could get away with.



Jack Johnson

And then the finish! That came in the seventh round, when Ferguson thought he had won on a knockout. He hopped over the ropes, and fought his way through that milling throng out into the open air, only to learn that he had not won.

Sandy thought he had scored a knockout, but the ruling was against him, on the ground that the blow which had ended the battle was foul. It took a long time for the decision to be rendered, and when Ferguson learned of the official verdict, he became infuriated.

At the first sign of the finish, the crowd started to work its way to the street, only to be met by another just as anxious to get in to see the excitement. These opposing elements met in the narrow lobby with no traffic officers on duty, and many a poor fellow was hurt. It was a case of whirls and pushes, of torn clothes, of tired muscles and of mental anxiety and fear, the like of which was never before seen at a boxing arena in Greater Boston, and could never again be repeated because of the legality of the sport there now.

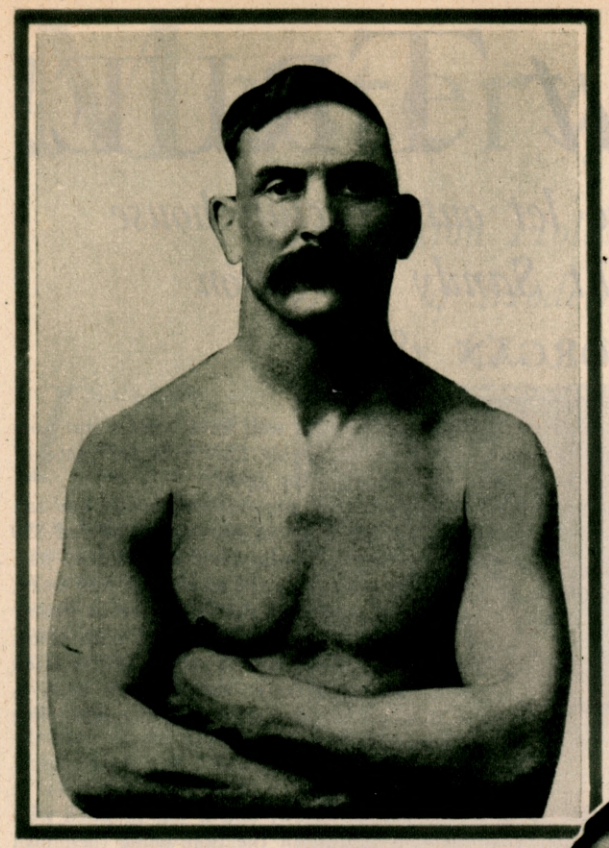
But those who got in and saw that clash will never forget either the battle itself nor the sidelights. It was one of the most exciting nights of boxing I've ever seen, and I've seen boxing matches in every part of this country. When I think of those days I wonder whether the present-day boxing fan realizes how thankful he should be for the legalization of the sport. No pushing, no shoving, no crowding, no tearing of clothes or blackened eyes accompanying a ticket of admission.

From MILO

By

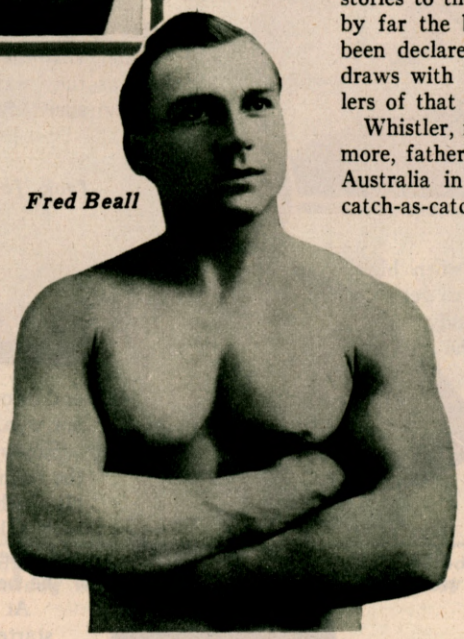
A. D. PHILLIPS

CHAPTER II



Farmer Burns

IN the last issue of THE RING, we told how wrestling had its start. We traced the development of the sport from the early Grecian period, up through the middle ages into the modern era—the era that starts practically with the rise of William Muldoon. Muldoon, now 87 years old and still active as the oldest member of the New York State Athletic Commission, was America's first wrestling hero. I well remember the day when Muldoon, as a member of the New York Police Department, appeared before the public at the old Atlantic Garden on the Bowery to defend his honors against all comers in the department.



Fred Beall

That was back in the early eighties. There is a difference of only five years in ages between the Grand Old Man of Sports and myself, and I therefore can speak with authority when I say that from my observation of wrestlers over a period of more than half a century, I have never seen a man the equal in agility and strength of Muldoon, other than Frank Gotch.

Muldoon and Clarence Whistler were the two most noted grapplers in the early stage of American wrestling. Muldoon was so enthusiastic a mat star, and so well did he carry his laurels, that he popularized the sport and paved the way for the latter-day stars to reap the financial benefit of his work. He was to wrestling what John L. Sullivan during that period, was to boxing and what Jack Dempsey was to the boxing game of a few years back.

* * *

WHISTLER, who gained world fame through his five hour draw match with Muldoon, was a distant relative of the famous artist, James McNeil Whistler. He, like Muldoon, was an excellent actor as well as a wrestler and as such, he was able to spread the interest in the sport which he loved.

Whistler was born near Delhi, Ind., in 1856, from pure American stock. He came to New York a few months before John L. Sullivan had made his appearance as a boxer. Whistler had for his manager, Henry F. Jacoby, a past commander of the Reno Post of the G. A. R., and with Jacoby to guide him, Whistler set out to challenge the cream of the New York Police Department, which organization boasted of a fine lot of wrestlers, among whom Muldoon was the champion. In quick order, Whistler beat Quigley, Graeco-Roman title holder of the Police Department; threw H. M. Dupher, collar-and-elbow wrestler, American style, and Bauer, the Graeco-Roman champion of France. Following that he defeated A. Christal, former French champion and was now ready for Muldoon. Of that match so much has already been written that I shall simply mention that it ended in a draw.

I was a witness of the affair and can safely say that stories to the contrary notwithstanding, Muldoon had by far the better of the argument and should have been declared the winner. Whistler also engaged in draws with Bibby and Acton, two other great wrestlers of that period.

Whistler, in company with the late Maurice Barrymore, father of the famous theatrical family, went to Australia in 1885 and there defeated Dan Thomas, catch-as-catch-can, for the championship of the Antipodes. Soon thereafter he was attacked by pneumonia and died.

From a purely scientific point of view, Whistler was not a great wrestler. He knew little about the game up to his twenty-fourth year, but relied principally upon his great strength and agility. From the tip of his toes to the crown of his head, he was probably one of the most powerful men of modern times in all-around feats of strength—Sandow, St. Cyr, Ajax, Atilla and Curtis not excepted. He was 5 feet 8 inches in height and weighed 180 pounds.

To Muldoon goes the honor of having popularized the sport throughout the country, both in his tours as a wrestler and in his acting, as Charles the Wrestler, in Madame Modjeska's cast of As You Like It, by William Shakespeare. He was the first to meet all comers and offer $500 to any one whom he could not pin within fifteen minutes. It was from Muldoon that Sullivan's manager got the idea to do likewise in boxing.

* * *

MULDOON possessed great personality. He was a clean liver then just as he is to-day, preached health and sportsmanship and preached the science of the sport rather than the rough house in vogue to-day. Never was a drinking nor a smoking man.

To-day Muldoon still retains his interest in boxing and wrestling both as a member of the New York Commission and as the owner of a health farm at Purchase, New York where he has among his patients some of the leaders of society and the political world. When Theodore Roosevelt was alive, he often sent for Muldoon to pack his grip and make a flying visit to Washington to engage in a friendly wrestling match or a boxing match with the late, beloved president of the United

to LONDOS

The Progress of Wrestling Through the Ages—How Muldoon Popularized the Sport in America—Early American Mat Stars

States. Elihu Root and many other famous Americans have spent many days at Muldoon's Purchase Health Farm.

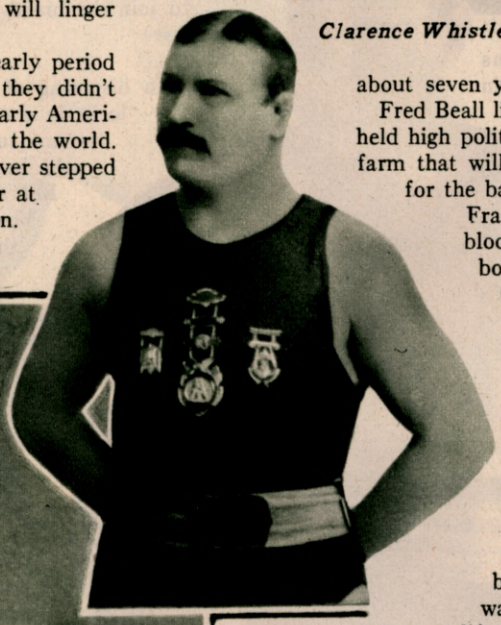
* * *

FOLLOWING Muldoon in annals of the wrestling game came Ernest Roeber (Græco-Roman), John Piening, "Strangler" Lewis, the original, who died recently, Farmer Burns, Tom Jenkins, Fred Beall and followed by Frank Gotch. Matches were made in series, the men agreeing to wrestle as many as five matches in as many different localities. There were not as many publicity stunts then as nowadays, as a matter of fact the "press agent" was unknown and unheard of. Farmer Burns, who to-day is running a successful school for wrestling in Omaha and still retains all his skill and abnormal strength, proved one of the toughest nuts to crack in the olden days of the ancient sport. His matches with Evan "Strangler" Lewis, heart-breaking affairs, will linger long in the memories of the old timers.

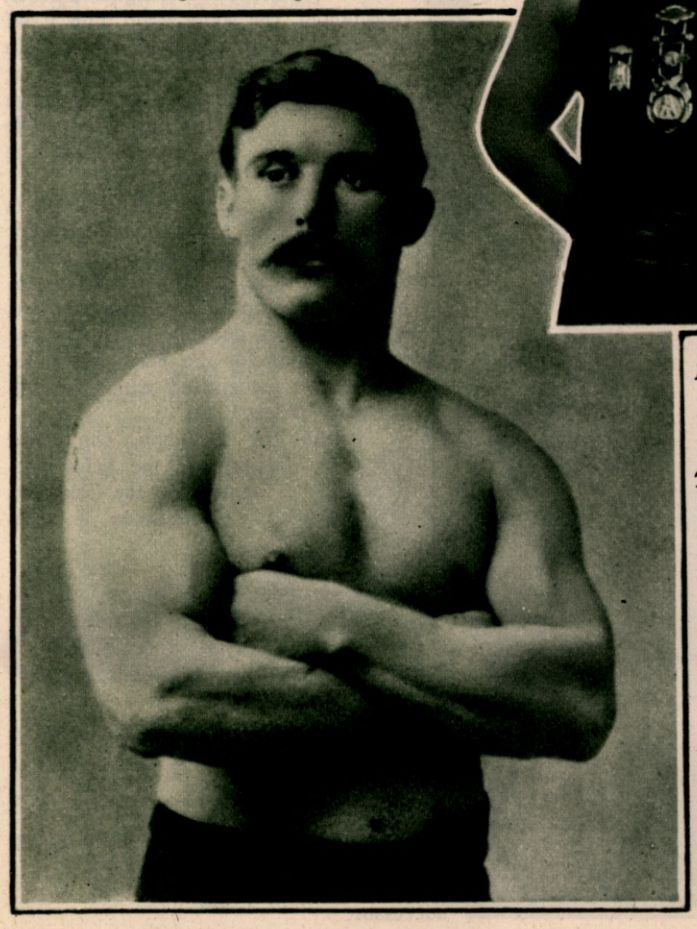
There were other great wrestlers in the early period of the mat sport in this country, although they didn't rank quite as high as the above stars. The early American wrestlers were the greatest grapplers in the world.

Tom Jenkins, than whom no gamer man ever stepped upon the mat, is today an athletic instructor at West Point Military Academy on the Hudson. He is also well preserved and every inch an athlete. The original Strangler Lewis died about seven years ago on his farm in Wisconsin.

Clarence Whistler and William Muldoon (right)



Ernest Roeber



Tom Jenkins

Fred Beall lives in Marshfield, Wis., where he has held high political office for his county. He has a farm that will keep the wolf away from the door for the balance of his natural days.

Frank Gotch died a few years ago of blood poisoning on his farm in Humboldt, Iowa. Of all the wrestlers, Gotch is the only one that left this earth at a comparatively early age.

Coming right down to the wrestling game in recent years, the story almost entirely centers and weaves itself about the career of Gotch.

* * *

FRANK ALVIN GOTCH was born on a farm near Humboldt, Iowa, on April 27, 1878. He was a rugged lad and fond of out-door life. His first athletic connection was as a baseball player and at the age of seventeen was the captain of his town team. During the games, when the umpire decided a technical point against the home team, the spectators usually rose in a body and demanded the life of the ump, and it took a man of nerve to protect the arbiter.

Frank Gotch proved himself the man. It took only a few minutes for him to quiet the mob and at the same time leaving a dozen of the more strenuous to nurse sore arms and legs. In one of the mad scrambles, Gotch's middle finger of his left hand was ripped from the socket and he retired from baseball.

He readily took to the mat game and soon established quite a reputation about town as a wrestler of no mean ability. His normal strength was equal to that of any man. A wrestling carnival hit town one day with an athletic feature of the "Greatest Aggregation." Gotch not only stuck the limit with their wrestling champion, but knocked out the boxer traveling with the show. This gave Gotch country-wide publicity and the news quickly sifted through the state of Iowa.

Foxy old Farmer Burns heard of (*Continued on page* 37)

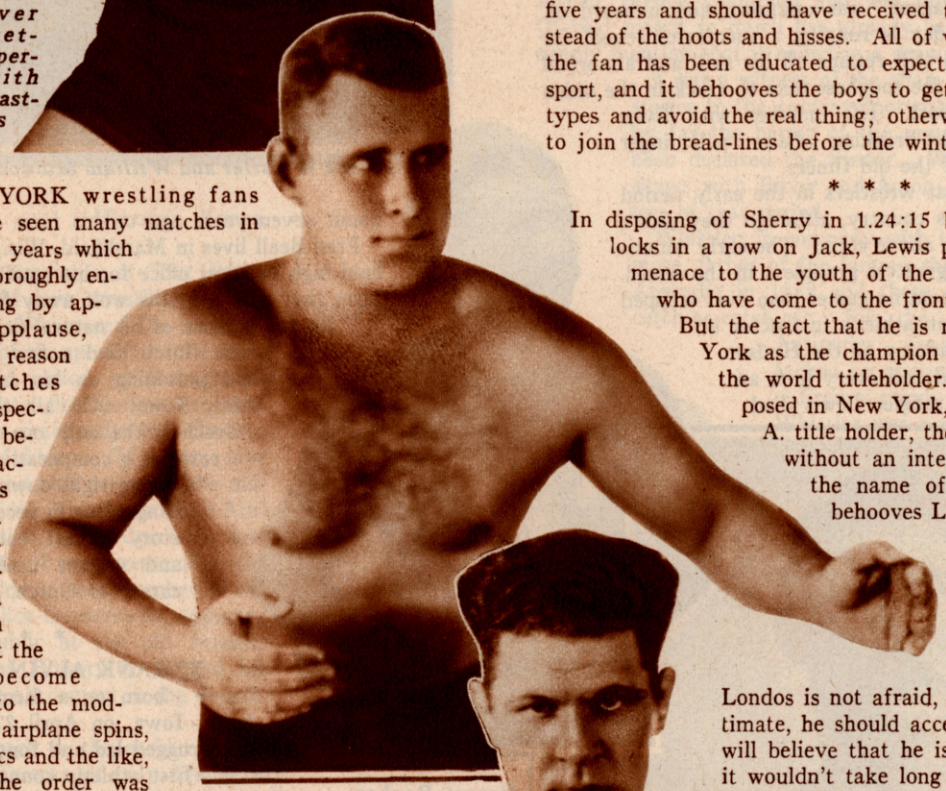
CURRENT Gossip

By "Tex" Austin

Charley Hanson, a clever Swedish veteran who is performing with success in Eastern bouts

NEW YORK wrestling fans have seen many matches in the past two years which they have thoroughly enjoyed, judging by appreciative applause, and the only reason those matches pleased the spectators was because of the acrobatic thrills that featured. As for wrestling, the majority were a travesty on the sport, but the crowd had become accustomed to the modern style of airplane spins, football tactics and the like, and when the order was changed in the recent tilt between Strangler Lewis and Jack Sherry, hoots, catcalls and hisses greeted the men. Yet in that match, which opened the indoor season in the Garden and was billed as for the world's heavyweight championship by the New York State Boxing Commission, the spectators saw a real, honest-to-goodness, old-fashioned wrestling affair, but showed their disapproval.

The reason? Simple. The majority of the wrestling fans of to-day don't know a good match when they see one. They have been so fed up with the phoney thrillers, the sensational type of "wrestling" with its showy atmosphere, that such a fine stand-up contest as Sherry and Lewis gave has no appeal. Yet that match was the first truly fought wrestling affair staged in New York in the last five years and should have received thunderous applause instead of the hoots and hisses. All of which goes to show that the fan has been educated to expect the sensational in the sport, and it behooves the boys to get back to the exhibition types and avoid the real thing; otherwise they will be forced to join the bread-lines before the winter is over.



Lougi Bagigalupi. youthful Italian giant, who arrived recently

* * *

In disposing of Sherry in 1.24:15 by clamping four headlocks in a row on Jack, Lewis proved that he is still a menace to the youth of the land—the football stars who have come to the front in the past two years. But the fact that he is now recognized by New York as the champion does not make of him the world titleholder. As Jim Londos, deposed in New York, is the recognized N. B. A. title holder, the sport again finds itself without an international champion. In the name of true sportsmanship, it behooves Londos to accept a match with Lewis to decide the ownership of the crown.

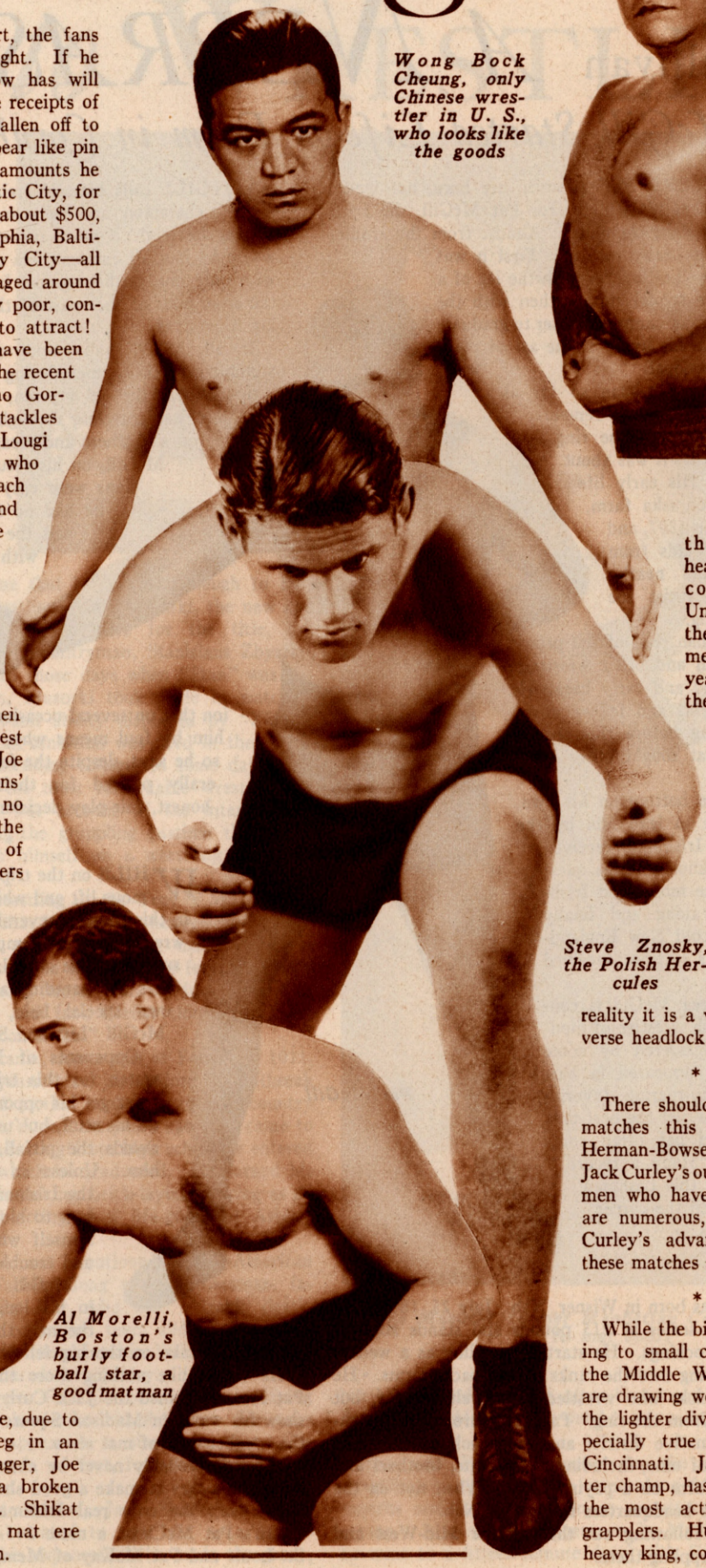
Jack Curley offers a purse of $50,000 for such a match, and if Londos is not afraid, as Curley and Lewis intimate, he should accept. Otherwise the fans will believe that he is dodging, in which case it wouldn't take long for the Strangler to receive the recognition which he will then deserve.

As for DeGlane, the third "champion," he being recognized by the Canadian Commission, it is reported that he will come to terms for a match with Lewis, and it seems a foregone conclusion that the "Strangler" will be returned the victor. Should that happen and Londos should continue to ignore the Lewis challenge, Lewis would be acclaimed by the fans as Londos' world successor.

Bruno Gorrasini, fiery sensation from Italy

Wrestling

Alex Aberg, powerful Russian star



Wong Bock Cheung, only Chinese wrestler in U. S., who looks like the goods

For the sake of the sport, the fans hope Londos will see the light. If he doesn't, the support he now has will soon fade. Already the gate receipts of the Greek's matches have fallen off to such an extent that they appear like pin money as compared to the amounts he drew a year ago. At Atlantic City, for instance, Londos drew only about $500, while the gates at Philadelphia, Baltimore, Memphis and Jersey City—all fine wrestling centers—averaged around a thousand dollars. Mighty poor, considering what Jimmy used to attract!

Two new Italian stars have been drawing the crowds during the recent dull spell. They are Bruno Gorrasini, who combines flying tackles with his grappling, and Lougi Bagigalupi, a powerful giant who has youth in his favor. Each has attracted a following and should show to advantage during the winter.

* * *

The veteran German Oak, Hans Steinke, who a few short years ago was ranked at the top of the heap by those who knew their wrestling, was tossed out West by both Ray Steele and Joe Stecher. Can it be that Hans' eyes are so bad that he can no longer hold his own with the top-notchers? Hans is one of the few really natural wrestlers seen in the last decade.

* * *

The nearest thing to Joe Stecher in his prime that we've seen in recent years is Jim Browning, the Verona, Missouri airplane scissors king. Jim recently gave Sandor Szabo some nice rides entwined in his powerful legs. Browning can and *does* wrestle. We hope to see more of him.

Al Morelli, Boston's burly football star, a good mat man

Dick Shikat has been idle, due to injuries received to his leg in an auto smashup. His manager, Joe "Toots" Mondt, suffered a broken wrist in the same accident. Shikat hopes to be back on the mat ere long. The game needs him.

Wong Bock Cheung, the only Chinese heavyweight wrestler competing in the United States, won the Trusitan Tournament in Siberia two years ago. Some of the leading matmen in Europe participated in the tourney. Cheung, like Taro Miyaki, the Jap, knows all the nerve centers and uses that knowledge to good advantage. He calls his specialty "The King Foo Stopper." In reality it is a variation of the reverse headlock.

Steve Znosky, the Polish Hercules

* * *

There should be no end of fine matches this winter, since the Herman-Bowser troupe joined Jack Curley's outfit. Well-matched men who have never met before are numerous, and it will be to Curley's advantage to see that these matches are made.

* * *

While the big fellows are showing to small crowds in the East, the Middle West and Far West are drawing well with the men in the lighter divisions. This is especially true in Cleveland and Cincinnati. Jack Reynolds, welter champ, has not retired, but is the most active of the lighter grapplers. Hugh Nichols, light-heavy king, comes next.

"IRISH" Champion

By Alex Sullivan

A NEBRASKAN

Pat McGill Started Life on Farm in Cornhusker State

WRESTLERS, like salesmen, are born, not made. This goes particularly for Pat McGill, the Irish heavyweight champion. Almost from the cradle, Pat has been wrestling. First it was with the bottle, then with the leg of a chair, later with his school chums, then with the plow and in the logging camp, still later to graduate into the ring to earn his living at the art of push and pull as a professional.

While Pat is a young man so far as wrestling goes, he is unable to remember just when he entered the ring, although he thinks that it was about fifteen years ago. His early life was spent on a Nebraska farm, where he was born in 1897, and like a lot of other lads from his home state and nearby Iowa, he couldn't resist the siren call to the ring.

The young Irishman read of the prowess of Frank Gotch and other wrestlers of that star's period and early began to practice on his chums and fellow workers. It wasn't long before they began crying quits and Pat sought other fields to conquer.

Starting from the bottom on his own, for he had no one to lead him by the hand, the young Irishman received some mighty hard knocks in his quest for mat glory. Like most good Irishmen, he plodded along and finally landed among the cold New Englanders, and much to his surprise, received a warm welcome.

In the Boston area McGill is considered the best Irish wrestler of modern days, even considered by some the best that ever appeared in harness. He is a rip-roaring favorite in the East. He has met the best men in his division and has often come through a victor. Many a record has been spoiled by this Irishman who often has ruined the career of promising fellows.

Pat McGill

* * *

McGILL was born in Wisner, Neb., July 25, 1897. He tips the scales at 215 pounds and stands six feet two inches in his stockings. He started wrestling as a welterweight, finally growing into the ranks of the pachyderms. He has one brother, Jack, who wrestled as a welterweight, but who now is retired from the ring. Pat went through the grammar school of his native district and then took up the plow to help the family of nine, including his parents, brothers and sisters, to get the farm on a paying basis. When not on the road, Pat makes his headquarters in Omaha, Neb.

Pat has a great following out through the Mid-West and does most of his grappling there.

McGILL calls himself Ireland's heavyweight wrestling champion, and there are none to dispute his claim. Last year he made a most successful invasion of Australia, where he met all comers. He arrived back in this country with only one verdict against him after a long run against the siege guns of that part of the British Empire and visiting Americans.

In all, McGill had twenty-one matches, and the only stumbling-block he met during his entire stay in the Antipodes was the old veteran, Ed "Strangler" Lewis, who also was traveling through the Antipodes at the time on a business and pleasure trip.

McGill, on his return, opined that the Australians were easy picking. He asserted that he had no trouble in throwing all who had the temerity to enter the ring with him. McGill says that, being an Irishman, things down that way were anything but smooth sailing for him. In fact, he is of the opinion that on several occasions efforts were made to beat him by foul means when fair ones failed. At least, so he says, despite the fact that Australians are generally praised for their keen sportsmanship and honest, fair-play decisions.

* * *

WHILE on the trip, McGill polished off his famous lift and whirl hold, which he originated in this country several years ago and which many wrestlers have attempted to copy, but with little success. The aeroplane spin, which some wrestlers are parading around the country as their own special hold, is nothing less than the McGill "Lift and Spin," as he calls it.

Opponents of McGill are usually on the watch for this trick. It is natural that he must get his opponent in the right position to do his stuff, but unless a wrestler is wary and avoids the pitfall, it usually is curtains for him. Unless an opponent is familiar with the Irishman's maneuvering and knows how to block the attack, he soon finds himself whirling above McGill's head and trouble is sure to follow.

McGill never was in better shape in his long and honorable career on the mat than now. He is primed at all times to take on the big fellow.

He would like nothing more than another shot at Lewis. Pat recently joined the Jack Curley troupe and now hopes to show his wares in Madison Square Garden. McGill is one of the rougher type of mat stars.

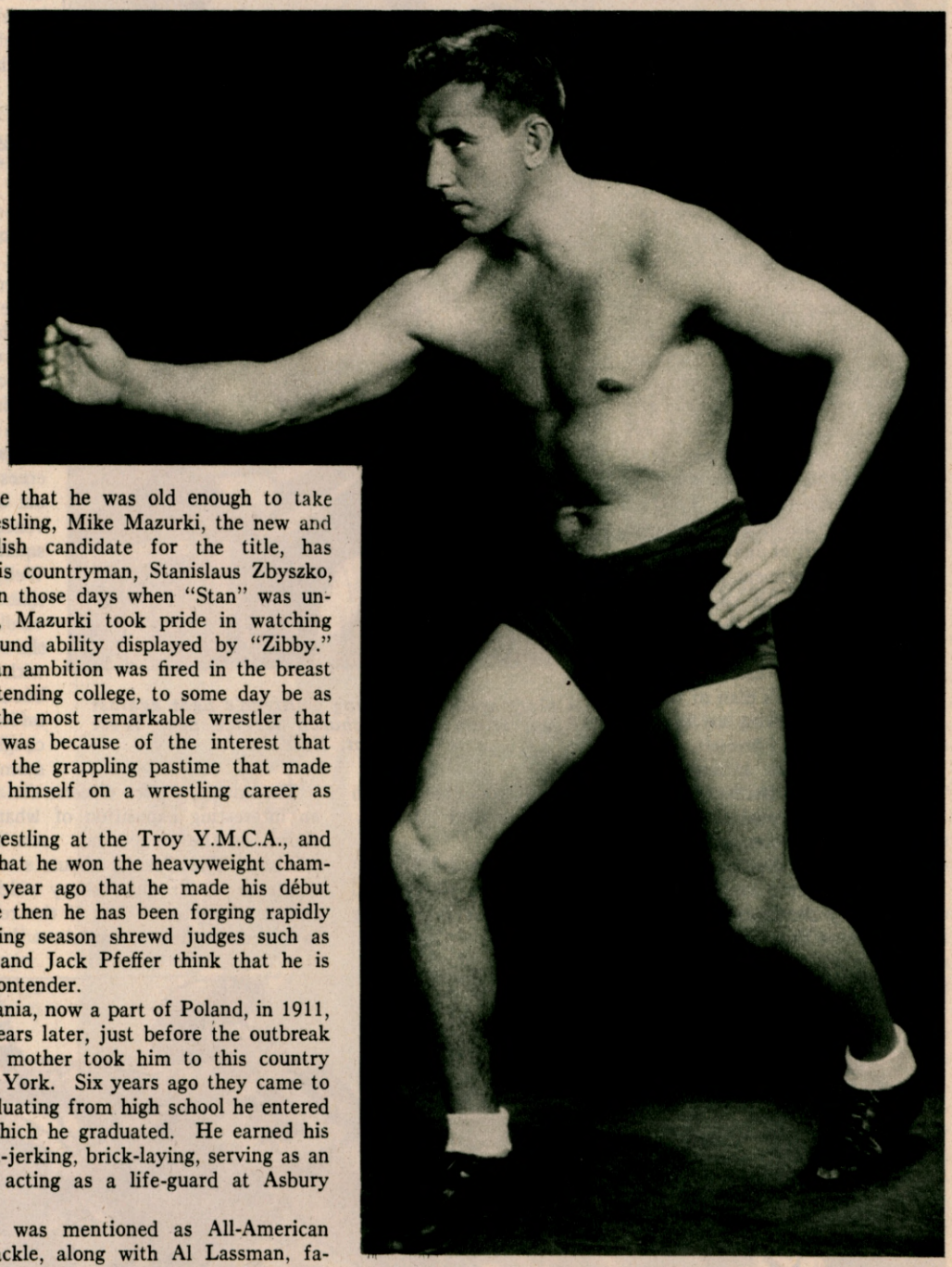
Pat will probably never be champion of the world, but he always manages to make a good showing.

Pat isn't the only real Irishman in the field at present. There's Pat McClary, a mere 245-pounder, Pat O'Shocker of St. Louis and Pat McKay of Memphis, to name a few.

From FOOTBALL *to* WRESTLING

Mike Mazurki, Former Manhattan College Star, Turns to Mat Sport

By MIKE COHN



FROM the time that he was old enough to take interest in wrestling, Mike Mazurki, the new and promising Polish candidate for the title, has always held his countryman, Stanislaus Zbyszko, as his idol. In those days when "Stan" was undisputed world's champion, Mazurki took pride in watching the generalship and all-around ability displayed by "Zibby." It was in those days that an ambition was fired in the breast of young Mazurki, then attending college, to some day be as good, if not better, than the most remarkable wrestler that Poland ever sent us. It was because of the interest that Zbyszko awoke in him for the grappling pastime that made Mike determine to launch himself on a wrestling career as soon as possible.

Mazurki first took up wrestling at the Troy Y.M.C.A., and so quickly did he develop that he won the heavyweight championship. It was about a year ago that he made his début as a professional, and since then he has been forging rapidly to the front and this coming season shrewd judges such as Rudy Miller, Jack Curley and Jack Pfeffer think that he is destined to become a real contender.

Mazurki was born in Ukrania, now a part of Poland, in 1911, on Christmas Day. Two years later, just before the outbreak of the war, his father and mother took him to this country and settled in Cohoes, New York. Six years ago they came to New York City. After graduating from high school he entered Manhattan College, from which he graduated. He earned his way through college by soda-jerking, brick-laying, serving as an apprentice ironworker and acting as a life-guard at Asbury Park.

While at Manhattan he was mentioned as All-American tackle and also All-Met-Tackle, along with Al Lassman, famous New York University star, who met a tragic death. He captained the 1929-30 basketball team and after graduation played with the world's championship Visitation team of Brooklyn, with which he toured the country.

Last year he coached a pro football team in Troy, playing every now and then, but he broke his shoulder. He once received a stage offer to appear in a strong-man act. He weighs 230 pounds and stands six feet, four inches and loves mat work.

While wrestling around Boston, Jack Sharkey and his manager, Johnny Buckley, wanted to sign him as a heavyweight boxer, and pay all his expenses till he made the grade, but he declined. He has often boxed and wrestled with Ernie Schaaf, the blond heavyweight contender, who is Sharkey's stablemate.

This new Polish contender for the world's heavyweight wrestling championship has come along fast since the summer months and is looked upon as an attraction for the indoor season. In his first appearance in Madison Square Garden he went to a fifteen-minute draw with Jim Browning.

Mike Mazurki, former Manhattan College star, turns to mat sport

WHEN GRANDPA

WHEN Grandpa was a Kid! Things certainly were different. Not that there were no depressions in those days. But life apparently was a lot simpler. Take a glance at the old woodcuts which adorn this article—drawings that go back to the piping times of the old *Police Gazette*—simpler life, though we can't say that women's styles were any simpler.

The first drawing in our collection this month shows a sleep-walker coming into Sabbath services in a church near West Point, N. Y. The public prints of the day were full of the impending clash between John L. Sullivan and Paddy Ryan. Popular sentiment around the country was very much in favor of the Boston Strong Boy.

The strange-looking "sport" shown in the drawing is all rigged up for some sort of fight. Truly, his muscular development is amazing. The parson and his congregation are in an uproar over the sacrilege, but your sleep-walker is going right through the motions of his notion of Sullivan's plan of battle.

A sleep walker, planning Sullivan's fight against Ryan, struts into a church service near West Point, N. Y.

In the next drawing we find the famous Sullivan himself, right down on the floor. It seems that Sullivan visited a barber shop in his native Boston, and through some remark aroused the ire of one of the workers. John L. went on to a saloon, and the barber followed.

The fact that Sullivan already was a champion did not impress the barber. Your tonsorial artist grabbed a pitcher and applied it to the head of the renowned pugilist. You will note that Sullivan drapes the saloon deck.

Two patrons are at the barber. It seems fairly certain that both the champion and the barber had done some drinking. For, my dear Watson, are there not bottles on the floor?

* * *

AS a matter of cold and unadorned fact, Sullivan got into the habit of scrapping with barbers and others, in and out of saloons. John L. was a champion in a day when fistic stars were expected to frequent cafés and achieve popularity through largesse to the crowd. "Everybody have one on me," was the champions' cry of the day, with rye and beer flowing with prodigality.

In the next drawing we find a throwback to the days when referees were supposed to get right out of the ring. Here is one who ventured back into the roped square to explain his decision. Well, Hector, it seems fairly plain that neither the official nor his verdict struck a popular chord, for the referee seems to have been hit with everything except the water bucket—and that, no doubt, was on its way when the talented artist caught the action of the inspiring moment.

The ancient *Police Gazette* ran this woodcut not so much as an interesting exposition of what had happened to the man shown as the target, but as a warning to all other boxing officials. The *Gazette* shouts sternly, "No man has any right whatever under Queensbury rules to pose inside the ropes, except as fighters. And if the referee does get punched once in a while trying to explain a decision, he deserves it. Keep

The famous John L. Sullivan being belabored by a barber, who uses a pitcher instead of a comb and brush

Was a Kid

By Olin Davis

out of the ring, gay referees!"

This brings us back to fistic practice in sharp contrast with that of to-day. Now the referee is in the ring. He runs the show. And we try to find men who in themselves will add to the attraction. Promoters seek Dempsey. They want men known for their ability to keep the attraction well in command and make certain of a real fight. At least in that respect the game has made definite advances.

* * *

AND now for the fourth and last of our drawings. The divine Adelina Patti, world-famous singer, visiting the camp of Paddy Ryan just before his fight with Sullivan for the American heavyweight championship.

You will note that Patti is quite impressed with the qualifications of John L.'s rival. You also will note that Ryan is putting on a show. Just why Paddy swung those giant dumb-bells immediately before his fight with Sullivan nobody at this time can fathom. It was just an old American custom back in the days when Grandpa was a Kid.

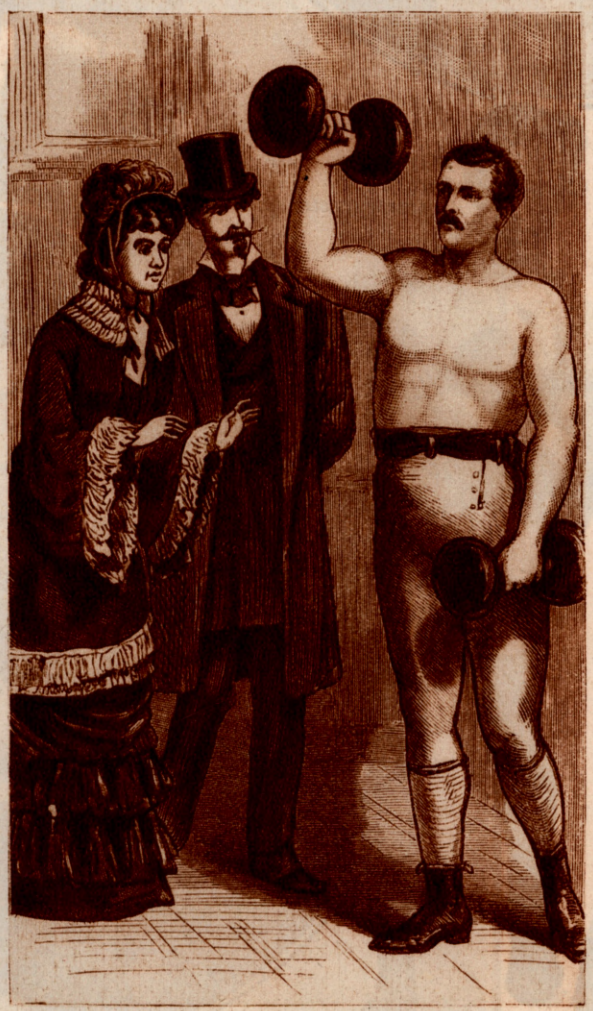
The bird with the goatee and the topper, no doubt, was Patti's manager. You may recollect, if you are old enough, that Patti kept retiring and retiring, and giving "final" concerts until she finally did disappear from the operatic picture. And so did the worthy Ryan, dumb-bell swinger, disappear from the fistic limelight as the renowned Sullivan went charging to the fore.

* * *

ALL through the four woodcuts which appear with this article you have the spirit of the days that were—the feminine fashions, for example. When Ryan flourished in the ring, the female of the species dressed in bustles and leg-of-mutton sleeves, and wore those dinky hats that have come back in the last few years.

And, as you may have gleaned from the fact that Ryan indulged in heavy dumb-bell exercises close to the Sullivan fight, fistic fashions were different, too. Fighters had to go through more rigorous regimens to develop themselves physically.

This referee didn't know enough to stay away after giving a bad decision



The divine Patti, diva, visits Paddy Ryan's camp

They had to fight long distances, and that called for stamina rather than speed.

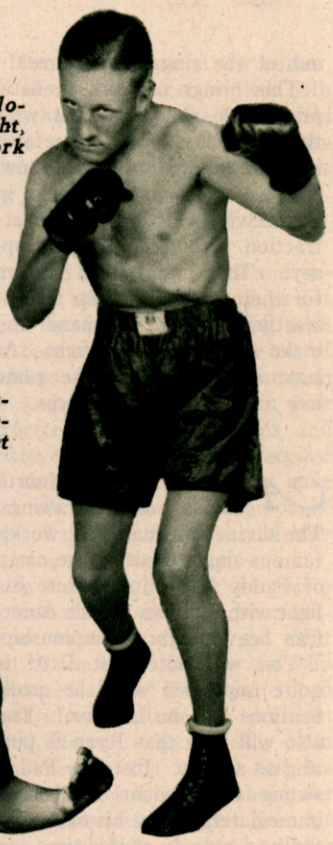
A word about the reasons for these drawings in the ancient *Police Gazette*. In that day the present method of photoengraving had not yet been perfected. Even daily newspapers had to use line cuts. Photographs of news events were useful to them only as things that might be copied by staff artists.

As a result, the *Police Gazette* developed a school of art which stood by itself in its own day, and now is regarded as a valuable contribution to the history of this country. The men who drew for the old *Gazette* preserved for future generations a faithful story of the times and the fashions, and the tempers of men of the post-Civil War period—the real formative era of American history.

Your art connoisseur will tell you that the drawings have considerable merit from the side of faithful delineation and skill. Richard K. Fox had the biggest and ablest staff of artists on any periodical in the world. During the heyday of his paper he had a total of forty of these men.

Fine Prospects

Stanley Kranenberg, rugged 140 pounder from Grand Rapids

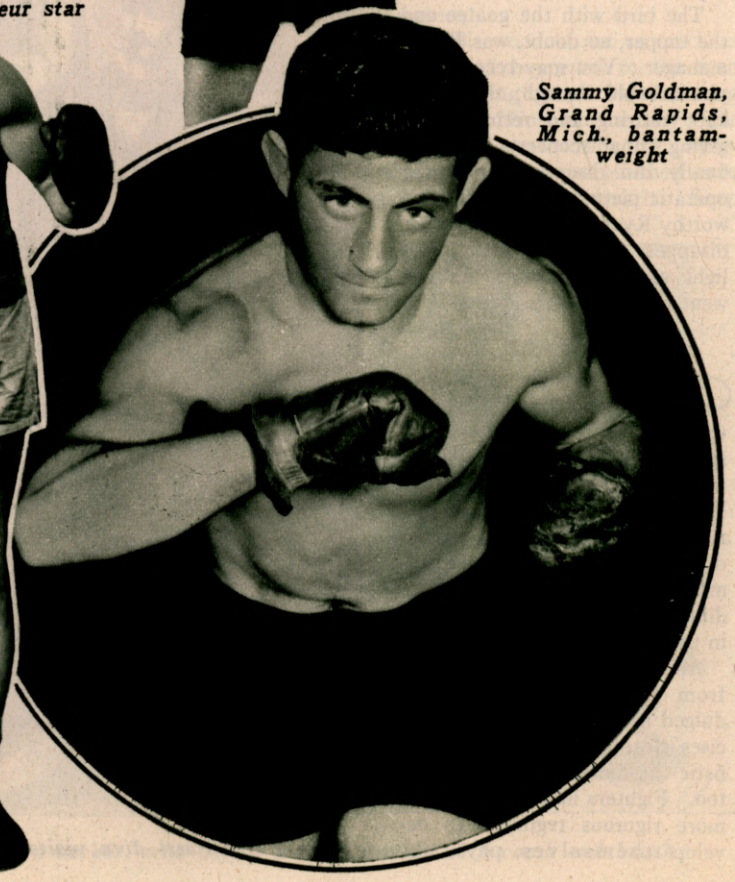


Davie Brown, Florida featherweight, now in New York

Below—Len Johnson, England's Negro middleweight contender

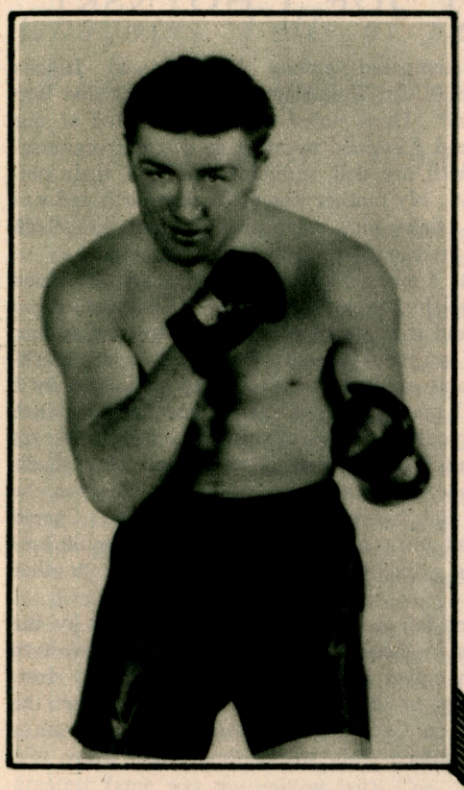
Nat Bor, New England's ex-amateur star

Sammy Goldman, Grand Rapids, Mich., bantamweight



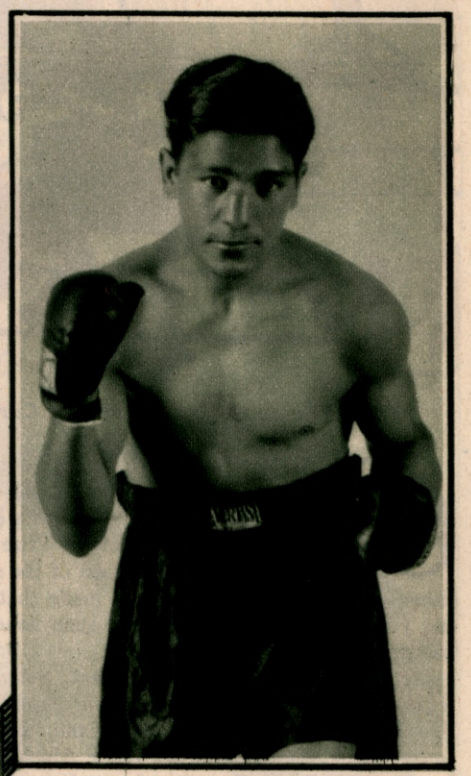
Frankie Ryan, promising Charleston, W. Va., light-heavyweight

First Rate Talent



Joe Sekyra, veteran Dayton, Ohio, heavyweight, still going strong

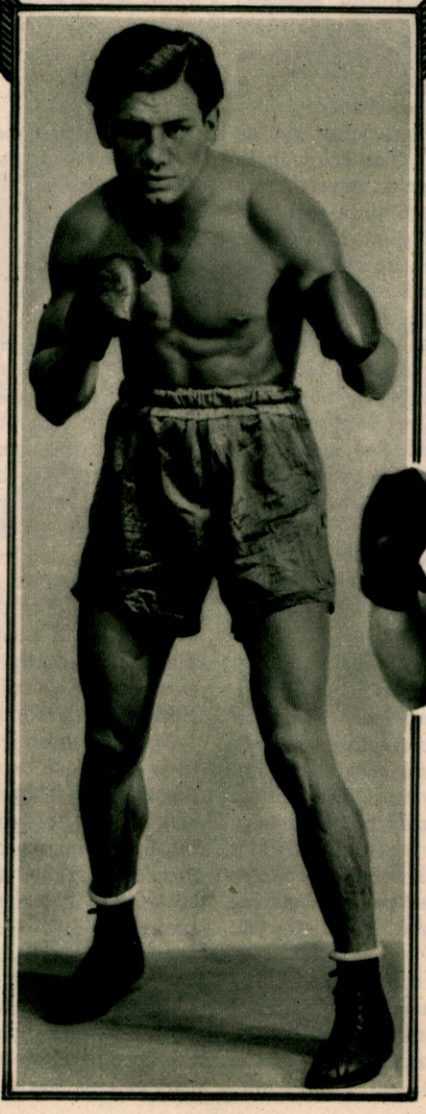
Al Brown, bantamweight leader —a great champion



Joey Costa, crackerjack lightweight from New Jersey

Battling Shaw, fast-rising lightweight from New Orleans

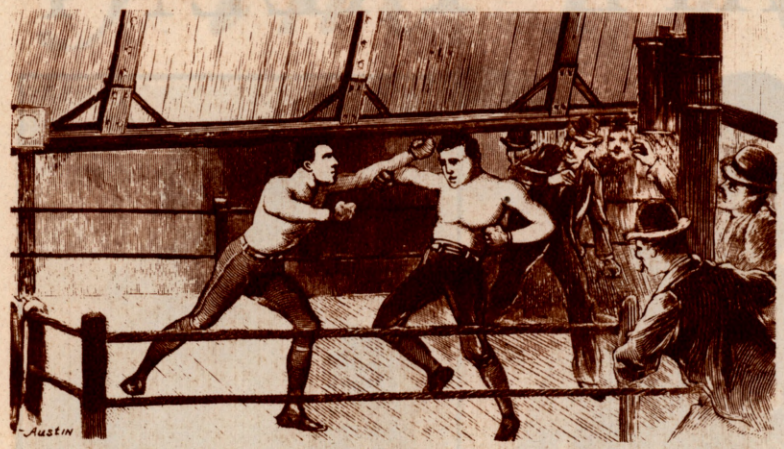
Leo Larrivee, New England's middleweight star



Willie Siegel, clever lightweight from New York

California's *Golden*

By JOE CHOYNSKI



The battle on the barge between Corbett and Choynski

CALIFORNIA has furnished to boxing more stars than any other state with the exception of New York. It was called the home of champions during the "Golden Age of the Prize Ring" and properly so. List the great men of the squared circle who either were born in California or made that state their home and you'll readily understand why such honor and recognition was given to the state.

James J. Corbett, Aurelio Herrera, Solly Smith, James J. Jeffries, Eddie Hanlon, Frankie Neil, Jimmy Austin, Abe and Monte Attell, Fighting Dick Hyland, One Round Hogan, Jimmy Britt, Frankie Burns, Willie Meehan, Alex Greggains, Joe Thomas, Eddie Campi and myself, among others. Not a poor aggregation, so far as real fighters are concerned!

When I was a boy, California furnished a romantic setting for many contests that made ring history. The sport, both professional and amateur, enjoyed patronage that never before had been known. In fact, years have elapsed since then and I doubt that the interest is greater in the sport today than it was when I was a kid. At the time, the entire Pacific Coast swarmed with fighters, some from other parts of our country, and others from Australia, the reason being, I presume, the extraordinary popularity of John L. Sullivan.

Sullivan was the idol of every boy in our city. I doubt that there was one section of San Francisco where boys congregated, that didn't boast of at least one fistic aspirant. In the Mission section, the hairy-chested hard-boiled mugs each tried to emulate the Great Boston Strong Boy. Some succeeded in fighting their way to the front, but many failed.

Sailors aplenty were among the scrappers. These tattooed, burly-shouldered fellows, fearless, full of fight, kept the local battlers busy and many scraps, often impromptu affairs, were replete with action. Those were the days when San Francisco led the country in fisticuffs.

* * *

IT was the nation's capitol of boxing. The streets where the sports congregated swarmed with fistic celebrities. They were all over and each had his following and hangers-on.

Finish fights were the rule in that golden age. The modern ten-round two-step was considered worthy only of preliminary lads. Two- or three-ounce gloves were used when the knuckles were upholstered at all, and fights with skin-tight gloves or bare knuckles were frequent. There was no padding on ring floors. When your bean hit the boards you felt it—if you remained awake.

I was born in San Francisco, November 8, 1868, and christened Joseph Bartlett Choynski. My father, a native of Poland, was a cultivated man, a linguist and a fluent writer, one of the pioneers of California. He was Collector of the Port during Lincoln's Administration.

He numbered among his personal friends Joaquin Miller, Bret Harte, Mark Twain and Bob Ingersoll. These noted men often visited at our home and I listened in on many of their conversations with my dad, imbibing much of their philosophy. My mother was of English birth and was one of twelve girls composing the first girls' high school graduating class in California.

I was a slender kid, with a huge mop of blond hair which got me the name "Chrysanthemum Joe," and it stuck to me through my ring career.

The enormous strength I acquired in my blacksmith and candy factory toil may be judged by a throw I made of the sixteen-pound hammer when still a youth. One day, with other youths, I was watching the famous Scotch athlete, Tom Carroll, then champion hammer-thrower, practicing an a sand lot. This was the Carroll who taught Bob Edgren to throw the hammer. Carroll was over six feet tall and weighed 200 pounds. He would hurl the weight and we youngsters would return it for another heave.

Once the hammer fell near me and I picked it up by the wooden handle used in those days and flung it back almost to the feet of the champion, a distance of nearly ninety feet, which was the record in those days. I will never forget the look of amazement on Carroll's face. After staring at me a few seconds he exclaimed, "My word!" and strode away.

* * *

MY first boxing was with fellow employees at the candy factory. I had all the worst of it at the start, but quickly discovered a way to handle my left. It must have come naturally, for I had never seen a real boxer in action.

One of my pals of that time was Eddie Graney, who later became famous as a fighter and bookmaker. Graney and I joined the Golden Gate Athletic Club, where our dues were $1 a month each. There we had plenty of boxing with other sturdy youths, eager, like ourselves, to master glove science. My natural quickness and strength soon gave me supremacy over all the club boxers.

Occasionally some amateur from other clubs visited the Golden Gate gym and they all found me too tough for them. Gradually I acquired a reputation around the gymnasiums and street corners of San Francisco, second only to that of Jim Corbett, and this led ultimately to my finish fight with Corbett. Jim was two years older than I and had been for several years building up more than local fame.

Corbett had been tutored at the swell Olympic Club under Walter Watson, an eminent boxing instructor, who had come over from England seeking the job as instructor at the New York Athletic Club.

Mike Donovan was also after the job, and so it was arranged to have a glove battle between Watson and Donovan to decide the matter. This meeting resulted in a victory for Donovan, and he got the position. Watson then accepted an offer from the San Francisco club. He was a graduate pupil of the great Jem Mace, which means that he was master of boxing science. It was at these clubs that California's future greats were tutored.

* * *

WHEN I think back on boxing cradles of San Francisco, my mind hops into Alex Greggains' old place in Sixth Street, near Howard. I don't suppose there ever was a smaller club in this world and yet the great Attell came from there.

Age of Boxing

Choynski Tells of the Days When Coast Boasted of World's Greatest Fighters

He began as a four-round boy in the Greggains' club when he was fourteen. I saw him in his early starts and odd to relate, he was a knockerout.

He had not learned the art of swift getaway, deft parry and bullet-like jab. Abe was a slugger and what a slugger! He won fifteen out of his first sixteen fights with knockouts. The only man to stay four rounds with him was Eddie Hanlon, just as young as himself and just as great a card in those days. Young O'Leary was the only man in the fifteen that lasted as long as the fourth round.

As for myself, I've often been told and have just as often read that I was a great fighter, an extremely fast, clever, quick-witted, game and solid hitter. If I was, I have California to thank for my greatness for it was in its domain that I learned the rudiments of the sport and later gained my fistic fame. Although my four fights with Jim Corbett are the ones the writers usually harp upon when telling the story of my career, there were many others in which I engaged that were more thrilling than any of those with Gentleman Jim. However, I will admit that the one that brought me greatest fame was my contest with Corbett at Benecia, Cal., where we fought for twenty-seven rounds, Corbett being declared the winner on a knockout.

Eight years after my fight with Corbett, I fought a twenty-round draw with a coming, husky young giant, Jim Jeffries, who later stopped the conqueror of Corbett to win the world's heavyweight title. Our battle, like many other thrilling heavyweight contests, was staged in California.

Corbett and his dad and brother. "Gentleman Jim" is on the left

You may talk about New York City and Boston in discussing ring romance, but it will take considerable argument to convince a native-born son of the Golden West that they had anything on San Francisco.

* * *

THOSE of us who hail from California well remember the famous Association Club in the Mission district. Even to this day the fight fans relish the opportunity of relating thrilling incidents that occurred there. The Association was a sort of kindergarten for beginners in fisticuffs. Youngsters ambitious to carve a career for themselves with the gloves signed up there. They were matched week after week, regardless of weight or size difference, and if they withstood the severe test they were tabbed potential stars.

Graduating from the school of hard knocks, the boys stepped forth to conquer new worlds and there were many who reached the heights. Regardless of who was on the card, the club was always jammed because the spectators knew that they would be treated to thrilling scraps. With practically no rules or regulations to govern the sport at the time, the boys resorted to all sorts of trickery to win. Knowing this, the fans seldom missed the opportunity to get into the mix-ups when they occurred. Only a few ringside seats separated the bleachers from the ring, and this gave the galleryites a close range target. When the boys in the ring failed to give a pleasing performance, they were invariably bombarded with anything from ripe tomatoes to pop bottles.

Officials of the famous California Athletic Club

Often when one of the contestants was missing or through some mishap was unable to go on, a call was made for a volunteer. Many a time a young lad was enlisted from among the gallery birds to strut his stuff and made his start to fistic success. No check-up was made as is done to-day to see that the boy was in fit condition for a fight. All that was necessary was for the lad to volunteer and win or lose, the volunteer became the evening's favorite. If unsuccessful, the crowd usually would soften the sting of defeat by showering coins on the kid.

Times certainly have changed. The new regime under commission control has put the sport on a higher level.

The Association Club and others like it are things of the past. They no longer exist, but those colorful organizations will forever keep a place in the history of California's boxing.

When Tammany Leaders

By ARTHUR LUMLEY

Bluecoats and spectators in a free-for-all following the fight between Green and Getz

THE old Fourth Ward in New York City some forty years ago was famous for its many rough and tumble fighters and regular professional pugilists as well.

A young fellow who aspired to become prominent in politics or in other vocations of life in the old Ward, had to be a game scrapper of some sort or other or he fell into obscurity by the wayside.

All the distinguished political leaders of that tough old district were courageous men, who could battle their way to the front by their pugilistic ability with their other qualifications combined.

Tom "Fatty" Walsh, who for many years was the Warden of the Tombs, fought his way up to the leadership of the "Fourth" chiefly by walloping all his political opponents and other foes into submission.

Although not considered a professional ringster, "Fatty" Walsh, in his early manhood, polished off several formidable foes in the orthodox ring. But most of his battling was of the rough and tumble order of which style he was considered an uncrowned champion by his host of constituents on the lower East Side.

At one time he was matched to fight Mike "Thunderbolt" Norton, a lower West Side political leader, for $2,000 a side to a finish, under the old bare knuckle rules. The proposed mill created such a furore, that the mayor of the city at the time, issued a special edict forbidding the conflict and the match had to be called off.

Imagine two famous Tammany leaders agreeing to fight such a bare knuckle melee today! Wouldn't that cause quite some sensation in old Gotham?

Judge Paddy Divver, who followed Walsh as the leader of the old Ward, was not so great pugilistically. But Big Tom Foley, the successor of Divver, proved to be a most gallant gladiator in any style of milling. No man ever had such a kind and generous heart and no man would fight so game and fair when he was forced into battle. Foley was the last of the old stalwart fighting leaders of New York.

* * *

THERE were many hard, strenuous mills pulled off in the old Fourth Ward, that in many respects were more thrilling, desperate and courageous than the highly ballyhooed million dollar championship bouts of today.

Battles that were fought under the dark arches of the old bridge, in some backyard stable, on the end of some covered East River pier or some other remote spot, in order to avoid the police.

No records were ever kept of these bare knuckles or skin glove fights. They were all staged under cover and most of them never were reported in the daily papers. The promoters in those days avoided any publicity and only the regulars received the tip for a private fight.

It was whispered about the old Fourth and Seventh Wards in September, 1880, that a match had been arranged between Tommy Green, a very well known pugilist along the Bowery, especially, and Peddler Getz, two middleweights.

It being a bitter grudge fight, it caused considerable interest to admirers of both of the principals. Green had gained quite some fame around Harry Hills', Billy McGlory's and Owney Geoghan's as an experienced boxer and quite a glutton for punishment.

Getz, on the other hand, was a game, gruelling scrapper without much skill but plenty of grit, aggressiveness and endurance. He had really done more fighting outside the ring than within the ropes.

The men agreed to battle to a finish with skintight gloves, for $200 a side, under the old London prize ring rules.

Those in charge of the affair considered the fight was too important to pull off in New York City, so after various conferences they decided to fight it out in Betz's brewery at Woodside, L. I.

All the enthusiastic fans of the lower East Side who could get there were at the brewery about nine o'clock the night of the proposed mill. But some hundreds who were extremely anxious to be at the ringside were artfully side-tracked by the

Were Real Fighters

Arthur Lumley, Former Manager of John L. Sullivan, Describes Fisticuffs in Little Old New York Fifty Years Ago

cautious promoters who were anxious to dodge the police.

"I had a hard time getting the tip," said the late Paddy Mullins to me last year, in discussing old times. "I was only driving a cart then for Phillips and Dodge, the big tin dealers. Mind you a cart and not a truck. I didn't even own an overcoat in those days," continued the silent manager of Harry Wills and other fistic stars, "but I made up my mind I'd see the fight.

"Everything looked all right when I got to the brewery with about 250 of the best known politicians and sports from the downtown wards. Who was there? Let me think," he continued. "I remember quite a bunch of them. There was Warden Fatty Walsh, Judge Paddy Divver, Judge "Battery Dan" Finn, the famous Tom McAlpine, alias "Soap," the veteran pugilist and trainer; Assemblyman Jimmy Oliver, Assemblyman Mike Callahan, Morris Lee, Jack Maloney, Jerry Harttigan, George Gonzales, Big Tom Foley, "Strong Arm" Mike Costello, Flat Nose Dinny Sullivan, Jim Levelle, Peter Hughes, "Sugar" Murphy, Steve Brodie, Jim Kennedy, Bill O'Brien, Toppey McGuire, of *The Sun*, Big Tim Sullivan, Billy McGlory, Patsey Doody, "Butch" Richheimer, Pat Keenan and a lot of others I don't recall.

"We were all set for a fine night's sport when suddenly the Sheriff appeared with a gang of his deputies. They chased us out of the brewery and back to New York very rudely," continued Mr. Mullins in a reflective mood.

* * *

ON the way back to the city on the Long Island City ferry boat, the promoters held a consultation and finally agreed to take a chance and have the mill pulled off at Dan Murphy's saloon at No. 99 Worth Street. Mr. Murphy being on board, assured all hands it would be quite safe and satisfactory.

There were a couple of husky ticket takers placed at the side door of the saloon to keep the gate crashers out, which was a mighty task indeed under the circumstances. It was rather a clever move on the part of Mr. Murphy, however, for he and two speedy bartenders were kept hustling out the many orders for drinks for over an hour or more before the ring was formed with tables, chairs and beer boxes.

Patsey Doody, the pugilistic comedian of the Fourth Ward, amused the crowd with some of his queer and comic Irish songs and recitations. The fans were in great glee when a loud pounding was heard at the front doors.

"It's the coppers," said Patsey quickly. "Leave them to me. I'll fix 'em."

But many rushed into the backyard and began climbing over the fences amid a great deal of confusion and excitement.

Doody went to the side door that led into the street and there found two policemen who demanded to know what all the big noise was about.

"Why, it's Dan Murphy's birthday and we're giving him a send off. You can't murder us for that, can you?" asked the quick-witted Patsey. "Come in, and see for yourself."

"No, but cut out the noise, or we'll close the dump up," declared one of the cops in an authoritative manner after he had opened the door and had quite satisfied himself that it was only "an innocent jollification."

* * *

BUT what a slaughtering jollification the fight was, with both fighters slashing each other for 17 bloody rounds. Getz was surely a dead game fellow for he took enough punishment to kill any ordinary individual.

For the first ten rounds the plucky Peddler was the aggressor in his fierce hammer and tongs whirlwind style, but after the tenth session he began to grow weak from the loss of blood, which covered the floor space within the crude ring.

Several times a mop had to be used to wipe up the flow of claret, between the rounds. Green, however, didn't escape altogether from punishment. Getz closed his left eye in the ninth round with a terrific right (*Continued on page* 38)

When the police entered Dan Murphy's saloon they found the boys "celebrating Dan's birthday." It was only "an innocent jollification"

CRADLES of BOXING

The Twentieth Story in the Series by This Famous Boston Boxing Critic

By "DOC" ALMY

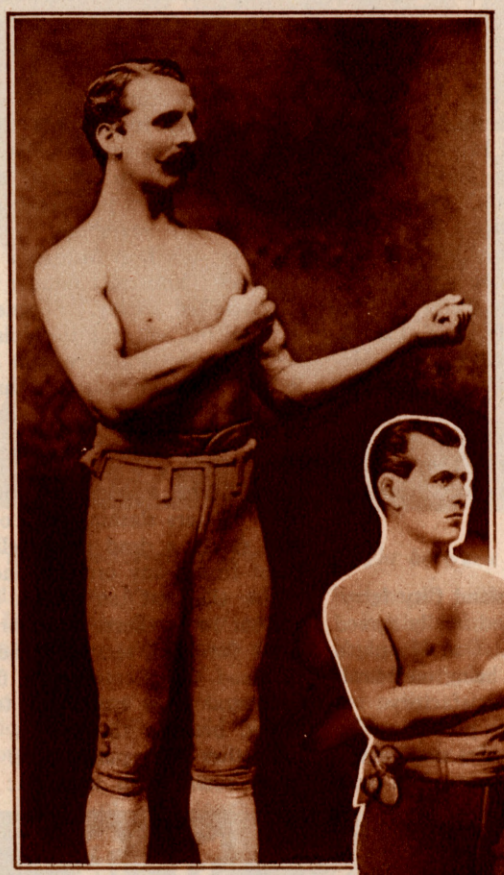
WHEN, in May, 1931, Henri DeGlane of France won the world's heavy mat title from Ed "Strangler" Lewis on a bite in a wrestling match staged in Montreal, the fact and the circumstances surrounding the affair created a furore which will occupy a niche in sport history for all time.

The occurrence being as unexpected as it was unusual, it seemed to many that a precedent had been established. Like many of our modern supposed precedents, however, in general respects it merely was a close repetition of an episode of years ago in the prize ring.

In the original case it was the world's lightweight title which was the stake—, changed hands on a bite, and great was the scandal and woe which the happening created at the time. While a bit far afield as pertains strictly to Boston and New England fisticuffs, it has a place here in carrying along the subsequent life stories of George Seddons and Tommy Kelly. These worthies and their great battle of 96 rounds, fought at the Isles of Shoals, off Portsmouth, N. H., Oct. 8, 1868, were given their bow in the November issue of THE RING.

On their return to Boston from the battleground, Seddons, Kelly and their followers did considerable talking and bickering and, for a time, it seemed that a new contest would be arranged. But the courts poured cold water all over this idea.

Under Section 17, Chapter 160, of the ancient Massachusetts General Statutes, it was discovered that any person leaving the state for the purpose of engaging in a prize-fight in another state was subject to a fine of $5000 or five years imprisonment. So, the police gathered in Seddons, though for some reason Kelly was overlooked.



Billy Edwards, first lightweight champion

Right—Arthur Chambers, who succeeded Edwards as lightweight champion

* * *

IN his defense it was contended by Seddons that he was not a resident of the Bay State, therefore the law as concerns what happened in New Hampshire did not apply to his case. The lower court held him in $5000, and, as he could not raise the money, he went to jail. It was not until December that he finally got out of the mess. This happening, and the shifting of sporting interest to the fight in Lynnfield, Mass., between Joe Wormald of England, and Ned O'Baldwin, the Irish Giant, Oct. 29, 1868, dignified by a number of the writers of that day as for the world's heavyweight title, all of which will be told in its place, served to end all further Seddons-Kelly negotiations.

Seddons next appears in the annals as defeating Punch Morris in five rounds, lasting 26 minutes, Aug. 20, 1869, near Fort Erie, Ont., and then whipping Johnny Lafferty in 19 rounds, 43 minutes, on Carroll's Island, near St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 25, 1870. He had other encounters, but of no particular importance, and it was not until the affair between Billy Edwards, first of the American lightweight champions, and Tom Collins, in May, 1871, that his name again appeared in the sporting press.

This event, staged near Huntington, L. I., wherein Seddons seconded Collins, had its thrills. The men were to have fought on May 24, 1871, and were about to get into action when the police chased them away. All escaped, thanks to a faithful sentinel, and the matter might have ended thusly but for the referee. Under the old-time rules, he decided that the men must fight it out. So, next day, the 25th, figuring that the police would not again molest them, the mob went back to Huntington, re-pitched the ring and the principals mingled inside of it.

* * *

AT the end of 95 rounds, lasting 2 hours, 23 minutes, with Collins out in front, it became so dark that the spectators could not see the fight, and the gladiators could hardly see each other. Those mostly concerned wanted the muss called "a draw," but the referee, known as "Snatchem," but otherwise George Leese of New York, was determined that a finish fight must be to a finish. He refused to give a decision, all despite threats and abuse, but ruled that the pugilists should return to the spot next morning and complete the job. So, all hied themselves back once more to New York, the fans all "het up" over the expectation of seeing a bloody finale on May 26. They were doomed, however, to meet with a disappointment. That night the New York police arrested both principals, and all on whom they could lay their hands, and the 26th found the vast majority in court on various charges.

Here Edwards and Collins lost the decision, for Judge Dowling, before whom they were arraigned, ruled as follows:

"On the corners of the streets boys may be heard discussing the great fight between Coburn and that other man (Jem Mace), which is disgusting. However, you showed some spirit and courage in fighting; but, that big loafer Coburn, and that other man (Mace), were too cowardly to do so, after drawing the eyes of the whole world down upon us.

"But, in order to make an example of you two, and as a

How Billy Edwards Lost the Lightweight Championship to Arthur Chambers on a "Bite"—The Famous Three Day Fight Between Edwards and Collins

proof that prize-fighting must stop, the court will knock you both out of time. It is the sentence of the court that you are to be imprisoned in the penitentiary for one year each, and each to be fined $1000, and you are to remain confined until the fine has been paid."

Edwards and Collins were imprisoned for a time on Blackwell's Island, but finally secured a reversal of the decision, and on Dec. 6 gained their freedom. It was such a close shave, however, that Edwards lost his interest in the ring—that is, for the time being—and returned to England, his native land.

The spring of 1872 found him back again in New York, where he received a challenge from Seddons in behalf of one Bat Mullins. This match was about to be made when the cards were suddenly shifted. Arthur Chambers of Philadelphia, originally from Manchester, England, also the holder of a silver belt emblematic of the British lightweight title, was substituted as the challenger, and his defy was accepted.

* * *

THEY got together on September 2, 1872, on Squirrel Island, a Canadian possession, about 40 miles from Detroit, Mich., the stakes being $1000 a side and the world's lightweight title. It was the first mill in America to be generally recognized as for that crown. Edwards had at his back Dooney Harris and Barney Aaron, with Jem Mace of England, one of the most famous and skilful heavyweights the sport has ever known, as his adviser. Pooley Mace, cousin of Jem, also well known in ring affairs, was his umpire.

With Chambers, as seconds, were our friend George Seddons, and Tom Allen, the latter at one time regarded as the heavyweight champion, while Jack Looney, mentioned in one of the earlier stories in connection with "Cocky" Woods and Sherm Thurston, was his umpire. All around, it was a tough bunch of fighting men who could fight.

A scene in "The Arbor," the sporting resort conducted at 50 Houston St., New York City, by George Seddons and Arthur Chambers. This sketch appeared in Wilkes' "Spirit of the Times"

For 25 rounds the scrap was a beauty, with Edwards having much the better of it. Then things happened. In this stanza they went down in a heap in a wrestle, Chambers underneath. Suddenly he let out a yelp, "Edwards has bitten me! I have been fouled!"

In a modern ring he would have grabbed for his cup, rolled around on the canvas, making faces and groaning, but in 1872 that method of squawking had not been perfected to its present artistic possibilities. His seconds took up the cry of "foul" as they rushed to rescue their man, the fall having ended the round.

Chambers was dragged to his corner, there was the flourishing of a blanket as it was put on and pulled off his shoulders, and all was confusion. On Chambers' left shoulder was a wound, evidently made by teeth, from which the blood was trickling. In a hot corner, and fearing personal violence, Billy Tracey, the referee, ruled that Edwards had fouled Chambers and lost the fight. Then, gun in hand, the official backed out of the ring, threatening all the while to kill anyone who offered to molest him.

So, the world's lightweight title, also the stakes, went to Arthur Chambers on a bite. Later it was charged that Seddons bit his principal in the corner, a pre-arranged plan, and it was generally accepted that such was so. The point is not one to be argued at this late day. It is sufficient that the DeGlane-Lewis affair of May, 1931, was not the first occurrence of its kind.

* * *

IN pursuance of an agreement made prior to the scrap, Chambers hitched up with Seddons in the opening of a sporting resort at 50 Houston Street, New York, known as "The Arbor," and for a while all went well. It was the rendezvous of all the "swells." Every sport of note was a frequenter of the place. Finally the resort became too small for two champions, so Seddons quit, and then came to the front with a challenge aimed at his old pal. It was to be $1000 a side and for the title, the mill to take place within 500 miles of New York on May 21, 1873.

The stake money was placed in the hands of Tom Denny of Boston, a sporting boniface, who also was to select the site for the bout. It was arranged that the fighters and others directly concerned were to be in his place on May 19, to proceed from thence to the battle ground. According to reports, this was to be in Campbellton, N. B., which must have looked a bit too long a way from home to Chambers. In any event, he failed to appear.

The title was declared forfeited and the stake money was turned over to Seddons, and for a while he was wined, dined and feted by Bostonians as the world's lightweight champion. So, the sport world had two champions at the head of one class—Seddons of Boston and Chambers of New York and Philadelphia. While Seddons was cocking the walk in Boston, Chambers consulted with the men of the law, and, when a suit for the recovery of the stake money was threatened, $850 was handed back to him.

This ended that, but fight they must. There was the usual talk, and the date was set for July 26, Barney Aaron, the master of ceremonies, naming Rockaway, L. I., as the site. The police got wind of it, went into ambush on the night of July 25, and, when next morning the fans began to arrive, "pinched" and ironed them as fast as they appeared. Seddons was made captive, also George Leese and Johnny Murphy, his seconds.

In the latter's pocket the police found a gun, so he was entirely out of luck. For many years Seddons' fighting togs and colors were on exhibition at Brooklyn police headquarters as trophies of the case.

One Hanley had the luck to elude (*Continued on page* 38)

The LAST

Tommy Miller, 70 Year Old Ring Veteran, Tells of His Fight with Ike Weir

By HERMAN "DUTCH" EGGERT

Tommy Miller as he is today

"I'VE had many bad breaks in my life, but first of all I was born just fifty years too soon.

"Why, say, it would be a cinch for me in those ten-round bouts today with big padded mitts! And wouldn't that big dough be easy to take! Why when I was in the game, many years ago——".

And so Tommy Miller, 70-year-old hero of many bruising skin-tight glove battles back in the '80's, while seated in the lobby of a small Indianapolis hotel, related to listeners of his ring experiences in that decade just preceding the gay '90's. The old-timer boastfully remarked it was way back when fighters fought for glory with mercenary reasons running a poor second; when your only recompense was a black eye and bruises for finishing on the short end; when the ring battles were from twenty rounds to finish fights; when two-ounce gloves were the vogue; when you fought in barns, clubs, bar rooms, corn fields, in woods, on river barges—yes, even on river bridges, at any hour of the day or night. In fact, as Tommy said, any place to evade the vigilant officers of the law.

"Believe me," continued the old-timer, "when you were kissed by a wallop laced in one of those two-ounce gloves, you knew you had been socked. How those babies did sting and bruise! I don't want to take any credit away from the pugs of today, for they do get in there and give the best they have, but believe me, they have it mighty soft compared to what pioneers of the ring game had to go through.

"Why, when I fought—" And the thinly sparsed, gray-haired ring veteran shuffled off to his upstairs room to return with his heart's treasure, his only remaining prize of many epic ring battles. The yellow, crumpled, worn-with-age, scrap book, contained hardly decipherable accounts of his fistic contests.

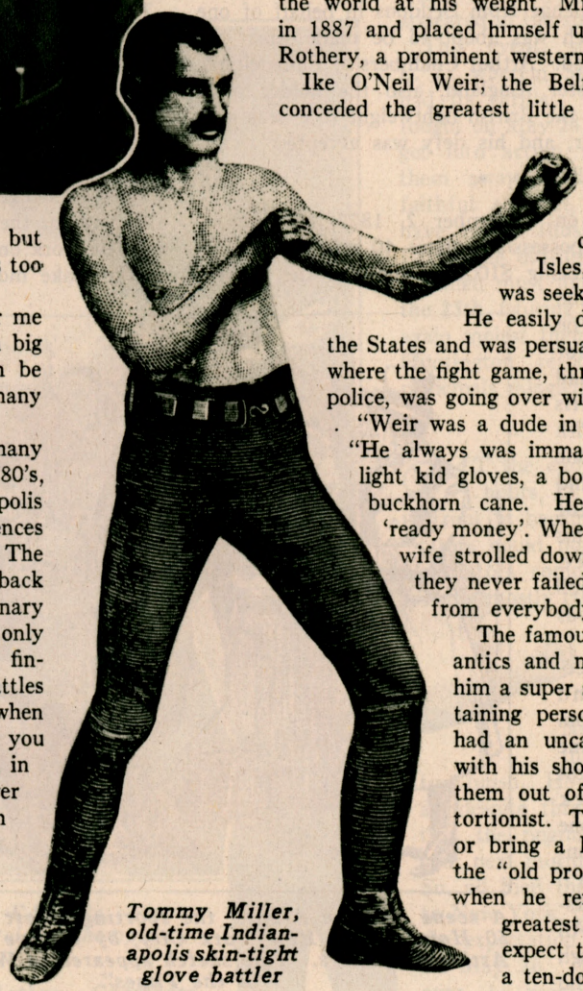
* * *

TOMMY MILLER was born in Indianapolis, December 31, 1861, and when a youngster served in Uncle Sam's navy as an able-bodied seaman. It was while anchored in foreign ports that Tommy took to the fight game and soon became the best in the fleet at his weight.

In 'Frisco, in May, 1885, he launched into his professional career by defeating Jimmie Maloney in a hectic six-round bout. The scrap was the spark that sent Tommy blazing through the featherweight ranks.

With a conviction he could beat the best man in the world at his weight, Miller drifted into Omaha in 1887 and placed himself under the guidance of Ed Rothery, a prominent western sportsman of that era.

Ike O'Neil Weir; the Belfast Spider, to this day conceded the greatest little featherweight that ever laced on a boxing glove, had arrived in the States in the spring of 1886. Weir was champion of the British Isles, and the cocky Irishman was seeking new fields to conquer. He easily defeated all opponents in the States and was persuaded to go to Minneapolis where the fight game, through non-interference by police, was going over with a bang.



Tommy Miller, old-time Indianapolis skin-tight glove battler

"Weir was a dude in those days," said Miller. "He always was immaculate in dress and wore light kid gloves, a bowler derby and carried a buckhorn cane. He was what they called 'ready money'. When he and his good-looking wife strolled down the main thoroughfare, they never failed to attract a second look from everybody."

The famous Irishman's peculiar ring antics and marvelous dexterity made him a super showman, the most entertaining personality in the game. He had an uncanny habit of "winking" with his shoulders, seeming to throw them out of joint much like a contortionist. This never failed to please or bring a laugh. One old-timer hit the "old proverbial nail on the head" when he remarked: "Weir was the greatest fighter I've ever seen or expect to see and I'd gladly give a ten-dollar note to see him, just once more, "wink" with his shoulders".

* * *

WITH the Spider going great in the Twin Cities and Tommy Miller the big noise around Omaha, the "sports" of the Northwest pleaded for a meeting of these stellar mitt throwers. It was a match that promoters today call a "natural".

The Irishman was the toast of the town. He had on display in Minneapolis' leading jewelry store his solid silver belt with gold beautifully chased and studded with large emeralds, proudly denoting the owner's nationality. The belt truly was a beautiful token. The belt was emblematic of the featherweight championship.

Unheard of publicity for that time was given the fight. After bickering over technicalities, articles were signed. It was to be a twenty-round bout with two-ounce gloves. The

of the MOHICANS

winner to receive 75 and the loser 25 per cent of the purse. A referee, to be agreed upon the afternoon of the fight, was to be sole judge of the winner.

Four thousand persons, including "big Shots" from Omaha, Chicago, Milwaukee, Racine, Duluth and Winnipeg, braved a ten-below-zero storm that night of January 23, 1888, to witness the unbeatable Irishman and the Indianapolis challenger in their championship battle.

Weir entered the ring attired in his odd-colored ring togs of bright green breeches and red stockings. He was accorded a thunderous ovation as he took his corner with John Donaldson and Frank Shepley as his seconds. Miller entered the ring dressed in black breeches and stockings and was handled by Jim McKeon.

Frisky Barnett of Chicago was timekeeper for Weir and Jim McKeon of Winnepeg acted in like capacity for Miller. Hank Seeley had been agreed upon to referee.

The fighters were eager for action. It was so cold the spectators were stamping their feet and rubbing their hands to keep warm.

The announcer climbed into the ring wearing a long fur overcoat. Then the contestants were introduced—the gong sounded and the battle was on.

* * *

BOTH men sparred for an opening. The Spider scored lightly with his left. Ike gracefully danced out of range. Tommy was full of fight, eager to exchange wallops. He repeatedly crowded Weir into a corner but the nimble Irishman avoided damage by artful dodging and clever blocking. Just at the close of the round Weir bounced a hard right off Miller's chin. The crowd, sensing a real battle, roared its approval.

Miller opened hostilities in the second with a hard punch to the Spider's jaw. Ike repaid the blow with interest, bringing blood from Tommy's nose. Miller rushed viciously at Weir, who ducked and both fell to the floor. The referee unscrambled them and Weir sent three hard lefts to Miller's head and crossed a right without a return from clever Tommy.

The Indianapolis boy, forcing the fighting, rushed at the clever Irishman to start the third session but Weir met him with straight lefts that kept Tommy off balance. Miller caught the Spider with a beautiful right to the jaw and followed with another hard right to the eye.

The punch cut Weir's eye and a trickle of blood showed on his face. A straight left to the injured optic draped that orb in mourning. It became black almost instantly. Ike retaliated with vengeance and both boys were pounding away so furiously that neither heard the bell. The referee and timekeepers were frantic in their efforts to separate them.

"I remember how confident I was after that round. Down in my heart I felt I was going to stop Weir," remarked Tommy. "But after the minute's rest—."

Weir met Miller's rush with straight lefts that crossed beautifully with a hard right before Tommy could get organized. The Hoosier lad staggered under the terrific wallop. Ike quickly grasped the opportunity and beat Miller to the ropes with hard punches to the head and body. Tommy's right cheek was bleeding. He took a good lacing that round and appeared tired as he trudged to his corner.

* * *

MILLER did not fully recover from the hard punching of the preceding round and staggered on his feet as he came up for the fifth. He fell into a clinch. They were separated and Miller surprised the Spider by a sudden rally, landing heavy on Weir's jaw. The "insect" went to work on Miller's body and drove him into the ropes, where Tommy sagged at the knees under the steady sharpshooting.

Just as he was going down, Conley, his chief second and adviser, jumped into the ring and yelled "time". He pushed Miller to his corner and began to sponge him off. It was a very unsportsman-like act and the crowd vociferously shouted its disapproval. Finally the referee got Conley out of the ring, but the trick had succeeded to the extent that Tommy lasted out the round, but the worst was yet to come.

Miller's seconds frantically worked over him but he wobbled on his under pinning to start the sixth. The Spider played with his man. Miller was game to the core. He fought back as a true ring battler would.

"Knock him out," shouted the Irishman's supporters. "One more will finish him."

Weir pranced and danced to his heart's content. Two lefts and a hard right sent Tommy to his knees. He arose at the count of five and gamely rallied, but the Spider smiled and confidently crashed home a terrific right that landed on Miller's head. He was badly beaten but won the admiration of the crowd for his gameness and willingness to exchange punches.

Weir opened the seventh with the obvious intent of finishing his man. Miller was too far gone to offer more than a feeble resistance. Before Tommy got well out of his chair, Weir was on him.

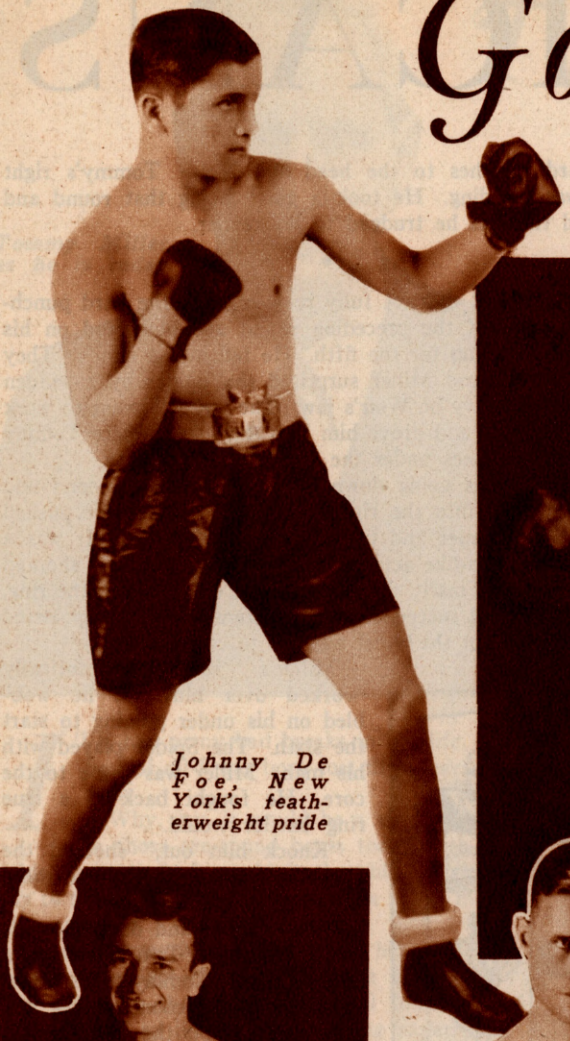
"Stand back, Ike, give him a chance to get to his feet," shouted the referee. Miller made his last stand. He blindly rushed at the Spider, but two straight lefts stopped him dead. Weir sent home a hard left to Tommy's face and followed with a terrific right uppercut that spilled the game little Indianapolis boy for the fatal count. The bout was over.

Had Miller elected to fight a careful battle instead of rushing in, there would have been a different story to grace the pages of fistiana's ring history.

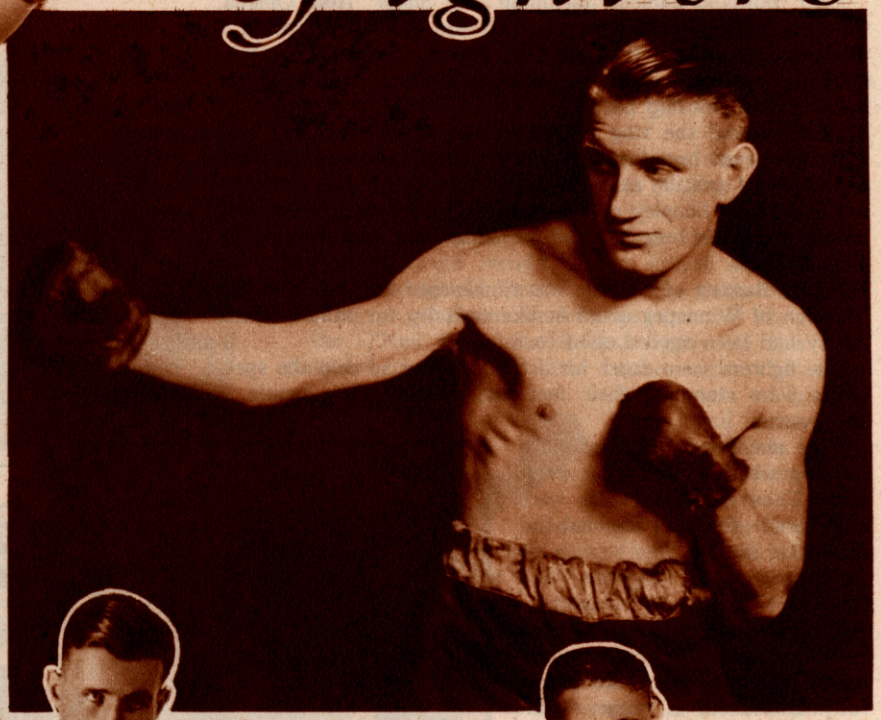
"For the fight with Weir, I received $125," said Miller. "That was as much of a disappointment to me as being knocked out. But after hall rent, police pay-off and other unaccounted expenses were deducted from the receipts, I guess I was lucky to get that century and a quarter.

"An unusual sight at the Weir fight," continued Tommy, "was the presence of the Spider's beautiful wife. She and a few women friends heavily veiled, sat in a suspended band stand of the rink. From the way Mrs. Weir shrieked, my punches hurt her more than they did her husband. But they tell me she was happy as a humming bird when I was counted out."

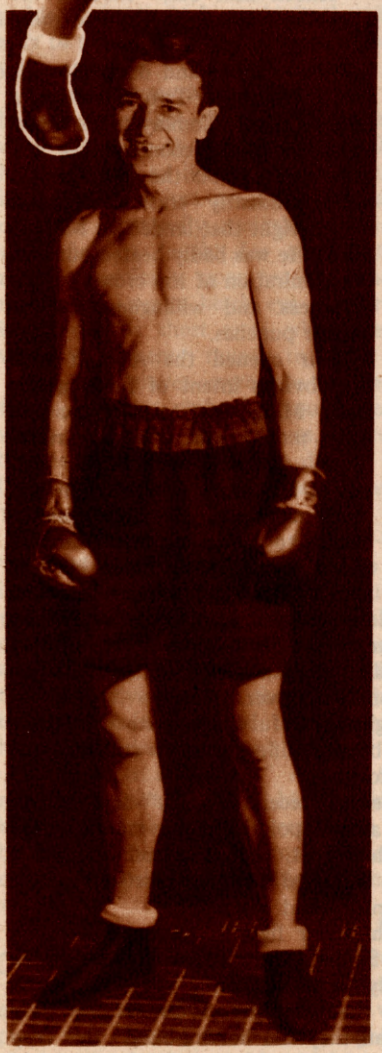
Good Club Fighters



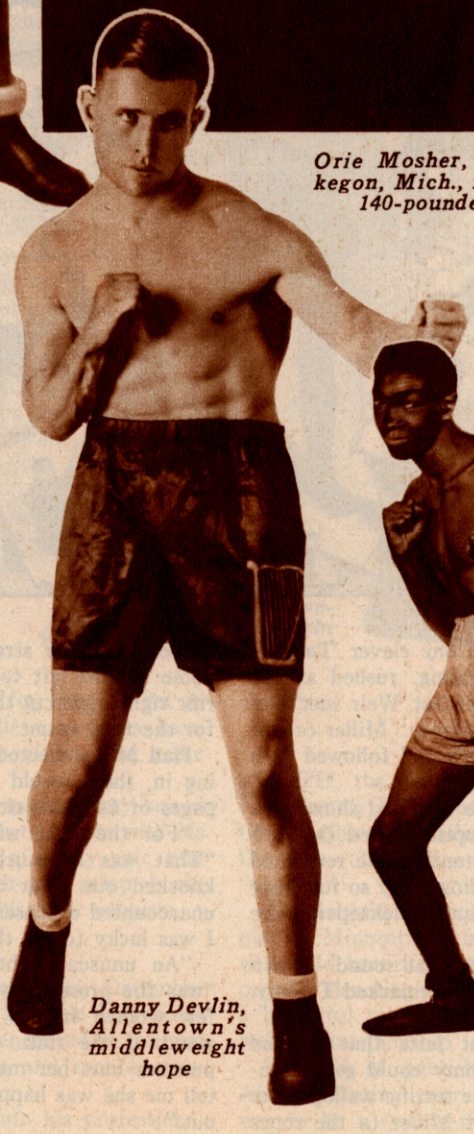
Johnny De Foe, New York's featherweight pride



Orie Mosher, Muskegon, Mich., rising 140-pounder



Gordon Mackley, Mansfield, Ohio, lightweight flash

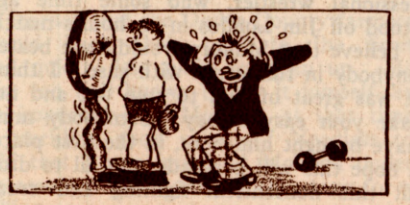


Danny Devlin, Allentown's middleweight hope

Archie "Speed" Person, Detroit's coming bantamweight

Flash Riser prominent Detroit heavyweight

A FIGHTER'S PLIGHT



Improper Guidance by Incompetent Managers, Often Ruins Bright Prospects

By HARVEY BRIGHT

"HELLO, kid, this is Bimbo speaking. I've got a good shot for you out in the sticks next Saturday night. Are you at weight?"

So yelled a manager recently to one of his string of fifteen or more fighters over whom he seems to hold a hypnotic spell. This type of manager, a Broadway character who, through his affiliation with gangdom, finds it possible to bull and boss his fighters in the most blatant manner, is one of the present-day school of fistic impresarios who have taken the place of those who handled the reins of pugilists prior to the entrance of racketeers into the sport, would not be able to carry on were it not for his gangster connections. He rules through threats and can get away with it because those under his control realize what is in store for them were they to bolt.

"I'm nine pounds overweight," answers the lad to whom the manager has just spoken, "and I can't get into trim at so short a notice."

"Overweight, my eye," replies the hard-boiled racketeer. "Get to work and boil that nine pounds out in a turkish bath and on the road. Do you get me?"

"I'll do my best," answers the lad who fears the consequences of disobedience, but on second thought, he added: "Do we work for a guarantee? You know how I was gypped in the last bout."

"Get to weight and quit your worrying. Let me do the worrying about the coin. I'll attend to the dough. You palookas forget that you are still only ham-and-eggers and must take the applesauce as it comes until you reach the top. Get me?"

"All right, boss, but how about you coming with me to see that I get a square deal and what's coming to us at the gate?"

"Hell, no. I'll send Joe Mushki with you. I'm too busy to waste my time out there. Leave it to me, kid. Get to weight, that's all you got to do. So long."

* * *

AND with that he leaves the lad to take care of himself as best he can.

And that is why there are so many punch-drunk fighters whose careers have been ruined by just such men as the manager referred to here. Too many cloak and suit makers, unemployed tramps and racketeers who should never be permitted to guide the destinies of fighters, are now the rulers in fisticuffs. Hundreds of poor, young, misguided, struggling fighters, boys with an exceedingly bright future, are ruined by the type who tells a mere youngster, still in his teens, to boil out in order that the manager, the leech, may draw down a few dollars. The field is full of such mentors and they are the biggest handicap to a boy's success in ring affairs.

The lads are willing enough, but they should not be tossed into ruination by men whose knowledge of the human structure and its needs are practically nil and who are guided solely by dollars and cents.

It's the poor, mediocre or inferior boxer who suffers the most hardships and tribulations in fistiana. He may be as game as a lion and as patient and clean-living as a saint, taking one battering beating after another without a squawk or an alibi. He may be the hero of a hundred battles and the winner of none. It is either the glory and glamor of the ring that keeps him fighting or more probably because he has no other way of earning a livelihood.

Many of these young, misguided struggling boxers are far gamer and more worthy in many respects than our greatest champions, who are surrounded with wealth, adulation, glory, cream-puffs and angel cakes. The poor, plodding, battered-up boxer endures his trials and tribulations alone and in silence. He is really a martyr to his vocation, while the pampered champion lives a life of luxury and only boxes once or twice a year for a fabulous sum. No wonder he laughs to himself.

* * *

THESE young boxers who are so constantly battling, sooner or later burn themselves out. They are obliged generally to keep in fine physical condition, ready to answer the call of the avaricious managers, who look upon most of their ringsters as mere money-getters.

When the over-worked or over-fought boxer becomes a physical wreck and is unable to keep up the battling pace, the avaricious manager turns him out to hustle for himself. "What good is he? He's all shot to pieces." I've so often heard some of these commercialized managers say so coldly.

But on the other hand, there are many worthy managers who take good care of their boys and endeavor to nurse and coach them along in a most fatherly way. A fighter just entering the game, should make certain, before he signs with a manager, that he is a person well qualified to direct the affairs of the youngsters. He should select a manager of the type of Jimmy Bronson, Doc Kearns, Johnny Buckley, Dan Carroll, Dan Morgan, Charley Harvey, Tom O'Rourke, Charley Dosereck, Bill Duffy, Luis Guitteriez, Joe Waterman, Biddy Bishop or others of their school. In short, it is most important that the man chosen as manager of a fighter whose prospects are bright, should be one who knows the sport from A to Z and knows not only the intricacies of managerial work but how to have his man trained.

The average fistic star or champion is usually more or less temperamental. He not only expects considerable attention and catering to, but quite frequently endeavors to dominate his manager and most everybody else in general.

These chesty gladiators are indeed very hard to handle when they are in the height of their pugilistic glory. They imagine themselves far superior to us common mortals. But when they fall by the wayside in defeat after defeat, they invariably become very docile.

* * *

MANY of the present-day fans remember "Wee Willie" Woods, who was the flyweight champion of Scotland and fought all comers from 109 to 118 pounds, until recently. Well, "Wee Willie" was quite a philosophical sort of a champion who didn't wrangle much over a few pounds in making a match. He fought the famous Jimmy Wilde of England a couple of rattling draws. When he came here, he decided to avoid the pitfalls into which other foreign boxers had fallen, and not being particular about having an American manager, he frequently traveled all over the U. S. A. alone, conducting his pugilistic affairs with considerable profit and to suit himself. He is one of the few (*Continued on page* 36)

A Fighter's Plight

(*Continued from page* 35)

fighters who have been successful as his own manager. A manager is an important part of a fighters profession, but in making a choice, exceptional care should be taken.

Willie Woods tells the following story to illustrate how he handled his own affairs. One cold, snowy winter's night he hopped off a train at rather a lonesome Ohio town with a bag in each hand. Entering the waiting-room of the railroad depot the little boxer stood for some time by the big iron stove warming up, and looking over the few stragglers seated about the dismal room.

Presently quite a husky young fellow walked over toward the boxer, and with an agreeable smile said: "Stranger in town I suppose, can I help you out, buddy?"

"Wee Willie" looked the husky over rather carefully and replied slowly: "Perhaps you can. Where's your boxing club in this town?"

"Why, it's about three miles from here, but you won't find anybody there this time of the night, but to-morrow night there'll be a big crowd there to see the show," answered the husky, pointing to a big poster on the wall with "Wee Willie's" and his opponent's name printed in big type.

"Where can I locate the manager of the club?" asked the boxer, rather anxiously. "I must see him tonight."

"Well, he generally hangs out in the Union Hotel, about a couple of miles from here, but the snow is much too deep for you to walk there, buddy. I'll drive you over there for a buck if you want to go to the hotel."

"Sure, I want to, the sooner the better. Got your rig here? Yes, all right, Bill. Let us be on our way."

* * *

AND soon they were in an ancient Ford car plowing through the deep, drifting snow. "How did you come to call me Bill? That's my name—Bill Woods," piped the husky driver cheerfully.

"That's my name also, but they call me 'Wee Willie' Woods in the boxing game."

"Holy smoke! Are you the feller who fights our local champion tomorrow night?" asked husky Bill in amazement.

"Yes, I'm the guy. Did you ever do any boxing, old scout?"

"Yes, quite a little with the amateurs, but I never could get a chance with the professionals. Can't break into the racket somehow or other, Mr. Woods."

When "Wee Willie" and his newly-made friend reached the hotel there was quite a crowd of enthusiastic fans chattering over the coming fight, like the usual fistic bugs on such an occasion.

Among them was the manager of the boxing club, who was considerably worried about the arrival of "Wee Willie." "I've wired and phoned New York several times today and got no satisfactory answer," declared the anxious promoter rather loudly. "I wonder where the little devil is?"

"Right here, Mister Manager. Right here, on time," shouted the little boxer, with a broad smile. "Get me a good, warm room with a bath. I want a good night's rest. No, I have no manager; I'm doing my business and my own fighting."

Willie won and quickly skipped off for another bout elsewhere. But "Wee Willie" was an exception to the rule. There isn't one in a hundred fighters who can travel through a country making his own matches and carry on successfully. A manager is a necessity, especially for the untried, and a manager who possesses ability plus intelligence and ingenuity—rare among the present crop—is worth his weight in gold to a fighter.

Dan Cupid . . .

(*Continued from page* 11)

calling if all off?" Hank asked.

"Getting yellow, eh?" sneered Murphy. "Think this big Franchman can take you? Gosh, I'm afraid now he CAN take you. But I'll gamble. Listen, you'll go through with the plot and like it."

Mallane laughed. "Okeh, only I cannot stay as long as I had planned. I have an important engagement in Seattle a week from today. Let's have one bout with La Brancheaux. I'll take him plenty. Then off I go."

For a while Murphy was obdurate. But Mallane finally persuaded him to accept the change in plan. It promised revenge, if not the big financial cleanup Murphy and his gang had expected.

The next evening events moved rapidly. La Brancheaux came to the Glanley place, found Mallane there again, and got nasty.

"I would like nothing better than to break you in two, stranger," said the Frenchman.

"I would like nothing better than to give you the chance to do it," laughed Mallane.

* * *

AND so it came about that the following day the woods were full of excitement. La Brancheaux had been challenged by that new man from Seattle! La Brancheaux was a three to one favorite. The Murphy gang went about cautiously, taking a hundred here, a tenner there—three to one, two to one—getting ready for the big cleanup.

They were to wrestle the next night, in the big mess hall. By this time Straker had gone. But Glanley volunteered to act as the referee.

The place was packed. Murphy adherents on one side, the La Brancheaux gang on the other, the air full of supressed excitement. Came nine o'clock, and no Mallane. La Brancheaux sat in his corner scowling.

Ten o'clock—and still no Mallane. Couriers were sent out to look for him. Word came from the company office that Glanley was wanted on the telephone.

Ten minutes later he was back in the ring. "There will be no wrestling match, boys," he announced—and he did it with a broad smile, too.

"I just had Mallane on the telephone. My daughter and he were married by Father Francis at Caribou Gap an hour ago, and they are taking the night train to Seattle.

"In justice to Mallane, let me reveal that he really is Harry Mallory, the professional wrestler, who some time ago stood off Jim Londos in an hour's match. I believe that Mallory would have beaten anybody in this camp with ease. I think it was great of him to step out and not take your easy money. Somebody must have brought him here, in the first place. I hope this will persuade you all to drop all this nonsensical fighting and crazy rivalry."

The crowd dispersed. La Brancheaux headed for Murphy's cabin and found him gone. In his own place, La Brancheaux found a note. "Just a couple of suckers for a nice little college boy. The best thing you can do is to follow my example and get out. I hope I catch up with you in another camp. Your pal, Pete."

Thus were peace and quiet restored to the Big Bend camp of the Northwest Empire Lumber Company.

Nat Fleischer Says:

(*Continued from page* 13)

THE recent defeat of Larry Gains, world's leading Negro heavyweight, by Walter Neusel of Germany, eliminates the British champion from further consideration in the heavyweight contender class and sets up the German as a new foreign menace. According to reports from my agents abroad, Neusel is "the goods." He can hit and he can take it and possesses a good knowledge of cleverness.

If that be so, Germany is well fortified in the heavyweight class. If Neusel, in an acid test in this country, should prove that all the good things that have been said about him are so, between Schmeling and him, Germany should have a strangle hold on the championship for the next five years, for at this writing Schmeling looks like a sure bet to regain the title next summer.

* * *

ON behalf of our army of readers, we congratulate the veteran Joe Humphreys, world-famous announcer, on the celebration of his sixty-second birthday. Boxers may come and boxers may go, but Joe carries on in his own inimical style at every big sports event in and around New York. Joe started in the game even before he took up with Terry McGovern, whom he once managed. He has been an announcer for upwards of forty years, during which period his clarion voice has been heard in championship boxing and wrestling matches that have made world history. He is an institution in New York, where the fans would be at a loss without their Joe. THE RING wishes Joe Humphreys many more years of activity.

* * *

THE past month saw the passing of two great fistic characters, both ranked as America's foremost instructors of boxers—Dan Hickey and Jimmy Deforest. They died within a few days of each other.

From Milo to Londos

(*Continued from page* 17)

it, learned that the Dodge County farmers would back their man to the limit and quietly laid plans to clean up. He was too well known to try it himself, so he imported Dan McLeod, at that time a crackling good wrestler. Needless to add that Burns imported McLeod under an assumed name and set the stage for a killing.

The unwary Gotch and his Humboldt friends little dreamed how good McLeod was rated when they accepted the match. The men wrestled it out on a Sunday. No hall in Humboldt could have held the crowd so the men stripped and wrestled on the bare ground in the ball park.

McLeod handlers saw to it that plenty of cinders from a nearby round house covered the improvised mat, figuring that Gotch would be underneath on his back most of the time and that he would quit cold when his back was rubbed sufficiently hard enough into the cinders.

* * *

BRIEFLY the match was a tough one and lasted until darkness. It took all of McLeod's cleverness to stall off the rushing tactics of Gotch, who soon resembled a huge hamburger steak. McLeod finally pinned the youngster's shoulders to the mat, but was himself all in when the referee tapped him on the shoulder. The match was really looked upon as a Gotch victory.

The wily "Farmer" was Gotch's next opponent. They met at Fort Dodge, Iowa, in December, 1899. The "Farmer" was on a country-wide tour offering $25 to any man that would stay on the mat with him for fifteen minutes. He was at the height of his career and although a witness to the McLeod-Gotch affair, figured that he could easily take the youngster over the jumps. That he was almost jolted out of his guarantee goes without saying.

The "Farmer" was, and still is for that matter, a past master in scientific wrestling, but he had to call upon all his tricks-in-trade to down Gotch before the limit. The time was 11 minutes. Burns addressed the crowd from the footlights after the match saying:

"If Gotch will travel with me I will make him champion of America." Burns later made good on that promise.

Gotch progressed rapidly under the teachings of the "Farmer," and easily disposed of Ruby, Galliton Scheller, Moth, Duncan, McMillan, former title holder; and Wassem. In the spring of 1901, Dick Butler, a millionaire of Alaska, came to Iowa to persuade Burns to take a trip to the Yukon and clean up the camps. Butler asserted that a fortune was to be made up there for a wrestler who could deliver the goods. Burns was unwilling to leave his family, but recommended Gotch as the man to clean up. So under the name of Frank Kennedy, Gotch started with Butler for the Yukon. He was back in Iowa less than six months later without a defeat chalked up against his record and with over $35,000 in gold.

* * *

THE first stop of Gotch in Alaska was at a mining camp. He was introduced by Butler to a few friends as a placer miner who was seeking his fortune in the gold fields. The camp in particular had a bully. He was in the habit of "showing off" about the camp on Saturday nights, and one evening had a run in with "Kennedy."

In less time than it takes to tell it the bully was howling for mercy as he lay flat on his back enmeshed in a full Nelson. The story of "Kennedy's" victory over the "bad man" quickly circulated about the camps and in due course of time a challenge was hurled at "Kennedy" by Billy Murdock, champion wrestler of the district.

The bout was held in a saloon, and the camps for miles around turned out to a man to witness the downfall of the stranger. The bout lasted exactly four minutes. Gotch rushed out at the word "Go" and roughed Murdock about the room, cuffing him about the ears and head and tripping him at every opportunity. Seeing an opening, Gotch made a flying tackle at Murdock's legs and both crashed to the sawdust floor, with Gotch on top.

With a wrench and a pull, Gotch slapped on a full Nelson and Murdock rolled over on his back. "Kennedy's" fame spread like wildfire, and within two weeks he had been challenged and had thrown two wrestlers named Riley and Murphy, both for purses of $2,500, after a few minutes work.

The miners began to think that for a plain placer miner "Kennedy" was a remarkable wrestler, but Gotch let them talk and quietly went about his work of searching for gold. Down at Dawson they boasted of a crack wrestler by the name of White.

The weekly papers insisted upon a meeting between the two, and within a week of his last match "Kennedy" posted $2,500 to cover White's forfeit. Vast sums were wagered on the ultimate outcome, but "Kennedy" did not keep his supporters long in suspense, as he threw White three times in less than eighteen minutes.

The champion wrestler of Alaska was Silas Archer. "Kennedy" was out to clean up and issued a bold defi to Archer for a match to a finish, with the championship of the Klondike at stake. They both bet $10,000 as a side issue, and the miners turned out in force, traveling miles through the snow to witness the championship tilt.

Again lump sums of gold were wagered on the outcome, and again the backers of "Kennedy" were rewarded for their loyalty when he threw Archer with a double wrist lock, after eighteen minutes gruelling work. Gotch cleaned up $18,000 on that match alone.

(*More about Gotch in next month's issue of* The Ring.)

The Man of the Hour

(*Continued from page* 3)

card, he will have to remember that he forced Sharkey to accept little for his chance at the crown and that the shoe will now be on the other foot.

* * *

THERE is no need for rehearsing the Schmeling-Walker battle. That was thoroughly handled in the last issue. But in a discussion of this kind, it is apropos to remark that if Sharkey had extended himself to the limit in his bout with Walker, the lesson brought home by Schmeling when he slaughtered the plucky little Irishman, will undoubtedly have its results in a return bout with Sharkey.

That exhibition which Sharkey took in as a ringside guest at the Garden Bowl, will have its effects on the new title holder. Sharkey knows now, if he never knew it before, that the Schmeling who only recently in the Garden Bowl so decisively whipped Walker, is the coolest, hardest hitting puncher in the heavyweight ranks. Added to that, Schmeling will carry with him a determination to bring back to the Fatherland the championship which he and his people feel was unjustly taken from him, and that will make Sharkey more wary than ever.

And such a Sharkey will have little chance against the Schmeling who carried home the bacon in the Walker tilt. It is quite early to go picking a winner in a bout that probably won't take place for another nine months, but I'll go on record now with the statement that when that fight takes place, Schmeling will be the first former heavyweight king to regain his crown.

With Bill Corum, the able columnist of the New York Evening Journal, I was Sharkey's staunchest supporter throughout the years that he fought for championship recognition, I still am his ardent admirer. For almost seven years I have been a Sharkey man because I believed in his prowess and felt that he would reward my support by winning the championship and now that he has fulfilled that obligation, the time to shift to his perennial rival has come, because the Schmeling of today is in the same class of the Sharkey of three years back.

* * *

WILLIAM F. CAREY, president of Madison Square Garden, the man whose faith in boxing was responsible for the expenditure of thousand of dollars for the building of a gigantic sports bowl at a time when the nation was pleading for big business to open its purses and furnish employment, has been amply rewarded. He predicted the comeback of boxing and I don't think he'll be disappointed.

Haymakers

(*Continued from page* 4)

is one that is almost certain to send a man out, yet there are many other vital spots where a knockout punch can be delivered. For example there is the punch flush to the jaw or to the point of the chin. There is the wallop behind the ear that is most dangerous and if properly struck, may bring about insensibility. There is the heart attack and the punch to the forehead just at the side of the eye, such as knocked out Tommy Loughran in his fight with Jack Sharkey.

The point of the chin is the favorite target of the fighter. A blow there, if landed with force, will cut the wires of consciousness quicker than in any other place. Yet often a knockout punch that has been delivered to the jaw is described by both scribes and fans as "a blow that landed flush to the point." We have seen fighters knocked out by blows that just nicked the chin, by punches that landed on the side of the jaw, on the back of the neck, behind the ear, over the temple and flush to the mouth. That proves that there is no one spot which may be described as the only place which, when struck, will bring on a knockout. It all depends on the physical make-up of the man who receives the punch.

When a fighter is knocked out, invariably it is with a punch that has landed over the heart, the solar-plexus or to some part of the head. There are many cases on record where the fighter who was knocked cold was sent into dreamland or into a helpless state through a punch or series of blows landed elsewhere, but as a rule, the heart, solar-plexus or head is the spot selected. Sam Langford, who recently appeared in a vaudeville sketch with his pal, Joe Walcott, described a fight with John Lester Johnson in which he told how he knocked Lester out with a punch on the seat of his anatomy.

It was in the old Atlantic Gardens of New York City, down on the Bowery near Canal Street that Sambo turned the trick. And it all happened because Johnson tried to make a marathon race out of the fight. He started to run as soon as the bell rang and this riled Langford, who, having trained on the fat of the land, was in no condition to enter a race.

His wind was bad and it was getting worse. The three minutes of the first round found the Boston Tar Baby gasping for breath. When the second round started, Langford made up his mind that the bout would have to end in a jiffy or Sambo would be unable to continue. So he started footing it after the man who had once fractured Jack Dempsey's ribs.

Johnson, seeing fire in his opponent's eyes, hoofed it faster than in the opening session with Sam after him. The round was almost drawing to a close, when Sam cut loose a powerful right swing that came up, like Frank Moran's Mary Ann, and the blow landed square on that spot of John Lester Johnson's anatomy that comes in closest proximity to his chair when he sits down to his pork chops.

He toppled over with a thud, his head striking the canvas first. He tried to get up as the referee counted but the farthest he could get, was on his elbows. He was counted out while crowd cried "quitter," yet Johnson didn't do a nose dive because be wanted to have it over with. When he was struck, that blow was delivered with such force that it paralyzed his lower extremities and he had no control of his legs for ten minutes afterward.

Technically speaking, that blow was a foul. It landed below the belt yet Johnson made no claim because he didn't want any more of Sam Langford. That one haymaker on the seat of the anatomy was sufficient for John Lester Johnson.

Master of Fisticuffs

(*Continued from page* 14)

Britton got the award of the referee and the title. Britton grabbed the decision in the following meeting, which took place in Boston, Oct. 16, 1916. Then came a decision of draw in another bout in Boston, Nov. 14, 1916, and this was followed by decisionless bouts in Cincinnati, St. Louis, Toronto and New York.

Lewis regained the title on June 25, 1917, the Englishman getting the referee's nod at the end of 20 rounds at Dayton, O. The pair met in four decisionless bouts in 1918, and then in 1919 came the final chapter in which Britton scored his 9th round victory. In 1921 Britton won a 15-round decision from Lewis for good measure.

In 1922 in New York, Britton was divested of his welter title by Mickey Walker, in a 15-round bout which went the limit, Walker getting the decision.

In the same year Britton was awarded the verdict on a foul in a bout with Benny Leonard, then the lightweight king. The foul blow was not below the belt, but was a smash on the head before Britton, who had been floored, was able to arise. Much adverse comment was heard as to this bout, the charge being made that Leonard had purposely ended the battle with the illegal blow. It seems incredible that Leonard, who could have won the welter title from Britton, would have foregone the honor. Leonard's reputation for square shooting is quite as unimpeachable as Britton's and there is small reason for accusation against either one of these sterling boxers.

Britton began his boxing career in 1904, and he engaged in hundreds of bouts. As showing his excellent physical and mental condition he continued to box right up to 1931, a period of 27 years.

His family life has been ideal, and his rugged physical condition is attested by the fact that now in his 46th year he is instructor in the Down Town Club, where his knowledge of athletics and his gentlemanly deportment are appreciated.

When Tammany Leaders Were Real Fighters

(*Continued from page* 29)

handed swing, that sent him flying to the floor, head over heels.

But what a sight the poor plucky Peddler was at the finish when he dropped helplessly toward the end of the 17th round and was counted out by "Sugar" Murphy, the veteran timekeeper.

Fatty Walsh took up a collection for the defeated man and nearly every fan present gave generously as it was the custom in those good old days, when a fighter showed the real fighting spirit and thoroughbred gameness, whether he won or lost.

Immediately after the fight was over, the police, who learned that they had been tricked, came back to the saloon and worked with a vengeance to get even. The clubs were freely used, but some of the huskies refused to submit to the attack and waded in so that for a time the scene just outside the rendezvous resembled a Donnybrook affair.

Those were the happy days! You always got your money's worth, and then some!

Cradles of Boxing

(*Continued from page* 31)

the police. Securing a horse, he did the Paul Revere act, thereby saving Chambers, George Rooke, his second, and others from arrest. All told, the police trapped about 200, many of whom, including Seddons, were fined by the court. Those who were unable to pay went to jail.

Despite this rude interruption and general marring of what was to have been a championship mill, Seddons and Chambers finally got together inside ropes about 3 a. m., Sunday, August 3, 1873, near what was once known as New Utrecht on the road to Coney Island. The ring was formed by tying the ropes to trees.

Seddons was outclassed, and in the 47th round his seconds tossed in the sponge. He was so badly mussed up that he had to be assisted through the ropes, while Chambers suffered but a few slight bruises. Thus Arthur became the undisputed wearer of the lightweight crown.

Seddons sought another meeting, but nothing materialized. He finally retired from the active ring, secured a position with the old New York, Lake Erie and Western R. R., as a special detective, and continued in its employ until his death, December 10, 1884. He sleeps in a Brooklyn cemetery.

As for Tommy Kelly, his old foe, he was to have a long and interesting career —was to rise to the heights of being acclaimed featherweight champion—hobnob with John L. Sullivan and other notables only to come to a doleful end. We will deal more fully with him in the next of the series.

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

Rudi Homis, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—What has become of Mel Coogan, the old lightweight who fought when Benny Leonard was in his prime?

A.—He is still around New York managing fighters. Willie Klein and Hans Mueller among them.

Harold Fuester, Milwaukee

Q.—I am 21 years old, played football and was a track athlete at high school and always was interested in boxing. Am I too old to begin training for a professional career? I know something about the sport, hence do not feel that it will all be new to me. I have been out of work for almost two years and have decided to become a boxer.

A.—No, you are not too old. I would advise that you get Training for Boxing, How to Box, The Straight Left and How to Cultivate It and the Art of Infighting, and study them carefully. Join a club or a gym and work intensively for at least three months. It would be preferable were you first to engage in half a dozen or more amateur fights.

Mazie Clifton, Baltimore, Md.

Q.—Is there any club that you can suggest near Baltimore where girls can learn boxing. Of course, not for a professional career, but simply to become adept in it.

A.—Sorry, I don't know. In New York, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien teaches women how to box.

James Kane, Baltimore, Md.

Q.—Please name the heavyweight champions from 1880 to the present day. How old was Jess Willard when he won the title?

A.—Paddy Ryan, 1880; 1882, John L. Sullivan; 1892, James J. Corbett; 1897, Bob Fitzsimmons; 1899, James J. Jeffries; 1906, Tommy Burns; 1908, Jack Johnson; 1915, Jess Willard; 1919, Jack Dempsey; 1926, James J. Tunney; 1930, Max Schmeling; 1932, Jack Sharkey. Willard was 31.

Frankie Moore, Holyoke, Mass.

Q.—Was there a fighter years back called Bing Conley?

A.—Yes, a middleweight.

Gene Sweitzer, Cleveland, Ohio

Q.—What is Strangler Lewis' chest development?

A.—He has a normal chest of 47 and expanded 51.

Joseph Ryan, Hoboken, N. J.

Q.—Is it compulsory for a boxer in New York to buy his trunks at any particular store?

A.—No. Most boxers get the Everlast trunks and gloves because for many years that firm has supplied the clubs of New York with both, just as Levinson does in California.

Giuseppe Caruso, Boston, Mass.

Q. Does the Ring-Everlast card which The Ring issues entitle the holder to fifteen percent off on books?

A.—No. Only on Everlast sports goods.

Q.—Can I obtain Bohun Lynch's Prize Ring which is advertised in THE RING in any Boston book shop?

A.—No, only at the Ring Book Shop, which now has a special sale on. The book costs $30, but is being sold for $5. There are only 21 copies left.

Austin Martin, New Rochelle, N. Y.

Q.—Has Jack Sherry a greater reach than Strangler Lewis? How do their ankles, calf, forearm and wrist measurements compare?

A.—No, the reach of both is 72 inches. Lewis' measurements are: ankle, 10½; calf, 16; forearm, 16, and wrist, 10 inches. Those of Sherry are: ankle, 12; calf, 17; forearm, 14½, and wrist, 8½.

Harry Condon, Miami, Florida

Q.—If a fighter is downed, can he arise and then go down again without being hit if he feels like it?

A.—No. If he does, the referee should disqualify him for going down without being struck.

Jack Price, Baltimore, Md.

Q.—Has every state where boxing is staged the rule that compels a fighter to go to a neutral corner when he floors his opponent? Who inaugurated it?

A.—Yes. It is the fairest rule ever drawn up in boxing and the credit for that humane rule belongs to William Muldoon, dean of New York commissioners.

Carl Abingdon, Holyoke, Mass.

Q.—What was Dempsey's hardest fight?

A.—He says that with Gunboat Smith, although many think the one with Firpo, in which he saved his title by an eyelash, was just as tough.

Paddy Jaconi, Vancouver, B. C.

Q. —Did Mike McTigue and Berlenbach ever meet?

A.—Yes. Berlenbach dethroned Mike as world light-heavyweight king.

Oscar Gardner, New York City

Q.—Who refereed the famous fight between Matty Baldwin and Leach Cross? I say that Tim Hurst was the official and my friend claims it was Joe Hass.

A.—Both are wrong, though your friend is near enough to win the bet. The referee was Joe Hess, not Hass.

Thomas Jordan, Aukland, Australia

Q.—What has become of good old Tom O'Rourke, the master manager of the old school?

A.—He's still active. He is part owner of the Pioneer Gymnasium of New York City and is a manager of several good fighters. Old Tom, were he as young to-day as he was when he handled the affairs of Walcott and Dixon, would show the boys of to-day something.

Gertrude McAleenan, Montclair, N. J.

Q.—I am eager to go through the files of the old Police Gazette for the years 1884 to 1897 to hunt up some material on old crimes of that period? Is there a public library where I can get these books?

A.—No. The only complete set that I know of are in possession of Nat Fleischer, owner of THE RING, who recently bought them at the receiver's sale of the Police Gazette. But while on the subject I might add that if you're looking for the real hot crimes of those days the Police News, a rival of the Gazette, was by far the better book. Nat Fleischer also has these books—an invaluable collection which cost him several thousand dollars for the Gazette and the News.

J. M. Joens, Shamoken, Pa.

Q.—Every time I get into an argument, I get highly excited. When I hit anyone I get very nervous and my heart beats very fast. How can I stop this?

A.—Very easily. Don't get excited. Don't lose your temper. If you read Training for Boxers you will find in one of the early chapters a little sermon that fits your case. You'll never make a good fighter if you lose your temper.

R. Garcia, Tampa, Florida

Q.—Did the Mexican champion wrestler, Gilbert Martinez Larrea, ever wrestle Jim Londos and beat him?

A.—He met him once, but Londos won. He is only a third rater.

Q.—Does Babe Arizmendo possess the qualities of a champion?

A.—He's a good boy, but has a long way to go to become a champion.

Frank Garfield, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—In looking over the exercises in Training for Boxing, I tried to chin the bar as your book suggests. But I find that I tire quickly. Is it because I don't handle myself properly?

A.—I think that is the answer. You should start by hanging on the bar with your arms straight. Then endeavor to bring your chin over the bar by flexing the arms and pulling the body upwards. If you do it that way instead of having yourself almost doubled-up before chinning, you won't tire so easily.

Mark Hanfield, Detroit, Mich.

Q.—Is the rowing machine a good thing to use while in training?

A.—Not for a boxer. Good for a wrestler.

Charles McKenna, San Francisco, Cal.

Q.—I am 24 years old, weigh 147 pounds and stand 5 feet 6¾ inches. What should my normal development be?

A.—Reach, 67 to 69 inches; neck, 15; chest, normal, 38; expanded, 41; thigh, 19; forearm, 10½; calf, 13¾; biceps, 12; wrist, 7¾; ankle, 9; waist, 30½; fist, 10.

Charles Klein, Freeport, L. I.

Q.—Should a boxer learn bag punching—that is with the light bag?

A.—By all means. It is just as important as punching the big bag. In fact more important, as it gives accuracy of eye and brings about proper timing of punches. Go to any gym and watch such stars as Sharkey, Dempsey, Petrolle, McLarnin, Leonard, Canzoneri, Chocolate train diligently with the small bag. If you ever expect to be a good boxer, you had better get started now to perfect your bag punching. Get a copy of Seeback's Bag Punching.

Thomas Dolan, Fort Davis, Canal Zone

Q.—There is a man down here who goes by the name of Tommy Marlow. He is a bartender and claims that he is the Harlem Tommy Murphy of Brooklyn. Is he?

A.—He may be a Tommy Murphy of the ring of years ago, but he is not "The Harlem Tommy Murphy," for Harlem Tommy is right here in New York, where he attends all the fights. He is an instructor in the Elks Club of Brooklyn.

Charles Tallafaro, Dallas, Texas

Q.—What is a pin fall in wrestling?

A.—When both shoulders are pinned to the mat. A rolling fall is one in which one shoulder first touches, then rises as the other goes down to touch the mat.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

SEPTEMBER provided some unusually exciting events in fisticuffs, topped by the Max Schmeling-Mickey Walker encounter which ended in the eighth round. When Jack Kearns asked the referee to intercede. This victory gives Schmeling a high rating. It also earned him the right to clash with Sharkey in a return engagement. Max Baer continued his excellent work by stopping Tuffy Griffiths and Stanley Poreda maintained his standing by whipping Tommy Loughran. Baer now is the third ranking heavyweight.

Jimmy McLarnin ended the comeback aspirations of Benny Leonard by stopping him in the sixth round. Andy Callahan created a surprise in winning from Lou Brouillard. Tony Canzoneri looked great in disposing of Lew Kersch and Frankie Petrolle. Kid Chocolate earned the right to the featherweight championship by disposing of Lew Feldman in twelve rounds.

Starting with the heavyweight class here is a summary of the month's leading fights:

Schmeling stopped Walker in the eighth and Baer finished Griffiths in seven rounds. Poreda looked good in winning from Loughran. Primo Carnera turned in knockouts over Jack Taylor in two rounds, Ted Sandwina four and Gene Stanton six rounds. Larry Gains won over Salvatore Ruggirello, but was beaten by Walter Neusel. Unknown Winston stepped into the spotlight with a one-round knockout over Billy Jones and a victory over Ernie Schaaf.

King Levinsky turned in a win over Joe Sekyra. Tony Galento flattened Natie Brown in one session. Charley Retzlaff kayoed Les Kennedy in two rounds and whipped Jack Roper. Tiger Jack Fox won over K. O. Christner. Arthur Huttick scored over Walter Cobb. Don McCorkindale finished Reggie Meen in four rounds and George Cook in ten. Charley Belanger drew with Tony Shucco.

Vincent Parrile scored over Al Fay. Jimmy Braddock defeated Dynamite Jackson but was beaten by Tom Patrick. Art Lasky knocked out Hal Murphy in four rounds. Fred Lenhart whipped Pietro Georgie, but was kayoed by John Henry Lewis in four rounds. Dick Daniels won over Roy Williams. Red Barry triumphed over Yustin Sirutis. Don Petrin defeated Frankie Cawley. Frankie Simms kayoed Jack Signore in one round.

MAXEY Rosenbloom showed plenty of activity in the light-heavyweight division, although no title was at stake. He whipped Jack Redman, Tiger Jack Fox and Lew Scozza. Bob Godwin defeated Red Barry. Joe Knight trimmed Georgie Nichols. Adolph Heuser kayoed Leo Williams in three rounds. Joe Banovic defeated Sam Weiss. Chuck Burns whipped Johnny Roberts and Roberts kayoed Jimmy Sullivan in nine rounds. Al White scored over Dick Fullam.

Vince Dundee headed the middleweight class in winning from Owen Phelps after a tough scrap. Sammy Slaughter defeated Al Stillman. Frank Battaglia got a draw in his match with Chick Devlin. Ben Jeby disposed of Paul Pirrone in six rounds. Norman Conrad drew with Al Gainer and kayoed Battling Archie in five rounds. Gorilla Jones won over Johnny Peppe. Marty Sampson drew with Jack Rosenberg. Jack Kilbourne defeated Jack Mackaway and Popper Stopper.

Jimmy McLarnin earned top ranking in the welterweight division through his six round knockout over Benny Leonard. Andy Callahan put himself strongly in the ranks through his win over Lou Brouillard. Eddie Kid Wolfe drew with Teddy Yarosz and whipped Emil Rossi. Yarosz won over Abe Lichtenstein. King Tut kayoed Johnny Freeman in two rounds and Kermit Thompson in three. Baby Joe Gans disposed of Eddie Moore in two heats. Paulie Walker stopped Young Terry in four rounds, Eddie Shapiro in two and won over Relampago Saguero.

Tommy Herman won over Freddy Steele. Joey Goodman whipped Marty Goldman. Jack King won from Young Eiler and Tiger Joe Randall. Eddie Ran defeated Eddie Beaurivage. Manuel Quintero scored over Lope Tenorio and was beaten by Ray Kiser. Jimmy Evans scored over Andy Di Vodi. Frankie Petrolle disposed of Mike Sarko in six sessions.

TONY CANZONERI'S knockouts over Kersch and Petrolle were registered in the third round. Johnny Jadick won over Joey Harrison and Lew Raymond. Lew Massey scored over Johnny Datto and kayoed Jack Willis in four rounds. Barney Ross decisively whipped Battling Battalino. Tracey Cox disposed of Chet Smallwood in one session. Wesley Ramey won over Herman Perlick. Mickey Cohen stopped Eddie Mack in six rounds. Pete Nebo defeated Frankie Carlton, Young Firpo, and then drew with Firpo. Firpo won from Buster Brown.

Battling Gizzy scored over Joe Marcus. Louis Kid Kaplan whipped Eddie Holmes. Steve Haliako trimmed Pancho Villa. Jimmy Alvarez kayoed Harry Sankey in nine rounds, Jimmy Reed in four, and drew with Lew Terry. Terry defeated Battling Shaw and kayoed Sammy Malone in two heats. Cecil Payne disposed of Max Koshover in the first session. Frank Bojorski kayoed Ray Van Hook in six rounds and whipped Eddie Lord. Baby Pacho drew with Frankie Klick. Harry Carlton whipped Paola Villa. Charley Baxter stopped Tiger Kid Walker in four rounds. Al Donnelly won from Jose Estrada.

Kid Chocolate earned his right to the featherweight crown by finishing Lew Feldman in the twelfth round. He also defeated Johnny Farr. Fidel La Barba won over Little Dempsey. Baby Arizmendi started off in the featherweight division with a win over Newsboy Brown. Tommy Paul kayoed Danny Dempsey in eight rounds. Paul Dazzo defeated Joe Palazzola and Jackie Sharkey. Sharkey whipped Kid Irish. Varias Milling drew with Tiger Baby Flowers.

Al Brown, upheld his laurels in the bantam class by winning from Mose Butch. Speedy Dado scored over Young Tommy. Bobby Leitham whipped Tony Marino. Ross Fields finished Billy Cain in two rounds and Lew Pacion disposed of Ray McIntyre in four. Eddie Reed won from Lew Farber. Johnny King won the British bantamweight championship from Dick Corbett. Petey Hayes scored over Joe Palazzola and Andy Bundy whipped Abie Israel.

In the flyweight division, Midget Wolgast defeated Pedro Villaneuva and drew with Lew Snyder. Babe Triscaro went on even terms with Johnny Edwards. Young Perez kayoed Percey Dexter in nine rounds.

The eight best prospects of the month are:
Flyweight—Skippy Allen, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Bantamweight—Mick Scialaba, Chicago, Ill.
Featherweight—Wilbur Chevalier, Bay City, Mich.
Lightweight—Midget Mexico, El Paso, Texas.
Welterweight—Jimmy Rice, New York City.
Middleweight—Joe Kaminsky, Allentown, Pa.
Light-Heavyweight—Johnny Miles, St. Louis, Mo.
Heavyweight—George Kuntz, Springfield, Mass.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH OF OCTOBER

The following are my ratings for the month ending October 22:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Jack Sharkey	World's Champion Maxey Rosenbloom	World's Champion Marcel Thil	World's Champion Jackie Fields
1—Max Schmeling	Bob Godwin	Vince Dundee	Jimmy McLarnin
2—Max Baer	Joe Knight	Frank Battaglia	Young Corbett
3—Stanley Poreda	Adolph Heuser	Sammy Slaughter	Johnny Indrisano
4—Johnny Risko	Al Gainer	Dave Shade	Andy Callahan
5—Primo Carnera	Billy Jones	Chick Devlin	Eddie Kid Wolfe
6—King Levinsky	Lew Scozza	Ben Jeby	Teddy Yarosz
7—Walter Neusel	Ham Jenkins	Gorilla Jones	Lou Brouillard
8—Unknown Winston	Harry Ebbets	Norman Conrad	King Tut
9—Larry Gains	Bob Olin	Marty Sampson	Paulie Walker
10—Ernie Schaaf	Owen Phelps	Jack Rosenberg	Baby Joe Gans

Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Tony Canzoneri	World's Champion Kid Chocolate	World's Champion Al Brown	Title Vacant
1—Johnny Jadick	Fidel La Barba	Speedy Dado	Midget Wolgast
2—Billy Petrolle	Baby Arizmendi	Pete Sanstol	Little Pancho
3—Sammy Fuller	Nel Tarleton	Newsboy Brown	Mickey McGuire
4—Lew Massey	Lew Feldman	Young Tommy	Babe Triscaro
5—Barney Ross	Eddie Shea	Emile Pladner	Young Perez
6—Benny Bass	Albert Ladou	Eugene Huat	Jackie Brown
7—Tracey Cox	Kid Francis	Johnny King	Phil Tobias
8—Wesley Ramey	Tommy Paul	Bobby Leitham	Valentin Anglemann
9—Prince Saunders	Paul Dazzo	Ross Fields	Jose Arilla
10—Battling Gizzy	Miki Gelb	Mose Butch	Maurice Huguenin

The NEW Training Book

The Book of the Hour
Just What You Need

The Newly Revised 8th Edition of

"TRAINING FOR BOXERS"

Now Ready . . . . . Only $1.00

Even if you have already in your possession a copy of "Training for Boxers", you should also get a copy of the New, Revised Edition of "Training for Boxers".

Fill out this coupon and mail with $1.00 to The Ring Book Shop, 11 West 42nd St., New York City.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

State.....

IN AND NEAR CHICAGO
By FRANK MAESTRO

BARNETT ROSOFSKY, Barney Ross to you, was a Christmas present to his mother and father 23 years ago and if his dad was living today he probably would say: "Barney was a gift to us and he is a gift to the boxing world." And Barney, who has legalized the name of Ross, is just that. He is a real gentleman in and out of the ring and has reached a high ranking in the lightweight class because of those characteristics and perseverance and hard work in training.

Ross' story is the same that has been used for time immemorial, but it is true and you may find something different in it.

Barney was born in New York City, N. Y., December 23, 1909. His parents, Jewish-Americans, shortly afterward moved to the Ghetto district in Chicago. Two brothers and a sister are older than Ross and two brothers and a sister are younger. Barney is the only boxer in the family.

After Ross' father was killed by bandits' bullets eight years ago, the family moved in the Lawndale district on the southwest side.

Ross has been boxing five years, two as an amateur and three as a professional. He had 150 amateur fights, winning 45 by knockouts and losing only one. In 1929 he copped the Golden Gloves featherweight championship. Shortly afterward he turned pro.

Solly Schuman, ex-featherweight, who now is conducting a successful hot dog stand and restaurant at 3761 Ogden Avenue, has announced that Mrs. Lena Levy, sister-manager of King Levinsky, has a rival. She is Lil Fischer, who has signed to manage Bobby Klein, west side middleweight.

Jack O'Keefe, manager of Tuffy Griffith, owns an $18,000 residence in Oak Park where he lives with his mother, who is 78 years old; a single sister, a married sister and two nephews. O'Keefe bought the home five years ago. He is one of our most noted bachelors. Before Jack entered the boxing game 13 years ago, he had been a detective sergeant 10 years. He owns a Pierce Arrow automobile and dropped $35,000 in investments this year.

Odds and ends—Mickey Patrick, who graduated from Roosevelt High in East Chicago, Ind., has taken up a pre-law course at Indiana University extension school. . . . Ancil Hoffman, San Francisco promoter, owns two fruit ranches at Fair Oaks, Cal. . . . Johnny Hagan, who fought Sammy Mandell, is a yellow cab driver. . . . He is heading his 10-year-old daughter, Dorothy, toward a stage career.

When Earl Mastro, former Chicago featherweight contender, decided to forego all other championship possibilities in favor of a career on the stage the world's boxing followers must have thought many funny things. But in discontinuing his fight career when at the peak of his form, Mastro, who has a feature role in Fanchon and Marco's presentation of the Broadway musical comedy hit, "Follow Thru," knew he was doing the right thing.

Charlie White, who was recognized as lightweight champion some years ago, has started gymnasium classes at the Illinois Women's athletic club every Wednesday night. He has a series of four classes at half-hour intervals from 7:30 until 9:30. Scores of women have joined White's gym classes through announcements each week day morning at 9 o'clock over radio station WGN.

Bill Demetral was spokesman for nine Chicago wrestlers, who appeared before the Illinois athlethic commission to make a formal protest against the appearance of Jim Londos and his group of matsters. Demetral stated his fellow wrestlers could not obtain work in Chicago because of the so-called Londos clique.

The boxing committee of the Central A. A. U. and the Illinois athletic commission have agreed to co-operate more enthusiastically hereafter in the regulation of amateur boxing in the state. The commission has no jurisdiction over amateur bouts which are conducted according to the rules of the A. A. U.

Jimmy Carres, South Chicago fight manager, writes from 705 Market Street in Wilmington, Del., that he has promoted four successful shows and that his battlers, Jack Kilbourne and Costes Vassis, are doing fine. Kilbourne whipped Popper Stopper, Chester, Pa., Negro, in his fourth straight victory in the east.

Jimmy Bidwill, former boxer, has announced that over 50 boys have turned out for boxing instruction at St. Philip High School, 3141 Jackson Boulevard. Bidwill, who is boxing instructor at St. Philip, said that Ed Garvey, Angelo Di Benedetto, Charles Carey, Bud Ward, Jack O'Connor, Matt Wheeler, Bill Herlihy, Frank Lenninger are in the group.

Some of this and a little of that—George Strickler, former Notre Dame student, is 33 years old and the father of twin boys. . . . Ben Schuman, father of Solly, Harry, Moe and the rest of the Schumans, is 53 years old and a veteran of the Spanish-American war in 1898. . . . Several months ago Mr. Schuman had a bullet removed from his body after being lodged there for 31 years. . . . Pat Patten is an Indiana State Normal alumnus.

Bruce Dennis and Dave Morrison are University of Wisconsin graduates. . . . Young Geno, La Salle, Ill., featherweight, looked impressive while knocking out Red Harding of Cincinnati, O., at White City. . . . Robert Jeans, Detroit newspaperman, and Willie Capitano, Kid Howard's assistant at the Arcade gymnasium, are helping Billy Gladstone obtain bouts. . . . Arch Ward went to school at Notre Dame. . . . Dan Parelli bought Harry Paul's contract from Jack Sanders.

The Chicago Stadium needed $13,800 to break even on the Bat Battalino-Barney Ross show. . . . Barney Abel and Seal Harris have made up and Harris showed his appreciation by stopping Jack O'Dowd at South Bend, Ind., shortly after. . . . De Paw University at Green Castle, Ind., is Wilfrid Smith's alma mater. . . . Cook County Central Republican Athletic Committee offered an amateur show at the Stadium and the attendance was 10,177. . . . Receipts were $11,647.90. . . .

Do you know that—Ed Stevenson, manager of Baxter Calmes, sent a case of fish to the Chicago Stadium and a fish dinner was dished out for newspapermen at the Stadium grill? . . . Harry Foley, former heavyweight boxer, was in town? . . . Foley quit boxing seven years ago because of malaria following wins over Martin Burke and Jeff Smith.

In his first professional show at Midway arena Johnny Coulon drew 573? . . . Receipts were $316.80. . . . M. L. Rivkin, proprietor of Marigold garden, is promoting amateur boxing? . . . He is a contractor and his offices are at 160 North La Salle street. . . . Telephone number is Central 6207. . . . Johnny Broderick, fight manager, lives at 3537 Van Buren street? . . . He directs Paul Dempsey, Bill Hall, Paddy Walthier and Vince Perino. . . . Dr. H. W. Martin, chairman of the California athletic commission, is married to Louella Parsons, Chicago *Herald-Examiner* movie writer? . . .

Biddy Bishop conducted a boxing club with Bat Masterson in Denver in 1900? . . . Arthur Kankowsky, fight commissioner of Hungary, says that Bobby Dobbs, colored 135 pounder 30 years ago, was the first boxing instructor in Hungary? . . . Marcel Thil, middleweight champion, is under the management of Jeff Dickson, the American who is promoting in Europe?

Fistic chips—Fred Gardner, Illinois athletic commission member, is manager of Wilson Bros., downtown golf department. . . . Barney Ross' mother posed for pictures with Bat Battalino's mother in Hartford, Conn., when the match was made between Ross and Bat. . . . Harry Mueller and Joseph A. Murray arranged a card of seven encounters at Edward Hines hospital. . . . Nick Scialaba, former international Golden Gloves bantamweight champion, is boxing professional under the name of Nick Scalba.

Les Marriner, heavyweight boxer, dropped 2,000 feet when the propeller of his army pursuit plane broke near Wheaton, Ill., but Marriner escaped uninjured. . . . Rocky Wolfe, WJJD sports announcer, was on the stage three years 16 years ago. Jimmy Wilson, Philadelphia fight manager, was making his headquarters at 5115 Euclid avenue, Cleveland.

George McMillan, Beckley, W. Va., Negro, is seeking a manager. . . . Art Kassel and Morrie Sherman, orchestra leaders, are real fight fans. . . . Max Baer has reserved a suite of rooms at the Lincoln Park West hotel. . . . Joey Sangor, former Milwaukee boxer, is reported suffering from a kidney ailment. . . . Tony Cancela and Tony Leto, Florida fighters, were quartered at the Sheridan-Eastwood hotel. . . . Persons in the fight game were behind the Walkathon contest at the Coliseum, the leading figures being Ray Alvis, Dick Axman and Mike Mitchell. . . . James M. Brown, newly elected N. B. A. president, received the nickname Bingo when he was a boy with baseball hitting ability.

Johnny Phagan, former international Golden Gloves welterweight champion, appeared in the Stadium several times, but when he faced Bill Connell in a four-round match it was his first professional start at the huge west side arena. Phagan whipped Herb Peterson in a six-round encounter in his pro debut. Phagan lives on the west side and has been married for 2½ years. He has a four-month-old baby. Johnny is 20 years old.

Lenny Marello of Hartford, Conn., discovered Bat Battalino, but when the former featherweight champion was ready to turn professional he sold a piece of him to Hy Malley. Two years ago Pete Reilly got interested in Bat and he bought his contract. Reilly has retained Marello to train Bat.

Art Laskey, Minneapolis, Minn., Jewish heavyweight, was induced to enter the ring by his brother, Maurice, who drilled Art in a gymnasium two years before giving him his first match. During this period of learning and instruction in 1929-30 Art boxed with Tommy Loughran and Charley Retzlaff, who taught him several good points. Laskey never had an amateur bout. He has had 23 matches. Primo Carnera and Dick Daniels won newspaper decisions over Art, but in the record books he is undefeated.

When Paul Dazzo started boxing as an amateur in 1930 he used the name of Dazzo, but when he turned professional a year later he changed the monicker to Leberto and many fans still think Leberto is his right name. Dazzo is Paul's right name. Leberto is his stepfather's monicker.

Paul was born in New Orleans, La., August 5, 1913, and came to Chicago with his mother and five brothers in two automobiles in 1924. Pa Dazzo died 18 years ago. None of Paul's brothers boxed with the exception of Frank who has had a few amateur bouts.

Dazzo first became interested in the fight game while listening to a radio broadcast of the Tony Canzoneri-Ignacio Fernandez battle at the Coliseum several years ago. A week later he engaged in his first match. Paul had 105 matches in the amateurs and lost only 10. He climaxed his amateur career by winning the Golden Gloves bantamweight title in 1930. Dazzo has had 25 pro encounters, losing two. His favorite fighter is Tony Canzoneri and his pet hobby is swimming. He is a great admirer of Earl Mastro, former Chicago featherweight.

Nick Scialaba, local amateur star, who went to New York to further his professional career under the management of Sammy Goldman, has turned in two straight victories and has impressed the eastern fans with his two-fisted style of fighting. Nick is now fighting under the name of Scalba and Tony Canzoneri has been one of his tutors.

Attention, Ring Readers

Through an arrangement with the Everlast Sports Goods Co., all readers of THE RING are entitled to a 15 percent reduction on Everlast merchandise. This does not include books. **Send for The Ring-Everlast card to THE RING, 11 West 42nd Street, New York City.**

Along *the* Great Fite Way

By EDDIE BORDEN

THE Metropolitan district was stirred by plenty of excitement during the month in which some corking frays were witnessed. The month's fighting was topped by the Schmeling-Walker affair which ended in a technical knockout, with Max the winner, and which eliminated Walker as a further heavyweight contender.

Schmeling showed the critics that his form was consistent and that as a heavyweight he stands out head and shoulders above the badance of the heavyweight challengers.

The only possible menace that confronts Schmeling at this time is the figure of Max Baer, whose brilliant work stamps him as a dangerous, two-fisted piece of machinery. Schmeling towers over Baer in everything but gameness, and that asset plays an important role in the heavyweight class.

Tony Canzoneri surprised the critics by flashing an array of snappy, scientific, hard hitting in two bouts before the summer season closed that revealed some hitherto unrevealed qualities in the popular lightweight champion. He disposed of Lew Kersch in the Queensboro Stadium in three rounds and followed up with a clean knockout over Frankie Petrolle at Ebbets Field which re-established him solidly with the local fans.

Tony, at no time in his career looked better. Critics now are comparing him favorably with the great lightweight champions of the past. Tony's standing is easily understood. He is willing to defend his title at all times against the most formidable opponents that can be secured and even in over-weight matches, he goes about his task as if the entire world depended upon the outcome and he fights just as hard regardless of what there is at stake.

Kersch, before being stopped, had given Tony a great workout for two rounds and afforded Tony a chance to bring out everything within him. Petrolle was outclassed from the beginning but he proved plenty game and absorbed a terrific beating before he was stretched out for the full count in the third session.

Another sight that thrilled New Yorkers was the gallant stand furnished by Benny Leonard in his hopeless task against McLarnin. Jimmy enjoyed every physical advantage. He had youth, and an abundance of strength, and was able to take everything that Benny could hand out. McLarnin hurt Leonard cruelly with vicious left hooks in the body and damaged him considerably with right hand body punches which took plenty of toll from the one time lightweight champ.

Leonard's only chance for victory occurred in the first round when he momentarily stunned McLarnin with a sharp cross but that was the extent of his damage. The effort proved too great for Leonard after that and it was his one, lone wallop that he depended upon to bring home victory. Leonard's defence was brilliant. He made Jimmy miss right hand punches with frequency.

The capacity turnout was a splendid tribute to the drawing powers of Leonard. 22,000 spectators jammed their way into the Garden and the sympathy of the audience was with Leonard and the slight possibility that he might achieve the impossible. It was a futile yet a supremely game effort and the defeat will not hurt his drawing powers any in the future.

Eddie Kid Wolfe, Memphis welterweight, and Teddy Yarosz, undefeated Pittsburgher, staged a corking battle in the semi-final, and although the majority of the fans thought Wolfe the winner, the official decision was a draw. Baby Joe Gans kayoed Eddie Moore in the second round and Bobby Pacho drew with Frankie Klick in the other scrap. Both Klick and Pacho are from the Pacific Coast. It was a pleasant sight to see such an immense crowd and it is hoped that some matches of commensurate ability will be installed to keep them coming at the gate.

Stanley Poreda improved his heavyweight standing by whipping Tommy Loughran in the latter's home town—Poreda gave a great exhibition and the Philly promoters are trying to pair him with George Godfrey—Baby Arizmendi, Mexican flash, should be a welcome addition to the ranks of the invaders who are in the East—Arizmendi was only a bantam a short time ago but has grown into the featherweight class and would be a great match for Kid Chocolate—Tony Galento, roly poly Jersey heavyweight, put his heavy punching into play when he stowed Natie Brown away in the first round—Galento is one of the hardest hitting heavyweights in the country and even George Godfrey dodged a meeting with him—Louis Kid Kaplan retaliated for the defeat suffered by Battling Battalino by whipping Eddie Holmes—Owen Phelps, Phoenix, Arizona, terror, is now making his headquarters in Alexandria, Va., with Jimmy Erwin—In his last battle, he gave Vince Dundee such a stubborn battle, that the decision was booed—Phelps has been fighting light-heavies and heavyweights in the past but can actually make the middleweight limit.

AN elimination middleweight tourney was held in the Garden to decide practically nothing and at the conclusion, Frank Battaglia, Winnipeg middleweight, proved to be the biggest sufferer—He won eight rounds out of ten from Chick Devlin and had to be content with a draw—The decision bordered on the ridiculous and to make the farce more complete, one of the judges, Abe Goldberg, awarded the bout to Devlin—Devlin was credited with the eighth round when he scored a clean knockdown and also the seventh but the balance of the journey belonged to Battaglia, who looked impressive.

Ben Jeby disposed of Paul Pirrone in the sixth round when the referee stopped the uneven encounter—Paul was floored six times in the mill and was no match for the greatly improved Jeby—Jeby and Battaglia is the most natural match for middleweights but the figure of Devlin mars the picture—Kid Chocolate stopped Lew Feldman in the twelfth round of their fifteen-round battle to decide the featherweight championship—Feldman entered the ring with a gash on his nose and Chocolate looked far from good but his clean hitting opened the cut on Feldman's nose and his pecking irritated the wound until the blood spurted and caused Referee Patsy Haley to stop the bout—Feldman made a great showing and at the eighth round mark was leading by a small margin.

Occasionally one hears of certain sentiment in the boxing game that makes one feel pretty good—In New Orleans recently, Al Donnelly and Jose Estrada engaged in a bout on a winner take all basis—$100 purse to the winner and nothing to the loser—Donnelly came out the winner and gave his opponent a terrible beating—Al showed his magnanimous nature by giving the loser $40 of the share which elects him as a permanent member in the Good Fellowship League—Joe Wilton, formerly of the vaudeville team of Wilton and Weber, has cast his lot with Jim Corbett in boxing promotional ventures at the Jamaica Arena—Wilton is a confirmed fight fan and is keenly enthused with his new environment and we wish him and Corbett plenty of luck—Nick Scialaba, former amateur star from Chicago, came to New York to follow a professional career under the managerial reins of Sammy Goldman—He is now boxing under the name of Nick Scalba and looked good in winning his first two starts.

MAXEY ROSENBLOOM gave another illuminating display of his art when he slapped Jack Redman frequently and artistically in their Ebbets Field bout—Arthur Huttick whipped Walter Cobb and Paulie Cobb disposed of Eddie Shapiro in two rounds—The above card was headed by Canzoneri and Petrolle for the benefit of the Masons and the receipts fell beyond the expectations of the committee and at the conclusion, the boxers had to suffer as usual—Benefit shows have developed into an overwhelming menace and they never serve the purpose intended—Choicy matches are grabbed which an ordinary promoter, sacrificing his money in steady promotion cannot secure, and the moment a loss is incurred the boxers have to take a cut in their price—The average promoter has the boxers on a percentage basis and the boxers gamble with him—If the money is in the house, they profit on the same basis as the promoter—If a loss occurs, the fighter does not get so much but he is satisfied because he profits to the extent of his drawing

---

Another heavyweight menace has arisen in the person of Unknown Winston of Boston. In his last three starts he flattened Walter Cobb, Billy Jones and his last appearance was a clear-cut victory over Ernie Schaaf—It only seems a short time ago that Winston was flattened by both Schaaf and Harry Ebbets and his present rise is further proof of the uncertainty of heavyweights.

CHARLEY RETZLAFF did not get discouraged by the Gastanaga upset and continued his good work by flattening Les Kennedy in two rounds—Sparrow Robertson, THE RING'S European correspondent, spent a few enjoyable weeks in New York renewing old acquaintanceship and meeting some of the newer element in the boxing game—Andy Callahan, finding that the lightweight limit was too difficult to make, stepped out against the most dangerous welterweight contender, Lou Brouillard, and gave him a thorough trouncing—This put Andy right up high in the welterweight ranks and it is hoped that he does some good for the division—"Broadway" Sam Roth wishes to announce to his friends that he has returned safe and sound from his European trip and is back again at the Broadway Ticket Office—George Morgan and Sidney Roth have amalgamated in a cheering squad of two whenever Charley Massare goes into action—The Victoria Hotel has Roy Moulton back again as its manager and the boys in the boxing game will be delighted to hear of it—Charley Lane and Archie Walker are manfully trying to conquer the stock market—Eddie Levine, Sidney and Jack Cohen have developed into rabid fight fans and what is more important, they are cash customers.

Red Barry, Mushky Jackson's latest pride and joy, turned in a merited victory over Yustin Sirutis, former amateur champion, at the Jamaica Arena—It was a spirited scrap and Barry scored a knockdown in the first round and proved too rough for his opponent—Doc Bagley has taken over the management of Nat Bor, New England's lightweight Olympic entry, who was beaten in the prelims—He turned in a two-round knockout over Al Hope in his first pro start—Al Kessler, former bantam from Philly, is now managing a worth while prospect in Buck Jones, who has scored 23 straight victories—Benny Seaman has opened a cigar store at the Bloomfield Ticket Agency on 49th Street, opposite the Forrest Hotel—Eddie Mead could not get a break upon his return to New York with Paul Pirrone, though he had many old timers in the ringside section pulling for him—Joe Lewis is now making his headquarters in Philadelphia.

The charge made by Benny Bass against his manager, Phil Glassman, was ill timed and did not improve Bass' standing in the fistic community—Whatever truth there was to the charges, it still is the cry of a "whistle blower"—Bass has been fighting for eight years and it's a peculiar time to release the information that he was forced by his manager to do unethical things—We wonder, why the sudden reformation—Glassman developed Bass from a preliminary boy to a seasoned top-notcher and a great money maker, but ingratitude is nothing new in the boxing game—We hold no brief for anyone, but scraps like that could have been settled without such publicity—The boxing game is at low ebb and such adverse publicity does it no good.

There doesn't seem to be anything that will stop the pursuit of Barney Ross, young lightweight from Chicago, on his upward climb. It is our prediction that Ross will draw plenty of money if he ever gets a crack at the lightweight crown in Chicago—Ray Napolitano, an Armory youngster, has turned in 31 straight victories and seems to be going stronger and stronger—Joe Glick was about the best product ever developed in the Armories. He was good enough to earn close to $200,000 during his fistic career. Glick played as an extra in the picture "Madison Square Garden," as did other luminaries in the sport world—Tom Gallery, Pacific Coast promoter, visited New York for a short spell—Kronheim Continental, clothing and haberdashery shop exclusively for men, which is controlled by Tony Canzoneri and Sammy Goldman, is enjoying a big play from the sporting fraternity and has developed to such a degree that a branch store has been opened—Babe Cullen has Freddy Polo, Newark welterweight, still going good.

Following the knockout that McLarnin scored over Leonard, Sammy Goldman, speaking on behalf of Tony Canzoneri, challenged Jimmy for a catchweight bout and offered to wager $10,000 on the result, but Pop Foster, speaking for McLarnin, disapproved of the match saying that McLarnin and Canzoneri were too friendly to engage in fistic combat, which is another way of saying No—Canzoneri would be spotting about ten pounds in weight but the fight would develop into something of sensational order and would attract a tremendous gathering—Goldman's success with his boys is attributed to one thing: Never be afraid to gamble if you have something to gamble with—Eddie Kid Wolfe's only desire in life is to spend Christmas with his wife and baby in Memphis. Wolfe has been making New York his home and has improved greatly since fighting in the welterweight ranks—Sol Gold and Frank Jacobs have severed their business relationship with Gold handling Jack Kid Berg and Jacobs controlling Sammy Dorfman, Phil Rafferty and Petey Hayes.

NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM BOSTON
By DOC ALMY

EDWARD "UNKNOWN" WINSTON of Waterbury, from being just another fighter up to his kayo of Walter Cobb in 4:45 of actual fighting in Boston, is now the big works in this section of the country. Following his quick win over Cobb, he was matched with Billy Jones, Al Lippe's protege, at the Boston Arena. Now Jones has a "rep" and a real one, and he went into the ring on the foregoing date a top-heavy favorite. It was the opinion that he would box Winston into knots, and then knock him for a row of apple trees.

William was a 40 to 1 shot with very few takers. Well, the bell rang, Jones feinted with a left at Winston, and the latter, who was crowding in on the colored Quaker, tapped him with a light left to the face and then hooked a hard right to jaw. And, Oh Lord! down went Jones. He got up at five, was still groggy, and Winston tore into him. The "Uncrowned King", so-called, was dropped five times for various counts, and finally took the full 10 and "out" in the short space of 1:55.

A few weeks later, on October 20, to be exact, the unknown clashed with Ernie Schaaf, New England heavyweight king, and the Connecticut lad added to his glory by stripping Ernie of his crown, much to the amazement of Schaaf's mentors, Jack Sharkey and Johnny Buckley. The bout took place at the Boston Garden before a good crowd of 12,000 and the decision was a divided one.

The contest was hard and close and one of the best between heavyweights seen here in many moons. Winston won five rounds, Schaaf four and one was even. One judge voted for Schaaf. Winston conceded considerable weight to Schaaf who weighed 206 against 183½.

Winston went at his man from the outset. He didn't give Ernie a chance to get set. Ernie seemed sluggish at times and did not fight up to his recognized standard. It was only at close range that he was effective. Jack Sharkey, with whom Schaaf seems to be on the "outs" was not in Ernie's corner but was a spectator.

Another big surprise during the month was the loss of Lou Brouillard's New England Welter title to Andy Callahan. Callahan, who was not figured as having a chance, outboxed, outfought and outpunched Brouillard for the greater part of the journey. The best Lou could do was win two rounds and even two others. All the rest went to Callahan. Both boys are southpaws and Callahan's ability to think faster, frequently had the Worcester boy at sea. Andy won the decision and along with it all claims to the N. E. welter and middleweight titles held by the loser. The Lawrence chap now holds three N. E. titles, the first to gain triple honors since the days of Frankie Britt of New Bedford, and one of the very few in ring history to be so favored.

At the Boston Arena, Tommy Rawson, Jr., son of the oldtime star ringster of that name, got the chance to show in his first feature bout in Boston, a scheduled tenner with Steve Halaiko of Buffalo. Rawson made a brave start but was up against a master insofar as he was concerned. He was dropped for a count of three in the second, and was being counted out in the fifth when his father, who was seconding him, tossed in a towel.

Daniel J. Kelly, former football player and grid referee, now one of the State Boxing Commissioners, is fast becoming very popular with the fistic fraternity, both participants and spectators, because of his willingness to play the game. Kelly knew very little about boxing when he took office, admitted the fact and stated that he would give his entire time to the sport and thoroughly learn all he could about it. His progress has been fast, but the fact has not made him top-heavy.

The St. Joseph T. A. Society, presided over by "Father Bill" Cuddy, promoter of many of the big league international amateur tourneys here over the last 20 years, is once more in the field. It has started its annual fall and winter season of amateur boxing tourneys, staging the same every Saturday night in the Mechanics Building. To date these affairs have gone over very big.

The indoor wrestling game has got going here again in real earnest with Promoter Paul Bowser now the head of mat affairs at the Boston Garden. Thus far he has put on two tourneys, both of which drew big money. In the first of these, Gus Sonnenberg, the former champion, defeated "Gentleman" Jack Washburn of Kansas in the feature, beating him to two of the three falls scored with the flying tackle. Washburn won the initial fall. In Bowser's second show at the Garden, Champion Henri DeGlane settled Al Morelli, the Revere, Mass., challenger, in two straight falls. Injuries sustained by Morelli in plunging from the ring while trying to execute a flying tackle made him soft picking for the title-holder.

At the Mechanics Building every Wednesday night, Promoter Charles Gordon is drawing from 4000 to 6000 mat fans with his tournaments in which the participants are mostly middles and light heavies.

The clergy even has got mixed into the wrestling game, not alone as spectators, but in a sense, as a participant. The Rev. Lex Souter of Hingham, Mass., a full-fledged man of the cloth and ordained preacher at the head of a large church, has become a referee—that is, has taken on such added duties. The Rev. Souter is no softy—is an athlete of ability and able to wrestle himself. He has worked in Boston as third man, also has officiated elsewhere about the state. He likes the sport and is not in it for the money, giving to charities whatever comes his way matwise.

Jack Sharkey, the world's champion, is of too nervous a makeup to merely put in his time squiring in the Chestnut Hill district of Greater Boston where he resides. Hardly a day passes but what he works out in his gym, or else is out with dog, gun or fishing rod at his camp near Bow Lake, N. H. The night of October 2, Sharkey paid Portland, Me., a visit, meeting Owen Flynn of South Boston in a four-round exhibition bout. Next night he similarly showed in Lewiston, Me.

That Norman Conrad of Wilton, N. H., so frequently mentioned in THE RING and other publications, largely because he has several fights per month, is back here again. Since the last issue of THE RING, Conrad stopped Battling Archie of Hartford in five rounds at Holyoke, Mass., and later, at Waterbury, Conn., got a draw with Al Gainor in 10 rounds. In the opinion of many, Conrad whipped Gainor. His fight with Archie in Holyoke drew 3,400 fans, a record house for that city, and, in addition to his fight money, he was paid a bonus.

Phil Schlossberg, one time manager of Schaaf, is reported on his way back to Boston from Australia. Several months ago Phil got together a stable headed by Adolph Hintz, his ex-Navy champion, the ancient Jack Renault and several others, and took the outfit to Australia. Hintz got along all right, but the others failed to either impress or garner any real amount of Australian coin. The Australians have been having their financial troubles along with the rest of the world, so Phil, deciding that the U. S. A. looked better to him, pulled stakes for home.

"Dutch" Leonard of Waltham, middleweight, after being stopped a few weeks ago by Mickey Bishop of Stoughton, has got going again, and has won several victories. One of the best of the lot was his defeat of Buster Price of Lynn, for a time a very promising prospect, in Salem, Mass. Price was about ready to fold up in the tenth round when his second tossed in the towel. In one of the other bouts, Al Zappala of Lawrence, former national and New England amateur star, now boxing as a "pro," defeated Dick "Twin" Lopez of Watertown.

Bangor, Me., came back onto the fistic map on October 10, when Louis Nemis of that city, a big lightweight and tough nut, forced Ted Kid Drew of Biddeford to stop in the fifth because of a severe cut over the left eye.

After a long period of quiet, boxing is going again in Pittsfield, Mass., and in a recent tourney there Eddie Decker, the Housatonic middleweight, stopped Joe Mangold of Pittsfield in the first round of what was to have been the feature bout.

"Dutch" Leonard, mentioned in a foregoing paragraph, tacked up another win for October when he stopped Frank Monte of Brockton in four rounds at Salem. Monte, a kinsman of Joe Monte, the former Brockton heavy, came to this section from Jersey a few months ago.

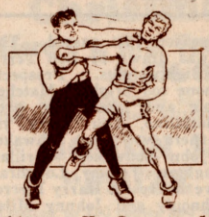
Up in a Holyoke, Mass., ring a couple of weeks ago, Joe Kaminsky of New York made a quick job with Ray "Twin" Lopez of Watertown, stopping him in three rounds.

Rudy Santerre of Suncook, N. H., claimant of the Granite State welter title, has got back to the wars following a long rest due to his run-in with the State Commission. At Portsmouth, he went to a draw with Al Beaudett of Manchester, N. H., in the feature bout at the Arena A. C.

Early in the month at Holyoke, Eddie Reed, the Hartford featherweight, was awarded a 10-round decision over Lew Farber of Brooklyn in the ring of the Valley Arena. Farber lost caste with the fans because of his butting.

Sammy Fuller, the Italian lightweight, well known both here and in New York, also a winner in Boston over Tony Canzoneri in an overweight bout, made his bow on the stage at the Howard Theatre, holding forth there with a boxing act for a week. He may show in a Boston ring at an early date.

Sent On Approval



Gus Martel's World Famous, Most Complete Boxing, Copyrighted Fighting and Training Course Published Today sent you on approval. How could he dare unless it was the World's Best?

Besides you get his Copyrighted K. O. Punches that enabled him to K. O. over 500 men all within 3 rounds and become World's K. O. Record Holder, Famous Developer of Champions and Undefeated Amateur Lightweight Champion of the World.

5 COURSES FREE TO YOU

if you cannot accomplish all of the following:
Make your body stronger.
Double your reach and speed.
How to stand on a handkerchief without being hit, as he taught Griffo.
Avoid all blows without parry, side step or breaking ground.
Possess a K. O. in either hand.
Save you one-half on eating and gain strength.
Reduce or gain weight at desired poundage.
If a 3-inch movement does not make all leads and counters go harmlessly by as above illustrated—
Then the 5 courses, Fighting, Boxing, Training, Physical Culture, Muscular Development, etc., are all

FREE TO YOU

Send only 25 cents for postage sundries and shipment and get the greatest record of any fighter that ever lived and all of the above to be sent you on your approval.
Fill in, tear off and mail at once.

GUS MARTEL, Dept. 28, 198 Broadway, New York City.
Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....

Special Bargain Prices

For a Limited Time Only

Elbows Macfadden's Hitting and Blocking—Regular price, 50 cents.
Special price—25 cents

Bag Punching, by Harry Seeback—Regular price, 50 cents, and Breathing Exercises, Regular price, 25 cents—the two for 40 cents.

Wrestling, by Frank Gotch—Regular price, 50 cents, and Scientific Wrestling, by George Bothner—Regular price, 75 cents. The two books for only $1.00.

Gene Tunney, the Enigma of the Ring; Young Griffo, the Will o' the Wisp of the Roped Square, and Battling Nelson's Life Story. The regular price of these three is $2.75. The bargain price of the three, if bought together, is $1.50.

Now is the time to prepare for Christmas. Get these books now at bargain prices.

THE RING BOOK SHOP, 11 W. 42nd St., New York City. No C. O. D. orders or dealers' discounts at these prices.

NERVES?

Are you always Excited? Fatigued? Worried? Gloomy? Bashful? Pessimistic? Constipation, indigestion, sleeplessness, cold sweats and dizzy spells are very often caused by **NERVE EXHAUSTION.** Drugs, tonics, exercises and medicine cannot always help weak sick nerves! *Learn how to regain Vigor, Health and Calmness.* Send **25c** for my book **"New Nerves For Old,"** containing full particulars.
RICHARD BLACKSTONE, N-312 Flatiron Bldg., N. Y. CITY

THIN? Would you like to increase your weight ten, twenty, thirty pounds or more? Write for free information on How to Rapidly Put on Weight and How to Keep it.

Dr. E. L. Holt, 512 Haas Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS
Buy Good Sports Books
THE RING BOOK SHOP
11 W. 42nd St., N. Y. C.

See Page 47 in this magazine

ST. LOUIS DISTRICT
By BOB RILEY

A POOR open air season just passed. The best gate, $1500, was drawn by Lou Terry and Tracy Cox, lightweights. Prospects for the indoor season none too bright. Matches that should be profitable and interesting, are: Lou Terry vs. Bat Battalino, Lou Terry vs. "King" Tut, Primo Carnera vs. John Schwake, "Mickey" Walker vs. John Schwake, "Gorilla" Jones vs. Sammy Slaughter, Tommy Loughran vs. Johnny Schwake, Dave Barry vs. Harry Fierro, Dave Barry vs. Joe Ghnouly and Johnny Miles vs. Al Stillman.

On the last open air show of the season, Harry Fierro beat Dave Barry in a hair line ten rounder; Lou Terry drew with "Gyp" Zarro, ten; Johnny Miles won every round from Max Brown in a heavyweight eight rounder; Eddie Edson won easily from Ramon LaMon, six rounds, and Carl Schaeffer won over Al DeRose in six. The fights were corking but cold weather held back the customers.

At Fort Smith, Ark., four days after their matches in New Orleans, Lou Terry knocked out "Chick" Malone, Fort Smith, in two rounds and Dave Barry belted out Bobby Calmes, Oklahoma City, in the third round. "Battling" Delgado, brother of "Battling" Shaw, drew with "Chick" McMinn, Hot Springs, Ark., in a ten round battle in which Delgado forced the fighting, and was adjudged the winner, only to have the decision reversed and a draw verdict awarded.

At Terre Haute, Ind., Al Stillman, local light-heavyweight, lost to Sammy Slaughter, Terre Haute negro.

Lou Terry, local lightweight, is undoubtedly the best fighter in this section. His showings with Tracy Cox, Wesley Ramey and his victory over Tommy Grogan, though the official decision was a draw, coupled with Terry's easy win from "Battling" Shaw, and his kayo triumphs, over Pat Murphy, Johnny Nichols, Sammy Ward, Jack Sharkey and Buster Brown, should entitle him to ranking among the first ten in the light-weight division.

Dave Barry, St. Louis 122 pounder, requires only a bit more seasoning to become a serious threat to the featherweight division. He has participated in 49 fights, winning 24 decisions, scoring 22 knockouts, and losing 3 decisions.

Johnny Miles, St. Louis lightheavyweight, continues with an unbroken string of professional victories. His one-sided win over Max Brown, Oklahoma City, who had previously kayoed Dave Knost in one round, stamps Miles as a genuine prospect. Brown outweighed Johnny 20 pounds.

Eddie Edson, outstanding amateur middleweight, made his pro debut by winning over Ramon LaMon. Edson is a hefty puncher.

Fighters and managers wishing to show in St. Louis should get in touch with the writer at the Business Men's Gymnasium, St. Louis, Mo. Send good photos to THE RING, 11 W. 42nd St., New York City. Come on, managers, get busy.

DELAWARE DOPE
By DAN McVEY

JACK REDEFER got under way to a good start with the first indoor show at his Auditorium Club when Jack Kilbourne, who claims the middleweight crown in Australia, hammered Danny Develin all over the ring for the eight rounds they fought. Kilbourne should really be credited with a knockout over the game Devlin as the referee held his hand up after stopping the fight just a second before the bell. However, when the announcer went for the judges' slips, the referee handed one in, which was wrong. When he stopped the fight, he automatically gave Kilbourne a knockout victory, yet when the judges handed in their slips, the referee's read: "Kilbourne by Decision."

Frankie Wells was stopped in two heats by Sol Burdo, a very likely looking boy from the Quaker City. Costas Vassis, middleweight title claimant of Greece, stopped the old and very fat Buck Fleming, who substituted for Eddie Rheese. The fight had only gone one minute and fifty seconds, when the end came. Tony Palmer and Harry Kid Lafferty stole the show with their five rounds of terrific battling which ended in a draw. Earl Blackwell defeated the clever and more experienced Gig Rooney in the five round opener which was a close second for honors of being the best on the bill.

Jimmy Smith decisively outpointed the tough and aggressive Charlie Rios in the main event of the Victor Amusement's second show. Charley is the brother to Tommy, who has been making his home in Wilmington for the past year. In the semi, Charley Loughran, brother of Tommy, won a close one over Mickey Landis. Sol Burdo won over Billy Ritchie, Eddie Devine trimmed Walter White and Harry Moore stopped Mike Izie in the second round after being on the floor twice himself in the first round.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS
By J. JIMMIE AMANN

BOXING is at a very low ebb in this section at present, with only the Milford Oakley and Middletown clubs operating regularly.

The Cincinnati Boxing Commission has fallen in with the idea this writer proposed in several issues of THE RING. The Commission is now allowing the promoter to work on a percentage and with this plan in effect, southern Ohio and Cincinnati, especially, should see plenty of new clubs opening during the indoor season.

The only bout held in Cincinnati proper was staged at Music Hall and saw the sad ending of one of Cincinnati's greatest prospects. Maxie Koshover, Jewish lightweight who has been burning up all opponents with regularity, met his master in the much more experienced Cecil Payne of Louisville, with the result the Cincinnati youngster was knocked kicking in the first round.

Al Schwartz, another lightweight prospect was handed a terrific lacing by Manuel Castro, the Mexican, in one of the supporting six rounders.

At Middletown, O., Charley "Young" Garrett, local welterweight made a comeback after several years of inactivity and knocked out Mickey Welch of Dayton, O., in the second of a scheduled 10 round bout. Jimmy Saylor kayoed Jack Sparks while Freddy Sheppard got a draw with Rocky Dolan. Garrett looked pretty good considering his layoff and the hopes of Promoter Kilbane in the Steel City will rest upon the former Middie star to bring boxing back. The largest crowd in years attended the fights which were staged at the Dixie Park arena and the result proved that fans want to see evenly matched fights and that alone.

Kayo Christner the Akron, O., heavyweight defeated Johnny Mack of Cincinnati at Canton, O., during the past month.

Around Fountain Square with the Punchers and their Pilots. . . . Rumor was spreading that the Cincinnati Armory would open this winter for boxing, but all was knocked for a loop, as nothing was true to that effect. . . . Jack Stanley, one of the best junior welters in Cincinnati, is now in New York. . . . Lee Cox licked Howard Jones at Louisville and then moved on for his battle on October 17th with Pee Wee Jarrell at Springfield, O. . . . a win for Cox would send his stock sky high . . . comebacks, Abe Menachoff, Vic Ross and Johnny McPherson. . . . Ray Ketz won the newspaper decision over Lou Bloom on one of the Blue Grass shows . . . a good prospect, Young Helms of Thomasson, Ga.

Bud Weisier of Cleveland, O., now has Vic Ross, former Cincinnati lightweight under his star and Weiser is hurling a challenge at all of the leading lightweights. Ross is an experienced battler and a great crowd pleaser. His showings in Cleveland should make a big hit up that way.

At the Oakley Square arena, Frank Rappolds punch palace, Teddie Graham, New Richmond, O., heavyweight added another victim to his kayo list when he knocked Bob Duane, negro giant from Hartford, Conn., kicking in four heats. Graham defeated Babe Williams, Philadelphia negro a few days later at the Milford arena.

Information in this territory for boxing and wrestling can be had by sending a stamped, self addressed envelope to the writer at 2810 Sidney Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Eddie Gerhardt started his twenty-fifth season as a sports promoter when he staged the return wrestling match between Augustus von Schinderl of Germany and Sailor Parker of Norfolk, Va., at the Metropolitan Theatre in Cincinnati. Gerhardt is using from welters to heavies in his shows and is bringing in new faces from all over the country.

A neat little light heavyweight is Kenneth McKenzie, 20-year-old Mt. Airy, N. C., youngster. McKenzie, a native of Scotland, has been in this country eight years.

The American Federation of Wrestling which governs all of the Zubelda shows, have named the following five leading wrestlers in each of the four divisions:

Heavyweight — Champion — Ed "Strangler" Lewis; Jim Londos, Sandor Szabo, John Pesek, and Gus Sonnenberg.

Light Heavyweight—Champion—Billy Gardner; Hugh Nichols, Billy Edwards, Pinkey Gardner and Carl van Wurden.

Middleweight—Champion—Gus Kallio; Augustus von Schindler, George Gable, Ray Carpenter, and Sailor Parker.

Welterweight — Champion — Jack Reynolds; Johnny Stote, Robin Reed, Jack Gorman, and Hy Sharmen.

CLEVELAND CHATTER
By "PARSON" TOM McGINTY

CLEVELAND is drawing good crowds for its wrestling matches which are being put on very regularly. Charley Marotta is the big promoter down town. Walter Taylor is staging shows at the Equestrium.

Taylor started his Fall and Winter season at the Equestrium with a card that drew little. He used Ross Fields, Jimmy Vaughn, Billy Cain, Marty McHale and Mickey Duris on his card. He'll have to get some new faces to make a go of it.

Ross Fields, Babe Triscaro, Eddie Simms, Eddie Lord, Billy Wallace and Jack Pallet are the best crowd drawers here. So is Jimmy Vaughn.

Tommy Freeman, who is down at Miami Beach, is the father of a 12 pound boy.

Chico Cisneros is down at Hot Springs getting ready for the Fall and Winter season. Eddie Lord is vacationing at Naugatuck, Ct.

Ross Fields knocked out Billy Cain in two rounds on the Equestrium show and Mickey Duris won the nod over Marty McHale. McHale and his friends claim it was a poor decision. I didn't see the fight, but all the papers gave it to Duris.

Babe Triscaro won a red hot bout at Youngstown, Ohio, from Johnny Edwards. Promoter Al Zill wants to get Midget Wolgast to box for his next show. Cleveland promoters are also after that one. Looks like Babe is going toward the top.

Johnny Risko vs. Mickey Walker is the match I am trying to make for Tommy McGinty's next Public Auditorium show, or Jimmy McLarnan vs. Joey Goodman. Either will be a sell out. Benny Leonard can box here with a good opponent and make big money.

Micky Kilcher is back in the old home town. He has lined up Banat's Hall, where he will run weekly shows, alternating with wrestling and boxing. He has a wonderful spot at West 120th and Lorain Avenue and can be reached through this office.

Danny Dunn is anxious to get Walker at the Public Auditorium and is also after Eddie Simms for Pavlick, stablemate of Risko's. Gene Stanton is around New York. He was toppled over by Carnera recently.

Frankie Simms is in Boston where he has joined the Sharkey and Schaaf stable. His former manager, Charley O'Connell, is out in California acting as boxing instructor for a college.

Russell Gannon, well known Cleveland referee has branched out as fight manager. He has taken over Young Tiger Flowers, colored middleweight.

Frank Bojorski, Erie lightweight, is now boxing as a junior welter. An effort will be made to match him here with Joey Goodman.

Tom Lennon, former mentor and manager of K. O. Christner, is now the big promoter in Canton, Ohio. He plans running every two weeks. Tom can be reached at 218 Harrison Ave., N.W., Canton, Ohio.

Bill Watson used Tony Lombardo and Marty McHale at the Eagles Club at Zanesville in his opening show.

Johnny Papke has opened another new gymnasium on Walnut Ave., in the downtown section of the city. He is catering to amateur as well as professional fighters. Johnny has a very good lightweight in Johnny Bonus.

Silent Frankie has taken over Papke's West side gym at 2077 W. 25th street. Frankie Stellmack is a busy man at his new gym on Lorain Ave.

Joe Kelly is running weekly amateur shows at his gym on Euclid Ave., and Joe Tuma is putting in circus seats at his gym on Superior Ave., so it looks like a busy season for the youngsters as well as a full crowd of kids for the Golden Gloves this winter. Ed Bang will go on December 18 with another Xmas Fund show.

AUSTRALIAN BOXING AND BOXERS
SOUTH AUSTRALIAN BOXING
By JAMES J. MANNION

LES FERRIS, bantamweight champion of Victoria, and an outstanding contender for the Australian 8.6 title, is still scalp-hunting in Western Australia. His three latest efforts brought his W. A. contests and wins to the half-dozen mark. In a return match with Snowy Clarke, Ferris won on points after 15 brisk rounds.

A trip up-country resulted in a k.o. victory in three rounds, over Jack Lynch. Then followed a 5-round knockout at the expense of Reg. Bender, in a fight that was a fight—while it lasted. One more match and Les will be on his way home with Ern Evans' Auzzie title as his objective. . . . Evans, by the way, defeated Young Tildo in a whale of a fight recently, at Leichardt.

Clyde Chastain did not profit overmuch financially during the month, but he added two good wins to his record. He outpointed Bob Thornton and Johnny Freeman over the 12-round route. He was a comfortable winner in each bout, though Thornton gave a surprisingly solid performance, and in time Clyde will doubtless get somewhere. He's game and willing, and is no slouch as a boxer.

Since capturing Fred Hannaberry's middleweight title, Jack Carroll, a star of exceptional brilliance, has turned in a decisive point win over Bert Samson (10.10) of California, who was badly whipped.

Al Foreman is here, seeking work.

Ron Richards (11.5) continued his little custom of earning the ref's pat. He outpointed another also, Alby Roberts, in a good fight, and won the Queensland heavyweight championship by knocking out Tommy Nevins in two rounds. Ron has been defeated only once in his 26 bouts, and now has two Qld.—middle and heavy titles under his belt.

A double-feature bill at Rushcutters Bay saw Adolph Hintz (12.12) get the nod over Tony Gora, and Frankie Wine lose on a deliberate foul to negro Al Walker. Wine had the best of it, but Al's spoiling tactics riled him. So he used his head instead of his hands—and lost the fight. . . . The Hintz-Gora verdict was extremely close, and the mill itself was chockful of excitement, and genuine Stoush. . . . Hintz, Gora, and Chastain have each established quite a noticeable local following.

Welter Champion, Billy (Blue) Jones scored over Tommy Fielding, per foul, in six, and the pair drew in a 15-round return. Jones has a formidable-looking opponent in the person of Royce McGrath, of Wagga. McGrath's latest victim was Jerry Hoztler, whom he decisively outpointed in 15 rounds. Former champion, Rus Critcher, was knocked out by Alby Roberts, who lost on points to Billy Richards. And the rising bogey among the welters, Johnny Burke, defeated Phil Sullivan in 12 heats.

Dick O'Connor is just about in line for a tilt at Les Ferris' Vic bantam crown. During the month O'Connor earned a 10-round decision over Arthur Insall, and knocked out Bullant Sims in nine stanzas.

SMALL FRY—Bobby Blay is tripping "the light fantastic" to New Zealand to meet Reg. Trowern. . . . Jack Roberts handed a shellacking to Bobby Stone and hung up the K.O. in the sixth. . . . Stone lost on points to George Pringle. . . . A ten-rounder between Ernie Myers and George Lowe went to Lowe. . . . Over the same distance, Ivan Congers outpointed Danny Reilly; Mike O'Connor licked Jimmy Ryan, and lost to Red Moloney; and Jimmy Waters drew with George Hyland, but lost to Herb Bishop. . . . "Homeward Bound" is Frankie Wine's latest performance. . . . Jackie McDonald, representing 125 lbs. of promise, knocked out Jack Harris in the tenth frame. . . . George Cupples (9.0) drew with George McGinty in a swell 15-rounder at Queenstown (Tas.). . . . One more fight—versus Johnny Freeman in Melbourne—will, 'tis said, finish Billy Stribling's Auzzie campaign. . . . Spider Roach, one of Tom Maguire's pupils, was too good for Billy McAlister in a 15-round bout. . . . Al Kurri, Jack Jordan (10.8) drew with Lou McSweeney and Joe Aitcheson knocked out Freddie Welsh. . . . No, Adelaide hasn't come to life yet. . . . But I've come to a dead end for the time being. . . So, I'll be seeing you. . . .

Address me: 24 Farrant St., Prospect, South Australia.

CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

OUTDOOR BOXING, occuring on infrequent occasions, came to a close late in September after a disappointing summer season of fisticuffs in Montreal, when the "Direct Aid Fund for the Unemployed" card was staged at the ballpark or Stadium with Maxey Rosenbloom, light heavy champ, exchanging slaps and thumps with Lou Scozza, battered Buffalo campaigner, in a listless ten round headliner. The gate receipts were over $15,000 but seasonable weather would have assured more than twice that figure. Alderman Lionel Bell was sponsor and Frankie Fleming, former lightweight star, was the matchmaker.

Bobby Leitham, Canadian bantam champ and pride of Verdun, was the favorite of the evening with his brilliant win over Tony Kocsis, Hungarian star and 1928 Olympic champ, in the semi-final tenner. Leitham flashed two-fisted punching prowess and clearly earned his victory. Sam Gibbs' ace had previously scored a decisive triumph over Willie Davies, clever Charleroi veteran, in the Pladner-Brown semi-final at Toronto and after his win over Kocsis, journeyed back to the Queen City to score over Tony Marino, classy Pittsburgh lad, in the main ten rounder. He ranks well above Newsboy Brown in that class—attention Mr. Eddie Borden! He's a real star.

The writer arrived late the same day Dempsey got into Montreal from New York, the day of the fight. The day before, the writer, in reply to a query from Dempsey, stated that he did not know when he would return to Montreal. "Within a week, or so, Jack" was part of the reply. When yours truly popped over to Dempsey when he was sitting in a ringside seat awaiting his cue to go in the ring Dempsey's eyes threatened to pop out. "Say, is it you or have you a twin brother visiting New York just now?" he gasped. It was an amusing incident.

Tommy Conway, who was one of Montreal's outstanding promoters years ago, has discovered a new giant ex-lumberjack heavyweight of whom he holds high hopes. His protege is Bob Hunt, who stands six feet and seven inches in his socks and tips the scales at 220. Tommy, who owns several amusement places in Montreal, has had him in secret training and plans to spring him on local fandom about the time this is printed.

STRAY SHOTS—Bobby Leitham may defend his Canadian bantam title against Frankie Wolfram in Winnipeg in November . . . they would like him in the 'Peg City. . . . Jules Racicot is running an elimination lightweight tourney with the lone survivor slated to get a title shot for the Canadian diadem . . . thirteen hopefuls entered the tourney . . . some good—some not so good.

BOXING IN CUBA
By MILT BARON

ALEJANDRO CORDO is Cuba's present prospect, having shown good improvement in his last two starts. He defeated Juan Gonzalez and Lazaro Fernandez in classy style. This sterling featherweight is a shifty lad and his snappy boxing makes him look like a future star.

Humberto Casals is making great headway in the lightweight class. After a six months rest he scored a knockout over Cele Vazquez in four rounds, and then kayoed Tommy Pina his rival of a year ago. Casals is another promising youngster. Panchon Martinez outpointed Kid Vallespin in six. Julio Recio beat Kid Charolito, who in turn beat Joe Cano.

Mario Kid Sanchez, one of Cuba's good bantams, beat Kid Vallespin in a hard six round battle, which could have easily been called a draw. Bill Dominguez kayoed Antonio Carballas in the fourth, and Joaquin Torregrosa outpointed Batt. Nelson in the six round main go. Aurelio Vazquez beat Sonny Boy of Panama and Ray Perez of Cerro. Baby Marmon scored a one round knockout over Eleterio Padilla. Criso Perez beat Joaquin Torres in a good six round bout.

Marino Diaz, Manolo Fernandez little dynamo scored a six round win over the hard and tough hombre Kid Charolito.

Aramis Del Pino, Cuba's ex-light-weight star, is in negotiations for the construction of a large stadium in Havana.

Manuel Garcia is a great heavyweight prospect. He is as fast as a flyweight, can box, hit and has a granite jaw. Watch him grow.

Prepare for Christmas Now

Here's a Big Treat!

A $30 Book for $5.00.

The Ring Book Shop has only 30 more copies of the famous limited edition of

BOHUN LYNCH'S "PRIZE RING"

Limited to 750 copies and originally sold for $30.

Illustrated by reproductions of Old English prints in colors, several oil paintings and the famous Lord Byron Screen.

Only 30 copies available.

Size of book—10 inches by 13 inches. Beautifully bound and on exceptionally fine India paper.

The colored prints alone, are worth five times what we are asking for the book. We bought the collection cheap because of the depression and are giving you the benefit of our small investment.

Get busy now. You'll never be able to get such a bargain again. Every lover of boxing should have a copy of this book in his library.

THE RING BOOK SHOP
11 West 42nd Street New York City
No C. O. D. orders.—Send 40 cents extra for postage.

Send for FREE information telling how Revolutionary Invention makes it easy to correct Nearsight, Farsight, Astigmatism Eyestrain, Weak Eyes, Failing Vision, Old Age Sight, Eye Muscle Trouble, Etc., **at home without glasses.**

NATURAL EYESIGHT INSTITUTE, Inc.
Dept. 26-W, Santa Monica, Calif.

GUS WILSON

For Many Years Connected with GEORGES CARPENTIER and JACK DEMPSEY

Has an Ideal Training Camp Open All Year Round at

ORANGEBURG, NEW YORK
ROCKLAND COUNTY

Near Nyack Between Sparkhill and Tappan
Only One Hour from Center of New York
Modern Indoor and Outdoor Gymnasium

Splendid Surroundings for Road Work
BOATING—FISHING—HUNTING
Riding Academy Five Minutes from Camp Bridle Path

GET THIS BOOK

Every Boxer and Wrestler Should Have a Copy of

"Physical Culture by Means of Muscular Resistance and Breathing Exercises."

A Book that has had a sale of 192,000 copies.

The Ring Book Shop has a limited number for sale at 25 cents each, while they last.

Send money-order or U. S. stamps to The Ring Book Shop, 11 West 42nd St., New York City. Don't Delay. They won't last long.

WHILE THEY LAST

BOWERY LIFE by Chuck Connors

The story of New York's Chinatown, illustrated, written by one of her greatest celebrities. Regular price, 50 cents. Our price, 25 cents.

Only a limited number on hand. Paper cover.

THE RING BOOK SHOP
11 West 42nd Street New York City

No C.O.D. orders.—No Dealers' Discounts on these.

Gus Martel, World's K. O. Record Holder, Sends His Full Copyrighted Course on Approval. See Page 43.

"Modern Wrestling"—Its Holds and Methods—

How to Train and Develop Your Muscles and Grips, and Learn the Secrets of the World's Greatest Grapplers

By Jack Curley—Internationally famous promoter *and*
Nat Fleischer—Editor and Publisher of The Ring

A scientific treatise containing everything that one who aspires to be a wrestler, should know.
The only up-to-the-minute book on the sport, describing the latest holds in catch-as-catch-can wrestling.
A book that not only tells you how to do your preliminary training, your gymnasium workout, how to develop the muscles most used in wrestling, how and what and when to eat, and how to wrestle, but explains in detail:
The various Holds Most Commonly Used.
How to Counter and How to Block.
How to gain a hold on your opponent.
Describes the most famous holds used by the Most Famous wrestlers of all time, and in addition, with the aid of ninety full page photographs of present day and old time stars, shows pictorially how the holds are obtained.
A book that every wrestler should have.
A book that every high school, prep school and college boy should study.
A book, so unlike any ever published, that it occupies a unique place in wrestling publications.

"Modern Wrestling"

Is a book which every sports editor and wrestling fan should have for reference purposes.
120 illustrations to guide you.
Just what you've been looking for—

Get your copy to-day by sending $1.00, either in cash or money order to

THE RING BOOK SHOP
11 West 42nd Street, New York City No Orders Sent C. O. D.

THIN? WEAK? NERVOUS?

Make This Test To Increase Strength Amazingly!

FREE of COST Unless Strength and Weight Increase!

Nerves of steel and muscles of iron are not built by exercise alone. Many of History's strongest men, NEVER exercised. They were VITALLY strong! The Gigantic power and endurance that wins championships and life's richest prizes — love, fame, health and happiness must always depend on rich, red blood which enables the vital organs to work smoothly and swiftly, especially when called upon for the winning punch.

Make your blood a POWERHOUSE of vital strength. Add enough iron daily to make up for the dangerous lack of iron in your blood. Just a few of Dr. Jayne's Tonic Iron Pills will help you amazingly. Try them for only 6 weeks. During this time your red blood corpuscles will have been completely renewed—new strength given to tired nerves and muscles—new power in every weak or tired organ.

Do This To See If Your Strength Has Doubled

FREE! of Cost If not pleased!

Here is the surest test for vital strength and endurance, regardless of sex or age. See how long you can hold your arms out today. Unless you can easily hold them straight out for at least 15 minutes you need iron in your blood very badly. Now, after taking only one bottle of Dr. Jayne's Tonic Pills make this test again! This simple test shows exactly how greatly your strength has increased because of the millions and millions of new red corpuscles added to your blood! Here's proof that anyone can see and feel. You don't have to guess; you will know! And furthermore, the small cost will be refunded in full if you are not fully pleased. Simply mail this coupon if you cannot get Dr. Jayne's Tonic Pills from your druggist.

Dr. Jayne's TONIC PILLS
"Like Drops of New Rich Blood"

DR. D. JAYNE & SON, INC.,
2 Vine St., Philadelphia, Pa., Dept. B-134

Please send me 1 package of Dr. Jayne's Tonic Pills for $1.00. If the very first bottle does not build up my pep, iron strength or firm flesh I am to get my money back on return of the empty bottle.

Name .....

Address .....

THE RING IN PHILADELPHIA
By ROSS E. KAUFFMAN

TOMMY LOUGHRAN, former world's light-heavyweight champion, took a beating from Stan Poreda, Jersey City's bid to the heavyweight title, in ten rounds at the Arena, with Jack Dempsey as the third man in the ring, yet Tommy came right back the next day to announce he wanted a return bout.

Loughran twisted his weak ankle in the third round and claims he could not do himself justice. It was the same leg he hurt in the Paulino Uzcudun fight in New York several years ago. Poredo also gave Loughran a "tin" left ear, the first one the South Philadelphia fighter ever had. Tom underwent an ear operation and says he is far from being through. Loughran has a habit of staging comebacks just as he did against Ernie Schaaf and Steve Hamas.

Ed Prante, 6 ft. 6 in. U. S. Marine, protege of General Butler, was handed a soft one in Vinko Jankassi, 192-pound Polish fighter of Chicago and New York, and knocked him out in just forty-two seconds. Prante has a lot of good actions and if handled properly may get some place. He weighs 205 pounds.

Wally Sears of Minersville, Pa., was going good against Ed. Houghton, former Philadelphia amateur star, until the latter stuck his thumb in his eye, and then Sears doubled up. The referee stopped the bout, although Sears was not in distress.

Leonard Dixon, 204-pound Leiperville colored fighter, conceded almost fifty pounds to Ace Clark, of Phillie, but outfought him in six rounds. It was their third meeting and probably the best of the series.

Popper Stopper, of Leiperville, a sensation in the summer outdoor campaign, was given a six-round decision over Phil Johnson of Jersey City at the Arena, but many of the fight fans thought the latter had won.

Jack Dempsey was given a check for $1500 for refereeing the Loughran-Poreda windup at the Arena and he was well worth every penny of it. They drew a crowd of almost 9,000 and Dempsey received a marvelous demonstration when he crawled through the ropes.

The Little family is figuring prominently in Quaker City boxing. Harry, Don, Al and Joe are in the sport and Johnny, a younger brother, has started as an amateur, the same as the rest of the family did previously. Johnny is representing the Newsboys Club.

Freddy Welsh (not the original Welsh), who fought as a featherweight in Phillie about twenty years ago, is employed in the Mercantile Appraisers Office.

Johnny Jadick of Kensington has informed a New York promoter he will gladly sign for an over-the-limit lightweight match with Tony Canzoneri, providing there is an agreement Tony will defend his 135-pound title against the Philadelphian in the event the result is the same as their first two meetings. Jadick beat Canzoneri twice in Phillie at the junior welterweight limit.

Bill Hendrie, former Spartan amateur, started off as a pro. by scoring a knockout in a Camden ring.

Charging he was asked to "lay down" to inferior opponents by his manager Phil Glassman, Benny Bass, veteran Philadelphia fighter filed a bill in equity in Common Pleas Court asking that he be released from his ten-year contract with Glassman. The contract was signed December 24, 1925.

Johnny Jadick of Kensington took a trip to Reading and gained an easy eight-round decision over Lew Raymond of Baltimore. Raymond took plenty of punishment, including a cut eye in the second round but managed to stay the limit. On the same bill the veteran Matty White of Philadelphia lost the six-round decision to Johnny Craven of Conshohocken.

Jack Kilbourne, billed as an Australian, but actually born and raised in Iowa, is making a hit in and around Philly. Kilbourne handed Popper Stopper, the colored flash, quite a licking at Leiperville. In some of his earlier starts down Delaware way Jack landed knockouts. He weighs 163 pounds.

A yellow peril in the person of Jim Soo, 118 pounder, has hit the Quaker City and is looking for action. He comes from Portland, Ore.

Luke McAnany, Seventeenth Ward lightweight of two score years ago, is now a foreman in a Philadelphia shoe factory.

MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
By PATSY DONOVAN

THERE was little activity in this territory during the past month, but things are beginning to perk up and from now on the promoters expect to do good business. The following are the results of bouts staged hereabouts:

At Baltimore, Young Firpo gained the verdict over Buster Brown in a mill in which some good action was seen.

George Courtney, who came down to Laurel to test the merchandise of a Southern gentleman called Joe Knight, was put away in the fifth round by Joe.

Vince Dundee continues to show the way to the middleweights. Despite the refusal of the New York Garden promoter to consider Vince in his hand picked middleweight elimination tourney, Dundee keeps on winning and will eventually force himself into recognition. He gained an easy victory in ten rounds recently over Owen Phelps.

At Alexandria, Frankie De Angelo and Benny Schwartz battled to a draw in eight rounds.

In the same city, Jimmy Reed beat Ray Bower in ten and Joe Banovic beat Sam Weiss in eight.

At Virginia Beach Charley Jacobs scored over Lew Raymond.

The writer of this column was severely injured on his return from the Schmeling-Walker bout, hence the absence of notes.

NEWS FROM HUDSON COUNTY, N. J.
By BABE ORLANDO

BOXING has certainly gone to the dogs around Hudson in the past few months. There has not been a show around here practically for three months. All of our local boys had to seek elsewhere for a chance to show their wares.

Cal McCarthy from Jersey City traveled to Lancaster, Pa., to knock out Al Lewis in 4 rounds. Johnny Neatin from Bayonne, decisioned Willie Martin in 6 on the same bill.

Al Kenny, up and coming West New York youngster, beat Young Paolino in 6 at Englewood.

Johnny Lawson from Grantwood, won from Young Rocky Kansas at Syracuse, N. Y.

Lou Pallarino crack West New York bantam drew with Nick Montana in 8 rounds at Englewood.

On the same card Al Kenny from W. N. Y. kayoed Spider Moran in 1 round.

Lou Lombardi kept his record intact by defeating Frankie Marchese in 10 rounds at Staten Island.

Paul Nieman from Guttenberg, kayoed Lew Spartaro in 3 rounds and defeated Charlie Nelson in 6 rounds, both bouts were held at Englewood.

Frenchy Greenwood's new protege, Johnny Cashman, knocked out Kelly O'Neil in 2 rounds at Englewood. On the same card, Cashman's stablemate, Lou Pallarino lost his first bout since turning "pro", to Johnny Ladao in the star 8 rounder.

Puggy Cuspito, from North Bergen, dropped a 6 rounder to Billy Buck Boyle at Elizabeth.

Among the first ten rated in the October issue of The Ring by Eddie Borden are six boys representing the Skeeter State.

Stanley Poreda of Jersey City is placed second and Mickey Walker of Rumson fifth of the heavyweights. Vince Dundee of Newark first and Young Terry from Trenton seventh in the middle class. Jimmy Phillips of Bernardsville is placed ninth of all the welters, and Joey Costa of Jersey City is number five of the junior lightweights.

Send your news to the writer at 205 41st St., Union City, N. J.

Frankie Carlton of Jersey City lost a 10 rounder to Pete Nebo, Seminole Indian, at Holyoke, Mass.

Boxers and managers—I have been requested to have you send good photos of your fighters to The Ring, 11 W. 42nd St., New York City, for publication. Get busy.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS
By BILL HAWKINS

ABOUT 6,500 fans turned out to watch Frankie Wolfram, Winnipeg bantam, win a 10-round decision over Britt Gorman of Minneapolis in one of the best fistic cards of the season. Harry Jones, the promoter, certainly handed the fans a real boxing treat with this match.

Moville, Ia.—Babe Barnes, Sioux City junior lightweight, defeated Maxey Hertz, Little Rock, Ark., in 8; Jimmy Parks beat Herby Inlay in 6; Lloyd Rawson and Mutt Bennett drew in 4; Boyd Long beat Billy Clancy in 4; Kid Bullets and Stubby Barnes drew in 3. The card was the first of a number of shows that will be staged here.

Results of other bouts staged at Riverview Park during the past month were as follows:

Johnny Martin, 155, Sioux Falls, So. Dak., beat Johnny Smogye, 153, Omaha, in 6; Young Rightmeir, 118, Omaha, beat Denny Daly, 120, Sioux Falls in 6; Mel Rice, 145, Early, Ia., knocked out Kid Newman, Merrill, 139, in 2; Keith Weaver, 175, Moville, Ia., won a T.K.O. over Wild Joe Bush, Sioux City, 184, in 3; Bob Rogers, 129, defeated Tommy Ryan, 125, both Sioux City, in 4.

Kenny Austin, 165, Central City, Neb., beat Harold Hoxwood, 170, Salt Lake City, Utah, in 8; Keith Weaver, Moville, knocked out Arlo Van Buskirk in 4; Bud Lymer shaded Al Pahl in 4; Bob Rogers beat Ray Vaughan in 4.

PICK UPS ALONG SIOUX CITY'S FIGHT WAY—HARRY JONES may open a new gym soon—Andy Dans refereed a boxing card at Moville, Ia.—Eddie Morris is making plans for his first in-door show—Sailor Burke is the daddy of three children—Frankie Wolfram has returned to Winnipeg, Canada—Newsboy Brown wanted the post office and two banks for fighting him—Jones is looking for some one else now—Tuffy Griffiths and his wife paid a visit to the old folks—Tuffy says inactivity was the cause of his defeat by Max Baer—Jimmy Thompson intends to prove to the fans he is not through—Sammy Sacco has another new car—Sacco is one of the few boys who saved his fistic earnings—In 24 shows staged at Riverview Park Arena the gate showed 71,264 paid admissions.

Around the State—Bob Wagner is promoting wrestling shows at Des Moines, Ia. . . . Joe Kelly, boxing promoter at Mason City, Ia., is packing the fans in. . . . Babe Barnes is promoting boxing shows at Moville, Ia. . . . Coach Mike Howard of the University of Iowa, promoted a mixed athletic card at Iowa City, Ia.

OUT OF TOWN READERS MAIL YOUR NOTES TO ME AT 2206 N. LAFAYETTE PL., SIOUX CITY, IOWA., and send photos for use in THE RING. You send them, THE RING will use 'em, gratis.

Fort Dodge, Ia.—Ray Mann, Sioux City welterweight ace, and Ray Calvert, Shell Rock, Ia., fought 6 red-hot rounds to a draw. Sailor Burke, Sioux City junior welter, and "Popeye the Sailor Man" drew in 6.

ANSWERS TO YOUR QUESTIONS: P. R. F., Sioux Falls, So. Dak. It was Jan. 18th, 1924, that Morrie Schlaifer beat Paul Doyle at Omaha, Neb.; H. H. J., Norfolk, Neb. Yes, I think Tuffy Griffiths is through; F. J. G., Moville, Ia. Ask Charley Mathison, c/o THE RING; C. H. M., St. James, Minn. (1) No. (2) It won't. (3) Don't fool yourself. Suggest you get Training for Boxers, c/o THE RING; A. D. S., Des Moines, Ia. (1) Never heard of him. (2) About 1872. (3) No. (4) He was born at Halifax, Nova Scotia, July 29, 1871. G. F., Fort Dodge, Ia. (1) You win. (2) August 6, 1883; W. F. B. Cedar Rapids, Ia. (1) Such a training stunt is foolish. (2) You will certainly burn yourself out before you even have a bout. (3) The book is O.K. and money well spent.

(WRITER'S NOTE)—Every month THE RING has a page for questions. In the future please send your questions there, as I have not the space for them. Thanks.

A good crowd turned out to see the final outdoor program of the season at Riverview Park. Kenny Austin beat Joey Phalen in 6; Bobby O'Dowd and Herbie Kemper drew in 6; Mel Rice knocked out Bub Glover in 3; Bat Sherlock beat Earl Stewart in 4; Buddy Short beat Wally Wallace in 4; Keith Weaver knocked out Dewey Heinsma in the first round of their 4.

LAST MINUTE SPARKS—Keith Weaver, light-heavyweight, and Bobby Rogers look like two of the best prospects turned out this season. Rogers, a junior lightweight, is showing improvement in each start. . . . Weaver put the skids under Arlo Van Buskirk, along with a number of other tough ones. . . . Jimmy Johnson beat Mel Rice at Fort Dodge, Iowa. . . . The address of Sailor Burke is 405 Chambers Street, Sioux City. . . . Boxers, managers and promoters can reach him there.

KANSAS AND VICINITY
By L. R. FORD

CHANUTE, KANS.—Amateur boxing results. Johnny Hemphill beat Benny Pierce. Johnny Drybread knocked out Kid Palmer in 2. Tony Lazerri knocked out Wild Bill in 3. Red Gravel beat Billy Dryden. Dave Frazer beat View Sigler. Cecil Carver beat Bob Miller. Earl Williams beat Ray O'Brien. Duke Moto beat Everett Ogle. Roy Graves beat George Delow. Ralph Stubbs beat Ray Gossard.

Okla. City, Okla.—Tiger Gibson beat Jack Johnson in 4 rounds. Speedy Shaffer beat Tiger Gibson in 8. (Gibson fought two opponents on this card.) George Williams and Alva Pace drew in 4. Chief Paris beat Jimmy Hatfield in 4. Haskell Long won from Neil Johnson in 6.

Kansas City, Mo.—International Arena amateur boxing results. Dick Meiers beat Doc Anderson. Bus Ward stopped Tom Shipley in 1. Paul Estrata stopped Jimmy Hicks in 1. Joe Rich stopped Dick Sandcliffe in 1. Freddy Welch beat George Brooks. Les Brooks shaded Harry Knecht. Keith Cockrell beat Jimmy Messick. Herbie Knecht beat Ray English. Chuck Eastley beat Bob Haggard. Bobby Ames beat Al Blancarti.

St. Louis, Mo.—Harry Fierro defeated Dave Barry in 10 rounds. Lew Terry and Gyp Zarro drew in 10. Carl Schaffer beat Al Derose in 8. Johnny Mile; decisioned Max Brown in 6 rounds.

West Tulsa, Okla.—Madero Villareal and Pewee Terry fought 10 exciting rounds to a draw. Mickey McMullen beat Billy Markham in 6. Odie Ludlow knocked out Bucky O'Brien in 2. Charley Light stopped Ned Hunt in 3. Goldie Stewart and Jack Smith drew in 4 rounds.

Kansas City, Mo.—International Arena Amateur boxing results. Bud Schildknecht beat Johnny Davidson. Fred Schantz beat George Brooks. Paul Estrata beat Victor Crescensa. Gene Driskell stopped Les Smith 1. Bus Ward beat Eddie Bockle. Lee Brooks beat Chuck Eastley. Bennie Pierce won from Doc Anderson by default. Jerry Jenkins over Leo Captain by default. Bob Haggard beat Howard Fumel. Keith Cockrell beat Bobby Ames. Otis Morgan beat Jimmy Messick. Gregory beat Bob Wade.

West Tulsa, Okla.—Leo Selby defeated Cullen Williams in 10 rounds. Ol Bray and Mickey Thomas fought a slashing 10 round draw. Sherman Kockett beat Bobby Ray in 6. Romeo LeMon knocked out Fred Smith in 6 rounds.

Kansas City, Mo.—International Arena amateur Junior Championship boxing bouts. H—Jack McCarthy. L-H—George Brooks. M—Chuck Eastley. W—Nick Krpan. L—Pat Howard. F—Frank Rogers. B—Mike O'Rourke. Fly—Keith Cockrell.

Cherryvale, Kans.—Louis Laverty knocked out Bill Cunningham in 2. Ralph Stubbs knocked out Donald Watson in 2. Tony Lazzeri knocked out Scotty Davis in 3. Kid Williams shaded Oliver Bird in 3. Billy Dryden beat One Round Bill in 3. Tommy Weaver beat Virgil Carter in 3. Young O'Brien shaded Duke Moto in 3. Red Gravel beat Lawrence Davis in 3.

Kansas City, Kans.—Joe Trabon defeated Sandy Robinson in 10 rounds. Houston Ash stopped Alvins Collins in 2.

Kansas City, Mo.—International Arena Amateur boxing results. Bud Schildknecht beat Fred Schantz. George Brooks stopped Johnny Davidson in 2. Frenchy Darnell beat Spud Malone. Gene Mitchell beat Joe (Red) Haas. Mike O'Rourke beat Victor Crescencia. Nick Krpan knocked out Harley Rogers in 3. Howard Fumel stopped Ray Rich in 2. Ed Haynes knocked out William Wiseman in 2 rounds.

LOOSE AND DRIFTING—The amateur fight game is showing greater activity than ever in this section the last three weeks. Les Showers in Wichita this month with a tournament, Bill Van Vranken and Claude Inman closed a show at Liberal, next one at Garden City, Kans. Robinson Bros., just closed at Columbus, with Coffeyville and Parsons each booked for 3 day shows. Chanute opened again to boxing and another show soon. Cherryvale opened, with Neodesha to open soon. Robert Capocy of Chicago invades the west soon, with Bob LaMonti, Diamond Dettore, and Frank Monaco all classy fighters. Jimmy Carter "The Fighting Fool" writes from Texas he is still throwing leather and in wonderful condition and would like to show before Kansas fans again. This welter is one of the best crowd pleasers in the game. Sam Avey boxing and wrestling promoter of Tulsa is undecided when to start boxing again in the magic city.

Big Slash in Prices

Take advantage of these bargain prices in books while our special pre-Christmas sale lasts.

PREPARE FOR CHRISTMAS NOW

We received so many orders for our books in our last summer sale, that we have decided to continue the sale for another short period and add other books to the list.

Here they are. Take advantage of these bargain prices. Most of these books are out of print and when we sell our stock, you'll never be able to get a copy of what you've missed.

"Jack Dempsey, The Idol of Fistiana," by Nat Fleischer. Special De Luxe Edition. On beautiful India paper—146 illustrations. Blue leather cover. Limited to 250 copies—each signed by the author and Jack Dempsey. Only forty copies left. Regular price, $12.00. While they last, our special price, $5.00.

"Jack Dempsey, the Idol of Fistiana," by Nat Fleischer. Orange cloth bound. Regular $2.00 edition. Special price, $1.00.

"Gene Tunney, the Enigma of the Ring," by Nat Fleischer. Regular edition, $1.00. Special price, 75 cents.

"Two-Fisted Jeff," the life of James J. Jeffries. Written by Hugh Fullerton. Regular price, $3.00. Our price while they last, only $1.50.

"Bowery Life," by Chuck Connors. Illustrated. The story of New York's Chinatown written by one of its celebrities. Regular price, 50 cents. Our price, 25 cents. Paper cover.

"Prof. Attila's Five-Pound Dumbbell Drills." Regular price, 50 cents. Special price, 20 cents.

"Bag Punching," by Harry Seeback. Regular price, 50 cents. Special price, 25 cents.

"Young Griffo, the Will o' the Wisp of the Squared Circle," by Nat Fleischer. Regular price, 75 cents. Special price, 25 cents.

"The Life of Jack Johnson, In and Out of The Ring," by Jack Johnson. Regular price, $2.00. Special price, $1.00.

"The Prize Ring," the story of Boxing by Bohun Lynch. Illustrated with many beautiful famous old English colored prints. Regular price, $30.00. Our special price, $5.00. This is the most beautiful boxing book on the market. Vellum cover, India paper, size 10 by 13 inches. A treat for any library.

"Ruby Robert, The Life of Bob Fitzsimmons," by Robert H. Davis. Regular price, $1.00 Special price, 50 cents.

"The Life of Battling Nelson," by Battling Nelson. Regular price, $1.00. Our special price, 60 cents.

Foreign orders must be accompanied by American currency or its equivalent in exchange. No C. O. D. orders filled. No dealers' discounts allowed at these prices.

Get your order in now. You can't obtain any of these books elsewhere and most of them will soon be out of print. When we sell our stock there will be no more. So get busy now. You'll never regret your purchase.

Check off the above and mail money order or cash to

THE RING BOOK SHOP
11 West 42nd St. New York City

And still another Great Book "THE SET-UP"
by Joseph Moncure Marsh

It belongs in your library. No sports library should be without this splendidly written story, all in verse.

It's Gripping!
It's Absorbing!
It's Thrilling!

We have purchased a quantity of these knowing that our army of Ring Book Shop readers would be glad to obtain this wonderful book at less than half of the market selling price.

A book that sells by the publishers for $2.00 is now available, as a pre-Christmas offering to Ring Book Shop readers, at 75 cents and 10 cents additional for postage.

There aren't many left. The Ring Book Shop is your medium for obtaining the world's most celebrated sports books on boxing and wrestling at cheap prices. Take advantage of our offerings and build up a sports library that you'll feel proud of in years to come.

Send Cash or Money Order

THE RING BOOK SHOP
11 West 42nd St. New York City
Positively no C.O.D. orders and no dealers' discounts at this price.

Gus Martel, World's K. O. Record Holder, Sends His Full Copyrighted Course on Approval. See Page 43.

JUST WHAT YOU NEED

NOW READY

The Newly Revised Third Edition of

"How to Box"

Now Ready—Only $1.00

Nothing like it on the market.

Combines the old Corbett Scientific Boxing Book which is now out of print and the old

"HOW TO BOX"

With many new features and new illustrations.

Every prep school, high school, college boy who takes up boxing for recreation purposes and just to know the manly art of self-defense—

Every amateur boxer who seeks to rise to fame and win local, state or national honors—

Every professional fighter, whether a beginner or one who has had considerable success in his chosen field—

Should have a copy of Nat Fleischer's Latest Masterpiece, Newly Revised Third Edition of

"HOW TO BOX"

With a foreword by James J. Corbett, the master of fistic science.

In addition to the material which was contained in the first and second editions, which since the first issue was published three years ago has had a total sale of 36,400 copies—a marvelous record that indicates the popularity of this book, the Revised, "How to Box," contains twenty new illustrations, four new chapters and additions to seven other chapters to make the book more complete, the ideal text book in its field.

Every teacher of physical education, every instructor of boxing in schools or colleges, should have not only a copy for himself as a guide but should see that his pupils also get a copy.

Every boxer at Annapolis, where the great Spike Webb has turned out the world's greatest college fighters, has had a copy of "Training for Boxers" and "How to Box," through the recommendation of Spike Webb, whose system is one that turns out only champions.

If Annapolis champions think so much of "How to Box," and "Training for Boxers," why not follow the example of successful athletes?

Even if you have already in your possession a copy of "How to Box," you should also get a copy of the New, Revised Edition of this great treatise.

Plenty of new material at the same price as the old book.

No increase, despite the increased cost of production.

Highly recommended. Don't go without this new book.

All for only $1.00. Cut out the coupon and send in your order now. No C. O. D. orders accepted.

Every high school and college boy, every amateur and professional fighter should have a copy of

Nat Fleischer's Revised Edition of "How to Box"

Fill out this coupon and mail with $1.00 to

THE RING BOOK SHOP,
11 West 42nd St., New York City.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

State.....

"How to Box"

HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN
By MICKEY McINTIRE

FRANKIE DONNELLY, flyweight champion of Michigan, was held to a draw by Franklin Young, Detroit Negro, in ten fast rounds at Dearborn. Griff Walker won over Connie Delmont in the semi-final. Tom Malloy and George Duke drew. Eddie Morier kayoed Jack Delmont in two, Midget Gagnon and Sam Tola drew and Walter Nelson drew with Steve Balzoz.

Chuck Woods of Detroit is a good lightweight prospect. He defeated Holman Williams in eight rounds at the Arena Gardens. Woods has had close to forty bouts and has been beaten only once. Eddie Koppy is the only man who has beaten Woods. Some of the boys Chuck has beaten are Benny McArthur, Johnny Conley, Connie Delmont, Stanley Sabin, Jimmy Thomas, Don McLeod, Alex Helzer, and Charley Crocker. He also fought a draw with Panama Jaque Elvirello. He is managed by Dave Knight.

At Romeo, Paul Bough, Detroit, outpointed Martin Belkey of Romeo in four rounds. In a wrestling contest, Farmer Burns of Detroit won on a foul from Ivy Churcher, Armada middleweight.

At Jackson, Hugh Nichols, light-heavyweight wrestling champion, defeated Otis Clingman of Texas.

Wilbur Chevalier, Bay City featherweight, was active during the month. Wilbur trounced George Riley, Detroit's best Negro featherweight, only to have Referee Clarence Rosen raise the dusky lad's hand.

Cowboy Owen Phelps, the Phoenix, Arizona, 165 pounder, is getting to be quite a favorite with Michigan fans. He whipped Buddy McArthur, the Saginaw light-heavy in ten rounds at the latter's home town.

In the preliminaries, Mel Tipton, Flint middleweight, drew with Paul Oger, Fairmont, W. Va., in 6; Bobby Thomas, Saginaw, outpointed Jose Fino, of Mexico City, Mexico, in 6; Frankie Miske, Saginaw, beat Tiger Moore, also of Saginaw, in 6; Mike Gramaldi, Saginaw, beat Jim Beardsley, Midland, in 4, and Rube Saunders, Saginaw, beat Emmet Thomas, Saginaw, in 4.

Kid Chocolate, featherweight, had little trouble beating Johnny Farr, veteran Cleveland boxer, in ten rounds at Detroit.

Joe Palazolla, Detroit featherweight, knocked out Pete Firpo, Detroit veteran, in the fourth. Palazolla himself was floored in the second.

George Riley received the decision over Wilbur Chevalier.

Dario Mareno of Kalamazoo slugged out a decision over Carlo Mazzola in six rounds.

Russell Moore, Detroit middleweight, slugged out Texas Tanner in the second and Spike Nelson, another Detroit middleweight, was lucky to get the decision over Joe Saunders.

Wesley Ramey easily defeated Herman Perlick in ten rounds at Grand Rapids. Ramey took every round.

In the prelims, Stanley Krannenberg beat Al Henderson; Sammy Goldman flattened Bud Dempsey; Buck Kammen shaded Charley Long; Stanley Allen beat Don McLeod, and Adrian Lemmer and Bob Lucas drew.

MIDDLE GAWGA JOLTS
By AL DURDEN

CAPTAIN PHILLIP T. FRY, Benning promoter gave the fans top shows at the Doughboy Stadium during the outdoor season and as a result, was highly successful with an average attendance of twenty-five hundred fans.

Corn Griffin, Benning lightheavy went fine during the outdoor season. He won by a wide margin over Tony Cancella, at Jacksonville. Stopped Jake Denning in one round at Benning, Butchered Frankie Edgren at Benning and then stopped Jimmie Sullivan in eight rounds at Jacksonville.

Bunker Hill won over Young Sewell in three rounds, in the top bout of the show presented by the American Legion Post at Eufaula, Ala.

Roy Pirkle continues to please the fans at West Point with good shows. Saginaw Seely copped the duke over Jimmy Spivey in a battering ten round mill in the last show there.

Cotton Batton, Benning's colored middleweight champion has whipped every available colored middleweight in the south. He will meet either Gorilla Jones or Jack McVey at Benning during November.

PITTSBURGH GOSSIP
By WILLIAM PIKOR

MOSE BUTCH, Pittsburgh's spectacular bantamweight, met the champion of his class, Panama Al Brown, in the first show of the season at Motor Square Garden and Butch actually surprised his followers by the gallant stand he made. It was Mose who forced the fight. Here was a match involving what is believed to be the tallest and shortest bantams in the business. The least that could be expected of the smaller boxer was to stay the route, which he did.

Frankie Bojorski started a comeback, stopping Ray Van Hook at McKeesport in the sixth round. Paul Oger won from Gene Moretti in the semi-final. A double-windup prevailed at a benefit show in Meyer's Bowl late during the outdoor season in which Johnny Datto carried off a hard-earned decision over Joe Marcus and George Panka finished Art Rodenbach of New York in the first round; John L. Hernon arranged the card. Fisticuffs returned to the north side for the first time in years when Eddie Kapphan erected a new indoor arena there recently. Lew Raymond, nationally-known matchmaker, officiates in that capacity for the new club, which has been named the Arena.

The Arena inaugural show featured Battling Gizzy, local lightweight champion, against Joey Marcus. After ten rounds of crude milling, Gizzy was awarded the verdict. Marcus, himself a freak boxer, provided a thrill by dropping Gizzy in the fourth round. Davey Grove gained the nod over Young Rudy in eight rounds. General Burr defeated a boy from McKeesport and Charley Burns scored over Sammy Paris.

Teddy Yarosz staged his Gotham debut during the month. Unbeaten as a pro in fifty-six fights, Teddy was held even by Eddie Kid Wolfe whom Yarosz defeated previously in Detroit. The last "local hope" to appear in Madison Square Garden was Buck McTiernan who was kayoed by Ignacio Ara in the 8th round. A highly-feared fighter locally is Frankie Goosby, elongated colored boy from Cleveland. This lad has a string of victories as long as your right arm. He can hit!

A truly sensational battle was waged at the Arena when Johnny Datto, flashy Filipino, almost kayoed Lew Massey in a ten-rounder there, only to lose when Massey came back with a bang. Datto dropped his opponent in the second and the fifth rounds. Ray Lyle of Akron whipped Anson Green in the thrilling semi-final of six rounds. Jerry Clements laced Joe Farone in six. Mickey O'Brien, local lightweight whipped Joey Severino who was making his debut as a pro.

Jack King returned here to box Tiger Joe Randall for Jules Beck in the semi-final eight-rounder to Mose Butch and Al Brown. King won on a last-round rally. Sid Silas, New York lightweight, outclassed Eddie Hebner who received an unpopular decision over Silas a week previously at McKeesport. Fritzie Zivic kayoed Young Dorsey in three rounds. Teddy Yarosz boxed Meyer Lichenstein of Rochester, N. Y., at the Arena a week following his New York debut. Yarosz scored easily over his lanky foe who was heralded "as the boy who'll attempt to hand Teddy his first defeat."

IN OKLAHOMA
By HOOKS GIBSON

IT is reported that Clyde Chastain, Oklahoma light-heavyweight, would like to get back to the good old U.S.A. Clyde is in Australia with Pa Stribling and son, William.

Sam Avey, wrestling promoter of Tulsa, has taken in Okla. City.

Dude McCook, Enid bantam, and his manager, Glenn Snyder, cleaned up a nice roll of jack in a new oil field recently.

Johnny Wallace, clever little ringster from Seminole, is going over in a big way in the Lone Star state.

Muggs Kerr, ex-football star at Southeastern, and now a heavyweight battler, is back in Okla. after a sojourn in New York and other eastern states.

Johnny Ford and Larkin Colley fought a sensational ten-round draw at El Reno. In the semi-windup, Peewee Roberts' knocked out Jackie Howard in three rounds. Johnny Ward was the promoter.

Babe Hunt returned to the ring at Okla. City to knock out Sgt. Bob Brooks in one round. Johnny Owens, K.C., Mo., won from Bill Smith in six rounds. Chief Paris beat Danny O'Brien, four rounds; George Williams won from Red Halley and Knute Holliday won from Paul Sharpe.